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Vol. 35.

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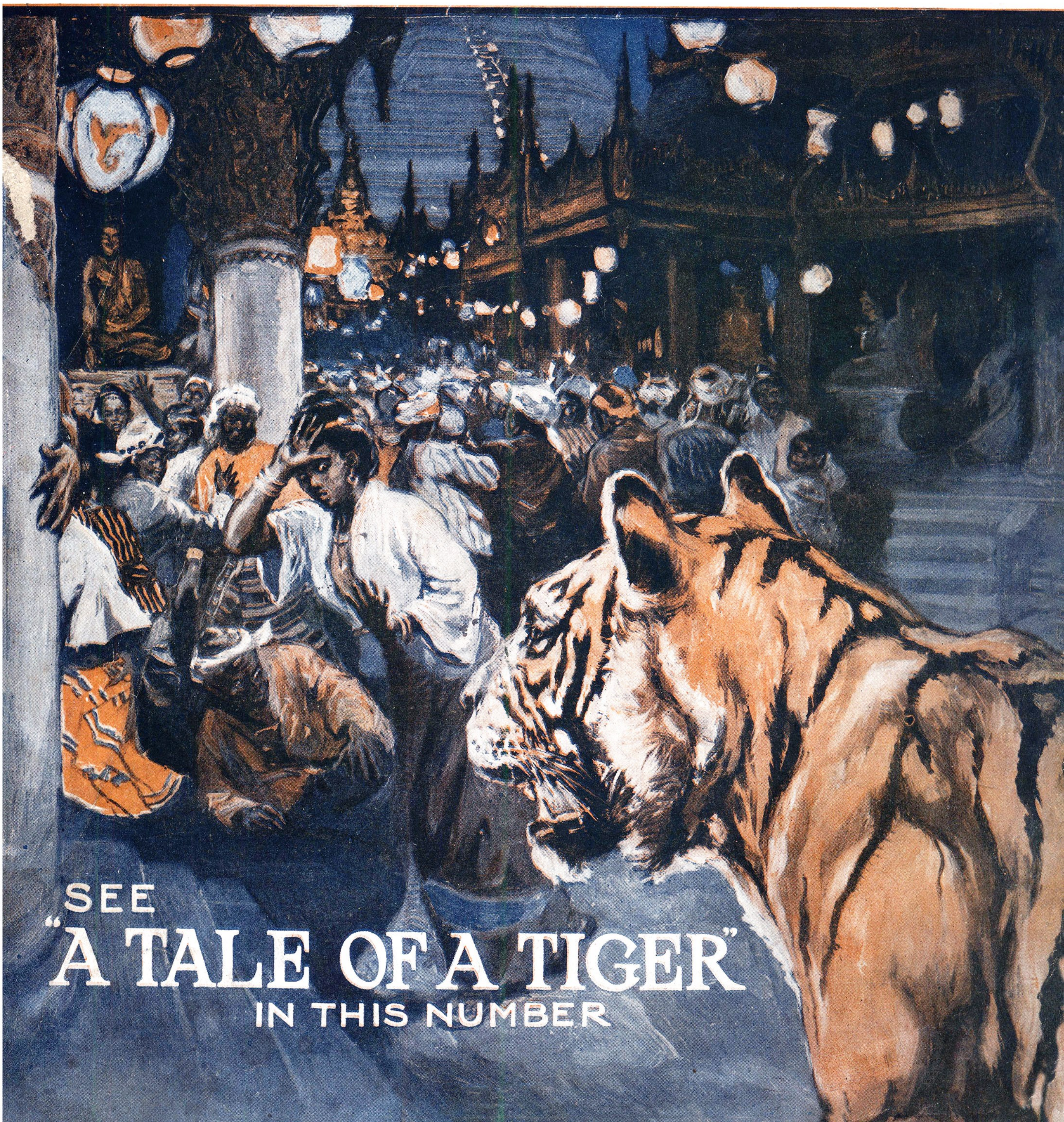

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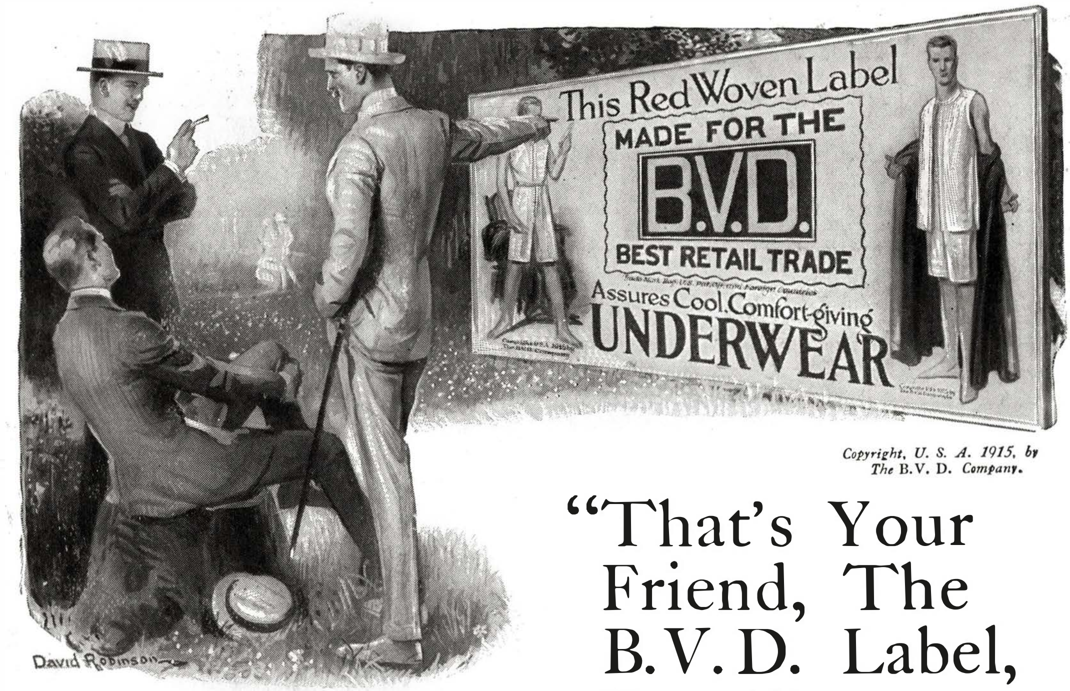
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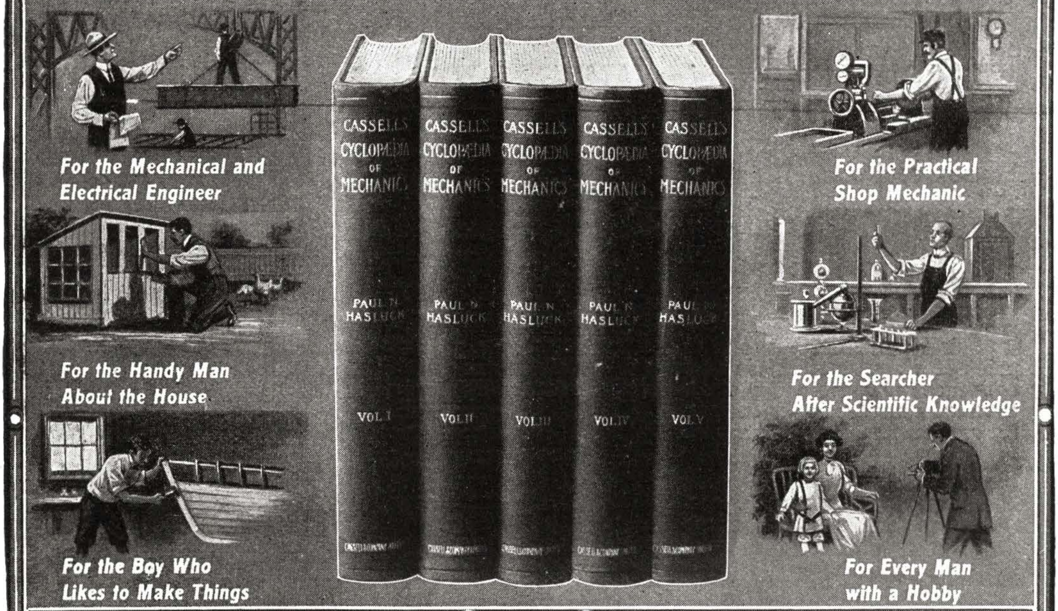
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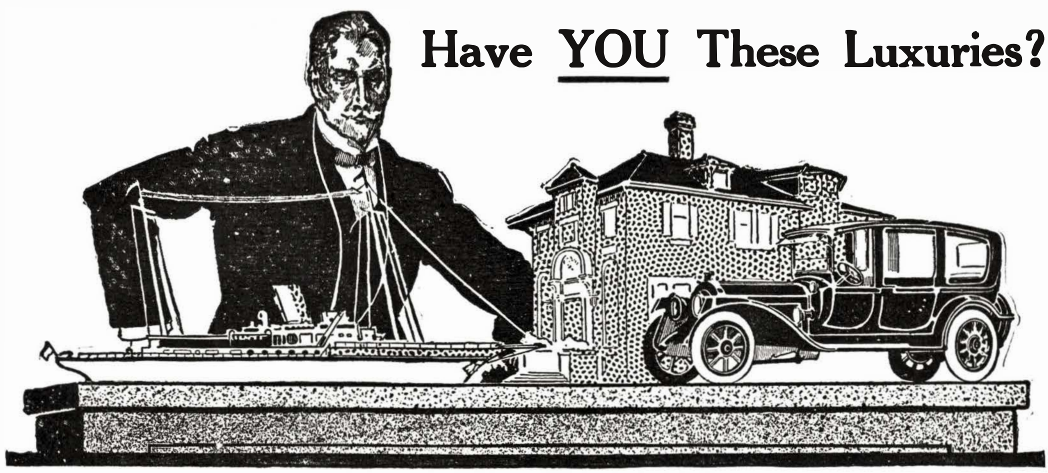

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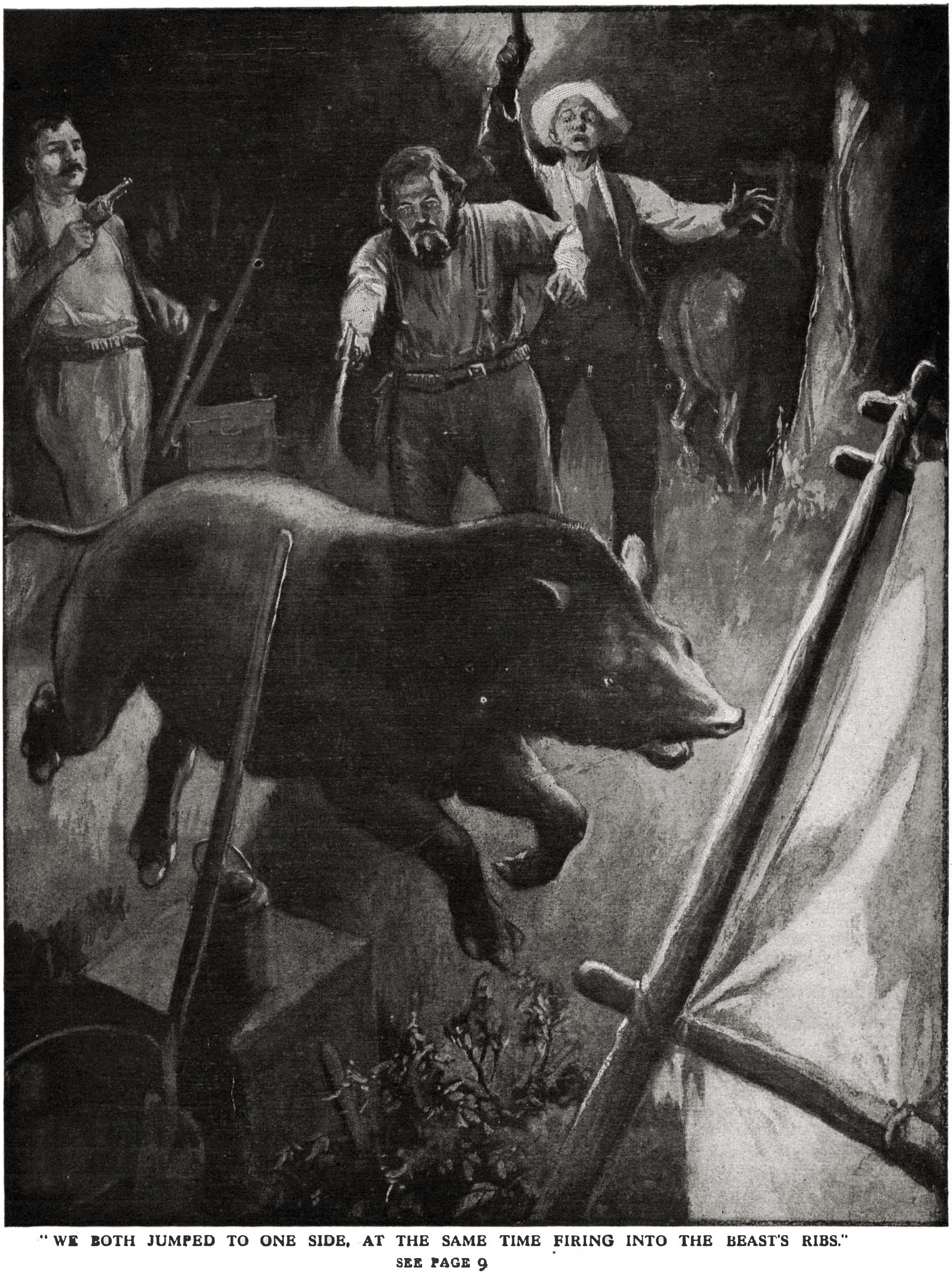
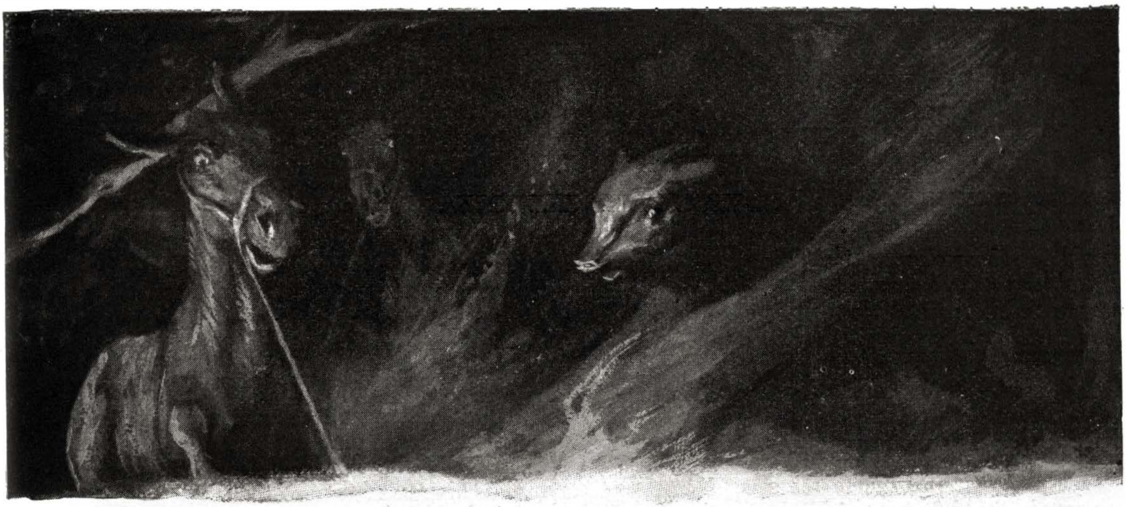


"WE BOTH JUMPED TO ONE SIDE, AT THE SAME TIME FIRING INTO THE BEAST'S RIBS."

SEE PAGE 9



THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

Told by EDWARD J. HOYT, and set down by Dr. VANCE HOYT.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM SOMERFIELD.

Struggling through nightmare jungles, fighting fevers and hitherto unknown wild beasts, a hardy little band of pioneers, headed by Mr. Hoyt, forced their way into the unexplored wilds of Central America in search of gold. They found it in plenty, but just when fortune seemed about to smile disaster befell them and they had to retreat, leaving the bones of several of their party behind in that land of gold and death. The narrative gives a vivid picture of the manifold vicissitudes of the prospector's life, and shows what hardships and perils men will endure in quest of wealth.

WHILE the great Klondike excitement was at its height my friend W. W. Palmer (known as "Rocky Mountain Bill") and myself were engaged by mining men in the Eastern States to prospect for them. We had the option of going to Klondike or Central America, and—choosing what seemed to be the least of the two evils—we prepared to ransack the unknown interior of Central America.

Our party assembled at New Orleans. It consisted of Charles Row, Dr. John F. Howard, Bert Dare, Palmer, and myself. The first three came from near Watertown, New York; Palmer and myself were from the Rocky Mountains, where we had sunk over twenty-two shafts during the early days of Leadville, Colorado.

On February 26th, 1898, after securing a complete camping outfit and other necessaries, we took passage on the steamer *Oteri*, bound for Trujillo, Central America. This steamer was a combination freight and passenger boat in the service of the United Fruit Company, making trips between New Orleans and the chief ports of British and Spanish Honduras.

On the morning of the fifth day out from New Orleans the *Oteri* anchored in the harbour of Belize, British Honduras.

Leaving Belize harbour, she circled the coast southward bound, only stopping once ere she anchored at Trujillo.

Directly we landed our troubles began. The Commandante, an officer of the Custom-house, promptly relieved me of my rifle, with which I had been shooting sharks on the way over. He also seized all our kit, claiming heavy duties. By the aid of the American Consul we got our freight through free of duty under the Mining Act, but the Commandante became fascinated with my 40–82 Winchester, and begged me to sell it to him. I finally let him have it for fifty pesos, which was better than leaving it in the

Custom-house, for in this country anything that looks like a Winchester is politely taken away from you on some pretext or other.

We had other rifles, together with five revolvers, and plenty of ammunition, smuggled away in false bottoms and partitions of our trunks, so our loss was not so very heavy. I did not like to part with my rifle, though, for it was a beautiful weapon, and felt sad over it the rest of the day; but late that afternoon I was somewhat cheered up by witnessing a very amusing episode.

We were busy strapping up our luggage after it had been overhauled and ransacked from end to end, when suddenly I heard a loud report, followed by the noise of splitting wood and a series of yells that sounded like hyenas fighting. Rushing into the office of the Custom-house, I was just in time to see several of the natives flying head-first out of two of the windows. The old Commandante stood in the centre of the floor, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, his face blanched. It was laughable, for I knew just what had taken place. I had left a cartridge in the rifle, and the Commandante, while admiring his new-found treasure, had in some way managed to explode the charge, whereupon the bullet tore a huge hole in the side of the office, causing the staff to make the hasty retreat I had witnessed.

The next day we were met by the last member of our party, Alamondo, our *mozo*, or guide. His arrival brought our number up to six, and we immediately began to pack for the trail.

We purchased eight pack-mules and two horses—one small pony named Tom Thumb, and one old horse called Bolivar. These ten animals were to aid us in our fight with the mountain trails, wild beasts, reptiles, and tribes of uncivilized Indians. We did not buy mules for ourselves. We walked, as everyone else does in this country. We could not ask our animals to do what we could not do ourselves, so we trudged by their sides as friends, for we knew our lives would depend upon these faithful beasts. Food is the most important thing of all in this part of the world, where the odds are ten to one against life.

And now, just a few words as to our destination. We had mapped out our course directly south from Trujillo, through Jutigalpa, to Vijao, a small native village in the Olancho Department, which is situated on the borders of what, is, perhaps, the wildest and most uncivilized country on the face of the earth. From here we were to leave the known for the unknown and plunge deeper into the mountains and jungles until we had penetrated as far south as Nicaragua, which was the region we were to prospect. This particular region of Central America was, at the time of our expedition, practically unexplored. When we had finished our work here we intended to retreat to Jutigalpa, and from there travel north-west to Pimiento, at which place we could take the train to Puerto Cortes, some sixty miles distant, travelling thence back to the States.

On March 18th, 1898, we left Trujillo with one thousand two hundred pounds of freight, taking a direct southward course for Vijao, Olancho.

The trail that lay before us wound its way over a veritable sea of precipitous mountains, the tortuous valleys between being covered with dense jungles and forest. Our intention was to take our time and not over-tax our animals or ourselves during the earlier part of our journey, saving our strength for what lay beyond.

The heat of the sun was something terrible, and the higher our trail took us the more oppressive and sultry became the air. We soon began to realize we had a good deal to learn about this country, but, being old-timers in this line of work, we had fortunately thought of many things and made greater preparations than "tenderfeet" would have done. We knew the bad effect the glaring sunlight has on the eyes, so we had packed a dozen pairs of blue glasses, and we lost no time in putting them to use. The glare was blinding; as one looked up the trail it was like looking at the reflection of a mirror.

Our blue glasses came in very handy, but we had yet to learn what time of day was best for travelling. It was certain we could not travel in the middle of the day, for by about two o'clock in the afternoon of the first day the rays of the sun found their way through our shirts and blistered our backs in a most unpleasant fashion. The animals were barely able to drag themselves along under their heavy loads, almost prostrated with the heat, and we were forced to go into camp after we had crossed the first range of mountains. These mountains, as we discovered later, were really the foothills of greater heights beyond, waiting patiently for us to try and conquer their many obstacles.

After tending to our pack-train, Dr. Howard set to work applying soothing lotions to our sunburnt backs. Luckily for us, we carried a small stock of drugs, as well as surgical instruments, which the doctor had selected for the trip. There are no physicians in this benighted country, and whenever we camped near a village the *mozo* would tell the natives about our wonderful doctor, and for miles around they would come to see him, bringing their sick, and Howard never refused to do everything in his power for them. We all admired him for the man he was, and during our trip he saved the lives of each of us many times. I found him to be the best friend I ever trekked with.

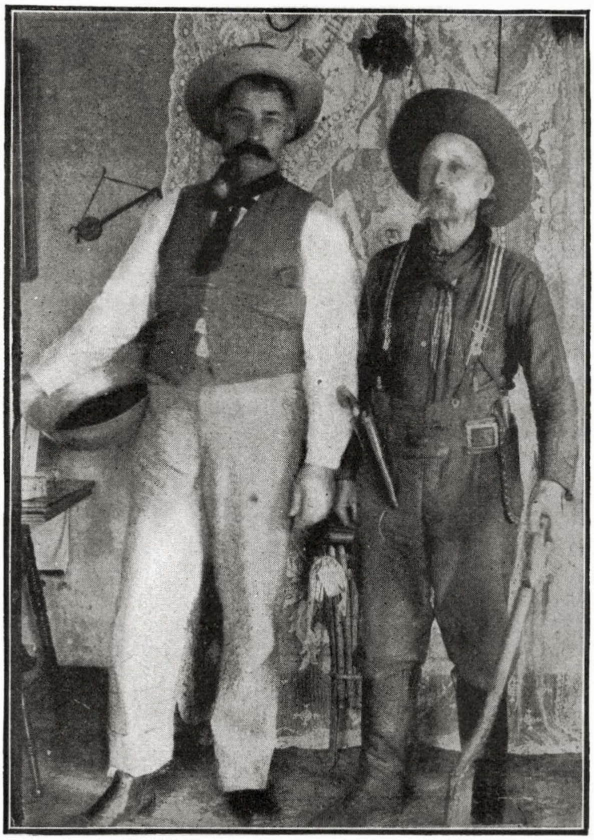
We were tired and weary after our day of troubles, so we swung our hammocks early that night. Sleeping on the ground is not healthy in this country. Even the night air is bad, for the mosquito of malaria and the mosquito of yellow fever are ever present. The natives have learned that the insects have something to do with these diseases, so they do not sleep in the open, but in their huts, with tight-closed windows and doors. The heat in these mud-huts is roasting, but they do not seem to mind the temperature. We preferred our hammocks and protective netting.

The next morning we took to the trail at daylight. The former day's experience taught us we could travel only from daylight until about ten a.m., and then spend the remainder of the day in camp.

For ten days we continued to force our way deeper and deeper into the wilds, following old trails, making them where there were none, sometimes cutting a path through the matted jungle. In many places our track was of such a nature that a misstep or slip would have sent man and beast to eternity, thousands of feet below.

The Horrors of the Jungle.

Shortly before we went into camp one morning we passed through one of the most difficult jungles we had so far traversed. We were in a large valley, between two ranges of mountains, which were covered with all sorts of tropical trees and large plants matted together with vines. It was horrible stuff to cut one's way through, and often we had to crawl between as best we could. The ground was damp and swampy, covered in some places with liquid mud—black, fetid, and oily. At every step we took dozens of insects darted into our faces and viciously avenged themselves for our intrusion. They stung like bees, and it was absolutely impossible to rid oneself of them. Snakes were everywhere—under our feet and hanging from the dense growth above. Many of them were of the exact colour of the vines, which made us advance cautiously. Great fungi, and monstrous, oozy, slimy plants hung in festoons above us, covered with horrid-looking tree-toads and all sorts of loathsome creatures. As we crept under the vegetation, forcing our painful way onward, the damp, offensive exhalations from the ground beneath struck upon our lungs like fumes from nitric acid, and each breath we inhaled seemed to bear the menace of malaria or yellow fever. All the time the sun poured down upon the tangled growth above us, making that nightmare jungle like a hothouse.



The narrator (on right) and his companion, William Palmer.

Our animals were becoming faint from the effluvia, and now and then one of them would stop and lick the slimy black ground, in the hope of finding something to quench its dreadful thirst. The poor thing would look up pitifully, and then move on with its tongue hanging out, panting like a dog.

A few moments later one of our party fell prostrate, overcome by the heat. It was Bert Dare. I looked round just in time to see him fall, and heard him moan—"Oh, heavens! I can't stand it any longer." Dr. Howard and I remained with him while Palmer, Row, and the *mozo* went on, cutting a way out.

We worked on poor Dare until we were dizzy with fatigue, and finally revived him so completely that he began to mutter something about water. He was past the danger mark, so we gathered him up and started after our friends. We were too weak to carry him, so we forced him to walk by holding him up and pushing him on. The heat was appalling.

We soon caught up with Palmer, Row, and the *mozo*, and about half an hour later emerged from the jungle at the foot of the mountains to our left. The guide took us up a small gulch, where we made camp beside a streamlet that ran down into the inferno we had just come through.

William Buell's house at Vijao, where the explorers remained for several days.

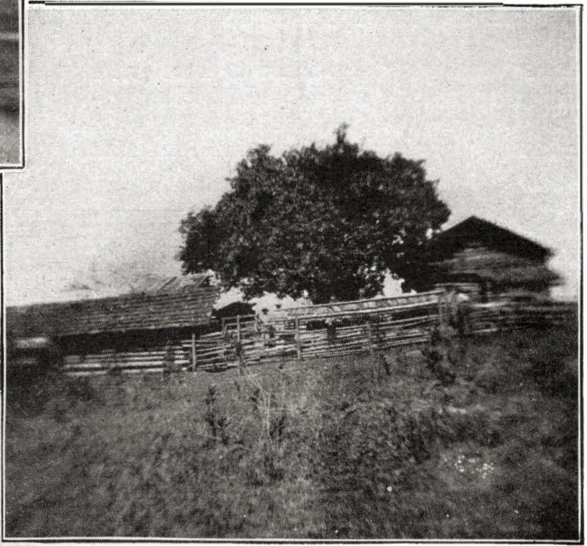
The doctor extracting a native woman's aching tooth.

Making steady progress, we camped a few days later in a low, thickly-wooded valley surrounded on all sides by mountains. Just before sundown I discovered an old deserted cabin close to the range to the south of us. I proposed that we should sleep in it that night, but the *mozo* warned me to keep away from the place. There was a "devil" in the hut, he said.

I tried to urge some of our party to go with me, but they all agreed that where the guide slept was good enough for them. They said it was not good judgment to take risks that even a native declined. Having a determined disposition, this made me stubborn; I determined to sleep in that hut or know the reason why.

The Haunted Hut.

Again I questioned the *mozo* about the old adobe. All he knew was that the place, according to all accounts, had not been inhabited for close on sixty years. Stray natives had slept upon its floor, but before daybreak they had been roughly handled by some powerful "thing," and in most cases terribly mutilated. No one had tried to discover what this dread "thing" was, and now everyone passed the cabin at a distance, muttering to themselves, "Mucho diablo."



The camp, showing the fence erected to keep out the wild hogs.

"Well, if there is a devil in there I am going to make his acquaintance," I said; and I got up from the camp fire and began to examine my revolver to satisfy myself that every chamber was loaded.

Alamondo fell on his knees before me and began to mutter a short prayer. As I was buckling my cartridge-belt he begged me to tie a little red sack he held in his hand around my neck, which, he said, would keep the "devil" away. Not taking the trouble to examine what it contained, I did as he said. These natives are like children, and in order to keep them faithful to you it is best to try to please them as much as possible. Then, bidding the others good night, I took up my blanket and made for the cabin.

After having some trouble in opening the old door, I found myself in a low, musty-smelling room, which looked as if it had not been occupied since the days of Noah. I took a candle from my belt, lit it, and began to investigate a little.

The floor consisted of split logs, full of holes, laid across old sleepers. The whole cabin, in fact, was built of split logs, plastered over with mud. In the north wall there was a large niche between the logs, evidently meant for a window. Just under this was an old bunk, and this I decided should be my resting-place for the night.

I was satisfied with my lodging, so I blew out the candle. As I did so I looked through the niche in the wall, and saw the *mozo* building a huge camp fire, which is the custom of these natives to keep wild animals from bothering them.

Stretching my weary limbs, I wrapped my blanket around me and was soon lost to the world.

I do not know how long I slept, but it must have been after midnight when I was suddenly awakened by the sound of something or someone walking on the loose planks of the floor. I slowly reached down my side and gripped the butt of my Colt, my finger encircling the trigger, ready for action. I was not to be taken by surprise, and breathlessly awaited the intruder's first move.

The noise continued at the farther side of the room, but it now seemed to be more along the side of the wall than on the floor. I was puzzled to know what it could be. It did not sound like an animal; the thing walked like a man, for I could only hear the tread of two feet.

Slowly and carefully I drew myself up until I rested on the elbow of my left arm. I peered into the darkness towards the opposite side of the room. I stared and stared until my eyes ached, and then, all of a sudden, I heard the heavy breathing of something almost directly above me. Looking up quickly, I saw two red eyes, like balls of fire, staring down at me.

I was levelling my revolver, when, without warning, my blanket began to slowly slide from my grasp. Something was climbing up over the foot of my bunk! I turned my head quickly. Two red eyes stared at me—directly in front.

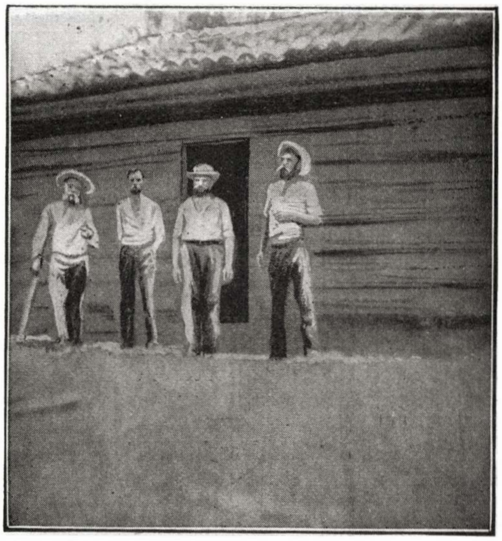
Then I pulled the trigger, and my faithful revolver sputtered lead.

The old adobe hut where the fight with the "halingo" occurred.

It would be impossible for me to try to describe what happened after that, for I do not know myself. I only know that the most hideous shrieks and screams a human being ever heard grated on my ears; there was a rush, a scramble, and then something sprang over my head and out through the large niche in the wall. I could hear the cracking of bushes outside as it swept up the side of the mountain.

I sprang up and looked out of the window to see if I could discover what I had hit, and saw the rest of the party, guns in hand, running towards me. The *mozo*, after stirring the camp fire, had lit a pitch-pine knot and was following in the rear.

I opened the door, and by the aid of the flaring



Members of the party in front of their cabin.

torch we saw something furry lying at the foot of my bunk. I was stooping down to examine it, when Alamondo caught my arm and jumped back in fright.

"No, no, Don José!" he shrieked. "Come away! Come away! Halingo! Halingo!"

With my foot I turned the animal over, and convinced the frightened guide that it was dead.

The "Halingo."

I had never seen such a creature before. It stood about five feet high, evidently belonged to the ape family, and resembled a man more than anything else. These animals are of a brownish colour except their faces, which are white. They walk erect on their hind feet, and the males possess a long white beard, which gives them a very peculiar appearance. The female carries her young in her arms, the same as a woman. The interior of Central America is their habitat; I do not know of any other jungles in which they are found. They are seldom seen in the day-time, are very ferocious when cornered, and have enough muscular strength to outmatch a dozen men. The natives call this remarkable man-monkey the "Halingo," and regard it as an evil spirit.

On the fourteenth day of our journey we crossed the Sagualpa River and camped near the outskirts of a small native village called Manto. The Sagualpa was the largest river we had crossed so far, and we had considerable trouble with our animals before we arrived in safety on the opposite side.

Two days later we were forced to pass over the most formidable range of mountains we had hitherto encountered. While we were on the summit of this range an accident occurred which caused us to lose a good deal of time and one of our pack animals.

Just as we had started down a very steep and rocky slope Bolivar, packed with tools and cooking utensils, made a misstep, and in a flash was rolling and tumbling down the mountain to the bottom of the trail, where he landed in the jungle. Being ahead, and considerably lower than the rest, I had a good view of the accident. Pots, pans, shovels, and sluice-forks flew in all directions.

We scrambled down the mountain, and it was some time before we reached poor Bolivar, for he had fallen to the very bottom of the canyon. Dr. Howard was the first to arrive.

The Death of Bolivar.

Bolivar lay on his back in a small stream of water, squirming and kicking like a trapped pig. Palmer and I caught him by the neck, all hands closed in on him, and we were finally able to remove the pack from his back. When we let him get up he jumped half round, looked up the mountain, and gave a mighty snort, as much as to say: "Great Scot! Is it possible I am still alive?" He seemed quite all right, but the poor old horse had injured himself in some way, and late that night he died.

This was the only time we had any trouble with our animals during the entire trip, except once when Tom Thumb got into a little trouble. He was very lively, and whenever we came to a ditch would invariably try to jump it. In one case, when we were in a sunken trail, deep with mud, he tried to jump up a steep place, but his pack overbalanced him and he fell backwards, landing square on his back in the mud. It was laughable to see the plump little fellow lying there kicking his heels in the air. Finally, however, he gave up and lay quiet, waiting for us to come and relieve him.

On the morning of April 15th, 1898, as we descended towards the large plateau, Jutigalpa came into view—a native village of about three thousand inhabitants, and the largest in these regions. Between us and Jutigalpa was a dense forest, and just the other side of this ran the Jutigalpa River.

We entered the forest, and as we approached the river were suddenly halted by the sound of rocks being struck together. It sounded like beavers building a dam, but when we came up to the river we discovered about forty or fifty native women bending over the edge of the water, pounding what little clothing they had, which was lying in the water, with rocks. This is the way they wash their clothes. When they saw us they promptly caught up their garments and made for the under-brush.

We went into camp here and remained for two days, recruiting our strength and resting our animals. Then we broke camp and crossed the river into Jutigalpa. The town was captured by the Spaniards over two hundred years ago, and most of the inhabitants were put to the sword. The graves are there yet, enclosed by a stone wall, and speak for themselves. There was nothing to detain us here, so two hours later we crossed the great Guayape and took to the trail, heading for Vijao.

At the third camp we made after leaving Jutigalpa we had a very desperate *mêlée* with an animal that none of us had ever seen before, except the *mozo*.

A Nightmare Battle.

At one o'clock in the morning I was suddenly awakened by the whimpering of our beasts and the heavy tread of some big animal around our tent, which we had put up that night. Snatching up my revolver, I started to investigate, just as Alamondo leaped headlong into the tent and fell to the ground, fairly paralyzed with terror. This awakened the rest of our party, and as they hurriedly got up some monster thundered past the entrance to our tent. Then ensued such a snorting as I never heard in all my life before. Palmer and I rushed out into the open, and there, just in front of us, I saw two bulky animals stamping on our camp fire and flinging the brands about in a frantic manner. They were also making rushes at our pack mules, which were tugging and whimpering at the ends of their ropes.

Both of us fired at the same instant, and we must have aimed at the same beast, for one of the marauders fell heavily to the ground, while the other, unwounded, whirled round and charged upon us. We were standing just in front of the entrance of the tent, and it was evident if we did not drop the beast immediately he would demolish us, tent and all. It is at times like this that one acts without thought, for hesitation means death. We only had time to deliver two shots apiece before the brute was upon us; and these, somehow or other, did not take effect. On he came, a great mass of flesh, and we both jumped to one side, at the same time firing into the beast's ribs. There was a hideous shriek, ending in a reverberating roar; then the brute dashed by and plunged into the centre of our tent, taking tent and all with him in a mad charge through the jungle. At that moment I heard a human scream, and realized that one of our party was still in the tent. I hurried up to where the canvas had fallen from the brute's back, and saw that there was something bulky tangled up in it. I cut a slit in the canvas, and out through the rent crawled Charlie Row. He did not seem to be injured, but was so badly scared that his teeth chattered.

" Are you hurt, Charlie ? " I asked him, after helping him to his feet.

" I—I——" he stuttered. " N-no, I'm not hurt. But—but what the dickens was it ? A cyclone, or a tornado ? "

I could not answer him ; I was asking myself the same question.

" Why did you remain in the tent so long ? " I demanded, being somewhat vexed at the slowness he had shown at a critical moment.

" I didn't wake up at first," came the reply. " Then my revolver got mixed up in my blanket, and I was looking for it when the earthquake came."

At this moment the rest of our party came up. I walked around the heap of torn canvas, preparing to drag it back to camp, when I suddenly stumbled. Looking down, I saw something lying at my feet that looked like the form of a man. I stooped down, and to my horror discovered that it was our *mozo*. I felt for his pulse, but could not find it.

We quickly carried him back to camp, where we discovered that blood was oozing from his mouth, and that his chest was crushed. The brute had evidently trampled him badly, and poor Alamondo was dead.

Thus tragically had death claimed the first of our small party.

My curiosity was roused as to what kind of beast it was that had attacked us, and we built a huge fire in order to examine the brute. It lay dead a short distance from where our ill-fated tent had stood. It was about the size of a donkey — a pig-like mammal, having a short proboscis, and a most peculiar and ferocious-looking head. Its hide was thick and tough, its feet three-toed, its ears like those of a burro, and its tail like that of a mule.

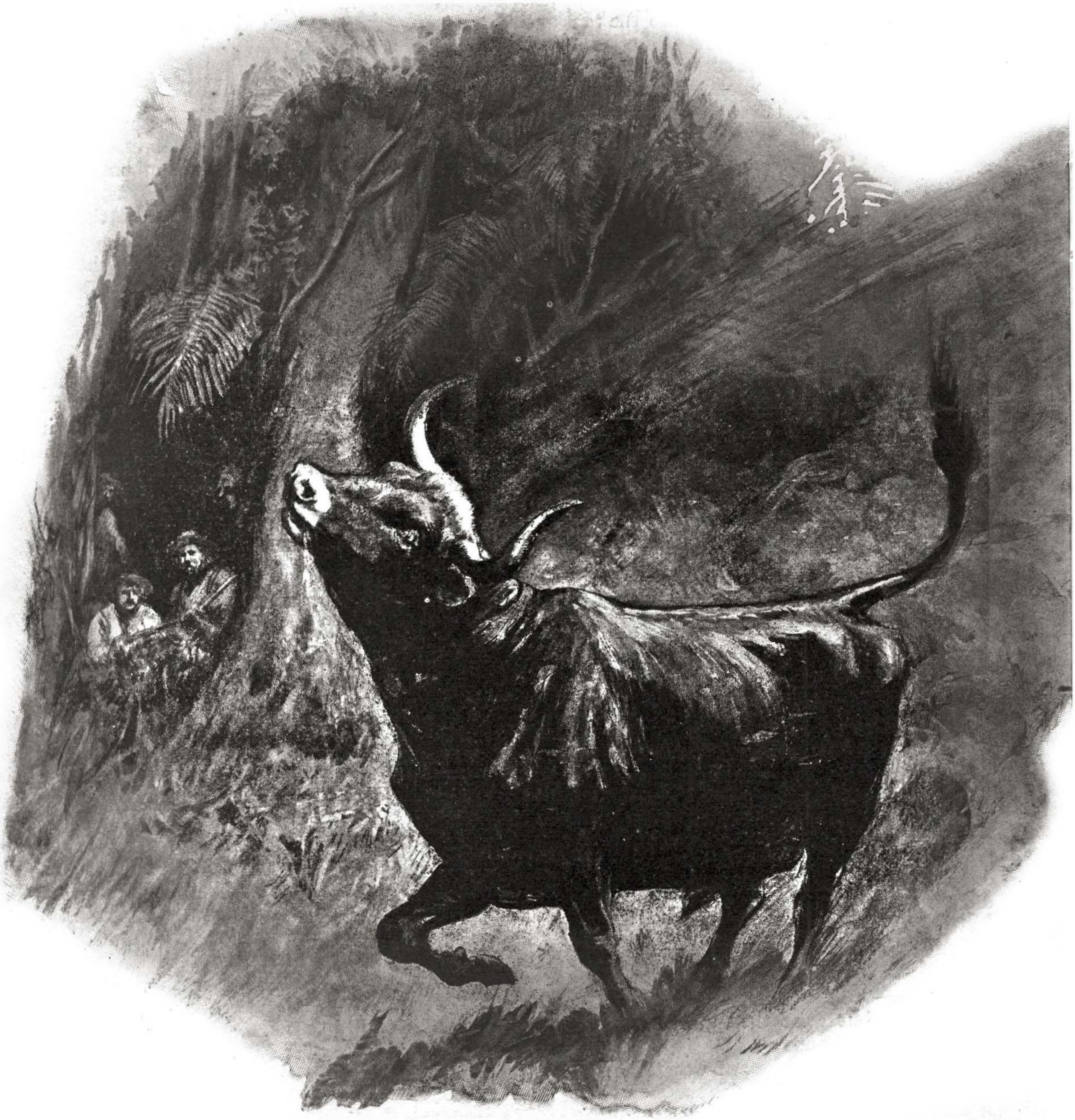
This animal, we discovered later, is dreaded by all those who travel into the interior of this country on account of its frequent attacks on wayfarers. In this respect the brutes are like the African rhinoceros. They particularly hate fire ; it is to them like a red rag to a bull, and they will always charge it, stamping it out with their feet. They are very destructive, and, being large and clumsy, are often known to demolish whole fields of Indian corn, which the natives sometimes plant in the clearings of the jungles. They always travel at night-time, and along recognized trails, which peculiarity enables the natives to attack them easily.

At the foot of a mountain the native hunters plant dozens of sharp-pointed sticks, pointing up the trail. During the night, as the brutes come thundering down the track by the score, they impale themselves on the stakes and perish. I do not know the scientific name for this creature, if there is one, but the natives call it the " Danto."

Next morning we dug a grave for poor Alamondo and covered it with rocks, in order to keep off the wild beasts.

Then, very sorrowfully, we slowly moved on without a guide. Fortunately, we were not far from Vijao, and some hours later we came upon this little village of about five hundred inhabitants, which was the end of our trail. From this point onwards we should be going into the unknown; there were no trails beside which we could dig graves.

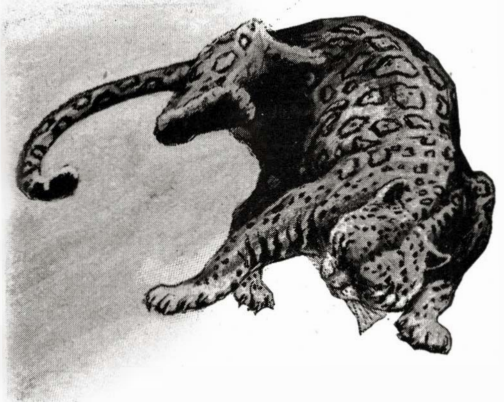
We remained in Vijao for several days. Here we met the only white man who was living in this country at the time, William Buell by name. Buell gave us a hearty welcome and much valuable information concerning the mining



"The bull, with a toss of the head, flung him sprawling through space some twenty feet away."

possibilities of the country. He had a wonderful mine near Vijao, through which he accumulated a large fortune. He had lived in the place for several years, and liked the country so well that he had married one of the native women and decided to make it his permanent home. We found him to be one of the finest men we had ever met, and his advice was of great value to us. It was he who located for us our permanent mining camp in the Dipilto Mountains, about fifty miles from Vijao, near the Guayamapa River. This is the richest mining region in Central America—I might say, in the world.

From Buell we purchased a diving suit, for



we were to prospect the rivers as well as the mountains. We also disposed of our pack-mules, for they were of no more use to us, there being no trails ahead of us for animals to tread. All our kit had to be packed on the backs of carriers, who could be secured by the hundred for twenty-five cents per day. The dynamite we had brought we carried ourselves, for the natives are great thieves, and dynamite in this country is very scarce and valuable.

A Brush with a Thief.

On the last day we spent in Vijao some of our mining tools were stolen. This was very provoking, for we had only brought into the interior just what we needed, and there were no stores from which to buy fresh picks and shovels. The new *mozo* we had engaged informed us he thought he knew who had stolen the tools, and so we armed ourselves and commanded him to direct us to the thief's hut.

The fellow was not at home, so we sat down and awaited his arrival. Presently we discovered him coming down a trail. When he came up, Palmer—who possessed a hasty temper as well as a gigantic body—curtly informed him of the purpose of our call. Of course, he denied all the charges. This did not please us, for we were pretty sure he was guilty, and Palmer's temper got the best of him.

The native had not repeated his denial many times before my companion was poking him in the ribs with the muzzle of his revolver. Palmer told him to produce the missing tools in a hurry, or he would shoot him. The native stood staring at him, hardly understanding what he meant. Suddenly Palmer fired off his pistol several times just beside the man's ear. The native gave a frightful yell and sprang through the door of his hut. A few moments later our tools were thrown out of the door one by one; the terrified thief did not show himself again.

Next day we broke camp and left Vijao for our fifty-mile march through the deep jungles that lay before us. We had twenty carriers, packing between them fifteen hundred pounds of freight.

The second day in the jungles I witnessed one of the most terrible animal fights I ever saw.

We had just cut our way through a ravine full of matted vines into a small clearing, when we were suddenly halted by the frenzied bellowing of a wild bull. The carriers dropped their packs and massed into a group near the edge of the clearing, peering into the dense undergrowth of vines in all directions. I asked the *mozo* the meaning of all this, and he told me there was a tiger somewhere near. Meanwhile the bellowing continued, coming now not only from immediately in front of us, but from all directions, and I realized we were in the centre of a herd of bulls. Instinctively we crouched down and waited for what might happen.

Bull *versus* Tiger.

Suddenly I saw a huge bull, with horns like a steer, leap into the clearing directly in front of us and charge towards us at a terrific speed. His head was reared back, his eyes stared into the air, his nostrils were dilated, and his upper lip was raised so that his teeth were visible. He had reached the centre of the clearing, still coming on, and we had levelled our rifles, when we saw a great spotted tiger of the jungle type bound into the open like a large cat. Crouching and hugging the earth, he crept along swiftly, like a snake, until within ten feet of the bull; then he sprang high into the air and alighted astride the bull's shoulders. There was a frightful roar from the bull, and he leaped into the air, coming down with stiffened legs. The sudden jerk shot the tiger out upon the bull's neck, and before the great cat could recover itself the bull, with a toss of the head, flung him sprawling through space some twenty feet away.

But the cat was not vanquished. Again it hugged the earth, as its opponent whirled and charged. I was so close I could see the yellow eyes of the tiger as they gauged the distance of the oncoming beast. The next episode took place so quickly that I am unable to describe just how it happened, but I distinctly remember that, when the charging animal was within a few feet of the beast it sought to kill, the tiger started to spring over its head. The bull must have realized what his adversary was about, for he quickly raised his head, and his right horn sank deep into the side of the spotted brute, whereupon the tiger screamed sickeningly. Another heave of the powerful neck, and the small animal was tossed high again; but when it came down it was scratching the shoulders of the bull like a cat sharpening its claws. The bull bellowed and thrashed about until we could scarcely see the horrible drama for the dust, but his struggles were of no avail; the tiger was digging deeper and deeper with its terrible claws, securing a firm foothold. Finally, as a last resort, the bull raced across the clearing and tumbled into the vines of the jungle. We could hear the cracking and breaking of wood as he rushed madly through the undergrowth.

They were not long out of sight, for they soon lunged into the clearing once more. Again the bull kicked, tossed, and rolled on the ground, but the tiger clung to its back like a court-plaster. As the bull regained his feet I saw the snake-like head of the tiger creep around under his adversary's neck, and presently its fangs tapped the jugular vein. It was a ghastly sight, and I had levelled my gun when the bull gave a great bellow and thundered diagonally across the clearing towards us.

When they were within twenty yards of us the unfortunate animal's knees gave way, and the two rolled over and over, still fighting, until our rifles put an end to the battle-scene.

The forests we were now in were almost impenetrable on account of the steaming heat and rank vegetation, and we were five days covering the fifty miles from Vijao to our permanent camp on the banks of the Julan River. I believe that no white man, except William Buell, had ever been in this region before.

We sent the carriers back to Vijao, but kept our *mozo*. With his aid we immediately built a log cabin on a small knoll in the centre of a clearing, for the rainy season begins in this country about the middle of May, and lasts for six months. This gave us only a month in which to get settled. Around this cabin we put up a high log fence, chiefly to keep away the wild hogs, which were bent upon sleeping under our windows, grunting all night. As far as the hogs were concerned, however, our purpose failed; they were constantly rooting holes under the fence. We were finally forced to scald a few of them with hot water before we were able to rid ourselves of their unwelcome presence.

The next thing we did was to capture a couple of young bulls, which we attempted to tame for draught purposes. We made a cart, and hoped to use them to carry ore from the old shaft we had discovered. This shaft had been dug and worked by the Spaniards in the early days, and looked promising. Taming the bulls, however, was a harder task than we bargained for.

It might be of interest to WIDE WORLD readers if I say something about the prehistoric ruins I investigated while in this country. I am not an archæologist, therefore my exploration of these ruins was not scientific in procedure, so it would be useless for me to try and do other than recite just what I saw. Moreover, the purpose of our expedition was to prospect for gold, not to explore the ruined Mayan cities.

The Mysterious City.

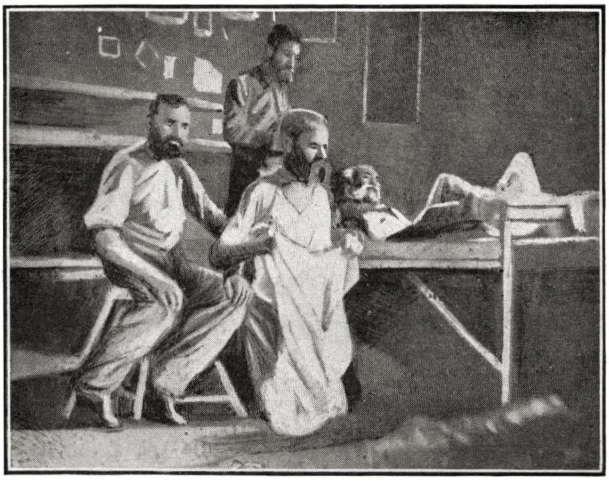
One day at the close of the rainy season Palmer, the *mozo*, and myself, with enough rations for a two weeks' journey, started on a prospecting trip up the Julan River. We examined the banks of the stream carefully as we went, searching for the "lead," or the source of the nuggets we had been panning from the bottom of the river.

On the second day of our trip we turned up a small side-stream, which emptied into the Julan, and which proved to offer the richest possibilities we discovered in these regions. It was a narrow, shallow thread of water, flowing swiftly in the bottom of a deep canyon. This vein of water had no name, for we were the first white men who had ever walked between its banks—or, rather, its walls.

We spent two days climbing over boulders and wading through water, when we were suddenly halted by a huge wall of rock directly in front of us. We stood at the bottom of a great three-sided shaft. I looked up into the sky at the top of the wall, where the water poured swiftly over, like oil from a pipe, and then fell at our feet with a roar. Measurements made later proved these walls to be over two hundred feet high.

After hours of dangerous as well as strenuous work, we finally scaled the wall that confronted us, and arrived at the crest of the falls. What we beheld here was wonderful.

Directly in front of us lay a beautiful lake, about two miles in diameter. Completely circling its waters, we found indications that there had once been a wide boulevard of some sort, paved with huge slabs of rock. Directly behind this ran seven terraces, which had once upon a time been beautified with statues, marble steps, and winding walks. On the top of the seventh terrace, among the dense undergrowth, we found scattered ruins, which indicated that highly-civilized people had lived and thrived in these regions many centuries ago. I say many centuries advisedly, because the architecture of these ruins is of the Mongolian type, and the hieroglyphic inscriptions indicate a culture as ancient as that of the Egyptians. Scattered through the primeval forest that obscured this placid lake were pyramids rivalling those of Egypt in exactness of construction. Many of the crumbling ruins and leaning walls that had once belonged to beautiful temples were similar in appearance to the open-front temples which the Greeks raised to Minerva. Some of these walls were covered with carvings which, in spite of the corrosion of centuries, were still inches deep. These ruins were the same in architecture as others we passed a few miles from Jutigalpa and Olancho. Everything indicated that the people who lived here were highly educated, and must have been skilled in architecture, sculpture, and painting.



Inside the cabin—The Author is seen in his bunk after having been bitten by the snake.

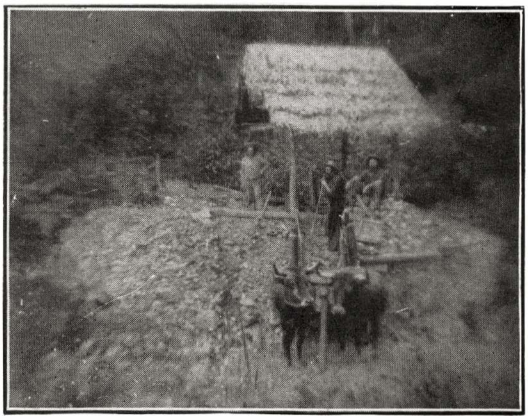
On the top of one of these pyramids are the ruins of a massive temple, and up the centre of each of the four sides of the pyramid there is a wide stairway. These stairways have extensive stone balustrades, carved to represent serpents, the heads flanking the base of the stairways.

The pyramids are made of huge blocks of rock, the same as those in Egypt; how they were ever moved into the position they occupy is a mystery. Undoubtedly this mysterious race of people were of the same blood as the Egyptians.*

We located the "lead" for which we were searching at the foot of the falls, and then turned back towards camp.

Along the banks of the Julan River I was bitten by a small poisonous snake. It was no larger than a lead pencil, and striped like a barber's pole. Its fangs sank deep into the calf of my leg, and a sudden pain shot through the limb as though someone had stabbed me with a sharp-pointed knife. My leg gave way instantly, and I collapsed on the ground in excruciating pain. Before my shoe and sock could be removed, my leg had swollen enormously and was as black as tar. The poisonous effects of the bite of this snake are equal to that of the cobra. It means death in nearly all cases. Everything that exists in this country lives in terror of its bite—man, beast, or bird. It lives among the vines of the undergrowth, where no eye can detect its presence, and kills its victim by springing upon it like an arrow from a bow.

With the aid of the hypodermic syringe, Palmer infiltrated the tissues around the bite with potassium permanganate; then I took quantities of drugs internally. Next I tied my handkerchief around my leg just under the knee, and after we had made a crude crutch, with the aid of Palmer and the *mozo,* I managed to hobble along into camp, undergoing suffering that it would be impossible to describe. I was in my bunk for a week, and a month passed before I had the full use of my leg again. But I did not grumble, for I considered myself fortunate to be alive. This was only one of the many hardships one is forced to suffer when travelling in this wilderness.



The shaft of the mine discovered by the gold-seekers.

Well, to cut a long story short, we spent four years in the interior, working the rivers and our old Spanish shaft. This proved to be one of the richest mines in Central America. We filed on the discovery at Jutigalpa, the capital of the State in which we were located, Olancho. This gave us the mineral rights to the land we were on.

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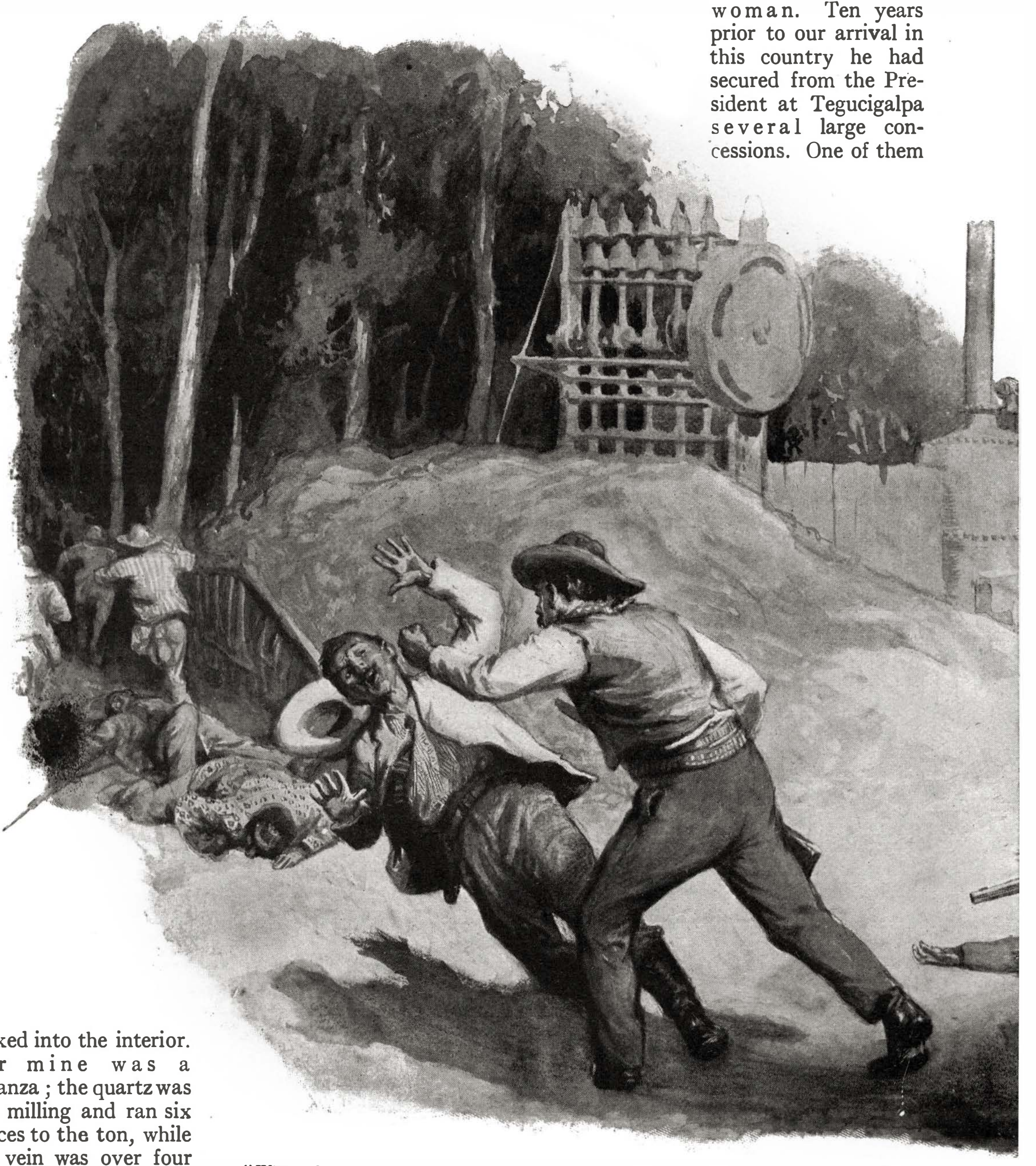
* Our issues for July and August, 1910, contain an interesting account of very similar buried cities of the ancient Mayans in Yucatan, Mexico.—Ed.

On the Road to Fortune. During the second year of our stay I made a trip to the States, and in Chicago purchased a portable steam stamp-mill, which we packed into the interior. Our mine was a bonanza; the quartz was free milling and ran six ounces to the ton, while the vein was over four feet in width. Our dreams were coming true; we were swiftly becoming rich. But life has many ups and downs, and one day the thunderbolt fell.

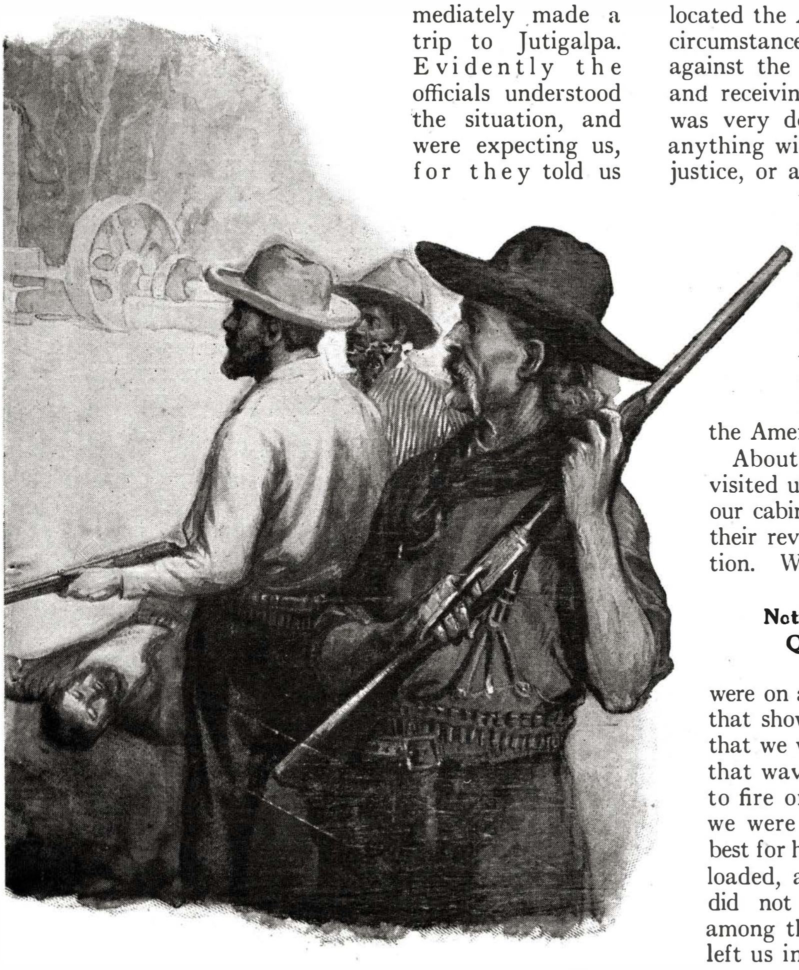
There was a man in the country by the name of Z——. He had been forced to leave the States, owing to some misdemeanour, and had taken up his residence at Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, where he married a native woman. Ten years prior to our arrival in this country he had secured from the President at Tegucigalpa several large concessions. One of them included a mineral lease on all the mining lands between the rivers Julan and Guayamapa. It was also stipulated that he was to have all



"With a few bounds Palmer was by his side; his fist shot out, and Z—— went sprawling on the ground."

the old Spanish concessions between these two rivers that had reverted to the Government. The ancient shaft we were working was on one of these reverted concessions, and after our machinery had been installed and we were turning out gold bricks, this man appeared on the scene, and informed us that we were trespassing on his property. I produced the papers that had been issued from the capital of the State in which we were located, and also informed him that our taxes were paid up to date. His reply, however, set our brains in a whirl. He made us understand that our papers were only from the capital of the State in which we were mining, while *his* papers had been signed at Tegucigalpa, the capital of the Republic of Honduras, by the President himself, some ten years previously.

Palmer and I immediately made a trip to Jutigalpa. Evidently the officials understood the situation, and were expecting us, for they told us much the same thing as our unwelcome visitor. I asked them if they were in the habit of issuing two leases to the same tract of land, and receiving taxes from both parties. They said it was a mistake, but it could not be helped now. It would be best for us to give up our mine immediately, or we should be visited and turned out by the militia. Moreover, one of the periodical revolutions was under way, and we ought to consider ourselves very fortunate if we got out of the country alive.



This was too much for Palmer. He shook his fist in the officials' faces, and told them if they thought they could force us off our claim they had better try it, for we had plenty of ammunition, and knew how to shoot to kill. We were both veterans of the Civil War, he added, and had served as Government scouts during the Indian outbreaks in the west. It would be easy for us to fight them if they attempted to attack our camp.

After several hours of searching, we finally located the American Consul. We told him the circumstances, and he said we had a good case against the Government for issuing two leases and receiving taxes from both parties; but it was very doubtful whether we could ever do anything with them, for there was no honour, justice, or anything else in the country. Anyway, it would be impossible to take action until after the revolution.

Sad at heart, we returned to camp. On our arrival we were greeted with another sorrow. During our absence one of our small party—Charlie Row—had died of fever. He was buried at the foot of the pole that stood in front of our cabin, on which waved the American flag.

About six months later a squad of soldiers visited us. We saw them before they reached our cabin, and I told our party to strap on their revolvers and several belts of ammunition. We met them at the gate.

Notice to Quit.

The captain said he had brought orders for us to vacate the premises we were on at once. I told him we held papers that showed we had a right to the land, and that we were under the protection of the flag that waved above our heads. If he wanted to fire on us under those conditions, I said, we were perfectly willing; but it would be best for him to think twice, for our guns were loaded, and his party was not large. They did not fire, and after holding a council among themselves they finally departed and left us in peace.

We felt assured they would not bother us again, and things went along nicely until, several months later, our tormentor Z—— decided to take things into his own hands and paid us a visit with a dozen or more natives. We met him with loaded guns, ready for the worst.

Z—— said he had come to give us twenty-four hours to get off his land. If we had not cleared out by that time he and the natives would attack us. Before I could answer, the hot-blooded Palmer spoke. He told Z—— that it would be a waste of time to wait twenty-four hours. We were not going to leave our mine; so, if they wanted to fight, now would be the time to begin. Thereupon Z—— made a move to draw his revolver. Before he had got it out of the holster our party fired, and two of Z——'s men fell. They fired back, and one of our party was killed—the lion-hearted Dr. Howard. Then we began to fight in earnest. Our first volley claimed another four of them, and they turned and ran for the jungle like so many scared cats. Z—— stood alone, like a statue, his face as white as a bleached bone. With a few bounds Palmer was by his side, and, without saying a word, his huge fist shot out and Z—— went sprawling on the ground in a heap. Finally he scrambled to his feet, cursing viciously, and swore an oath of vengeance; but he lost no time in bolting into the jungle. Palmer merely laughed.

Then I turned towards the man we all loved—the man who lay dead at our feet. As I did so a sickening pain darted up my leg and I fell to the earth in agony. I had been shot through the leg, just above the ankle, by someone lurking in the jungle. Somehow, as I lay there crippled, I suddenly realized that the end had come. There were only three of us left—four including the *mozo*, who was our friend to the last. What sort of a fight could we put up against the authorities of the Republic of Honduras—to say nothing of Z——, the fever, and the wild beasts of this wilderness in which we were trying to make our fortunes? What ought we to do? There was only one answer. We must clear out. We had killed six natives, the revolution was on, and Z—— had sworn vengeance. He possessed a good deal of influence, and we knew he would never rest now till he had killed us or driven us out. Yes, we must go—and go at once.

Sorrowfully we dug another grave under the flag of the country I was now longing for, and here we laid the Doctor to rest by the side of Charlie Row, the comrade whose life he had struggled in vain to save.

Farewell to the Land of Gold.

The next day, with saddened hearts, we bade farewell to the old camp that had been our home for four years. We knew instinctively we should never return. Our beautiful stamp-mill, erected with so much trouble, would rust to ruin with the coming of the rainy season. The fortune that had almost been within our grasp was now only a dream that could never come true for us. We took with us the few gold bricks we had made previous to the fight, and some nuggets washed from the rivers—about three thousand dollars' worth in all. Our expedition and machinery had cost us ten thousand dollars, so that our loss was heavy.

Slowly we moved down the trail into the jungle. I rode one of the steers, while Palmer, Dare, and the *mozo* walked by my side. I was suffering the tortures of death from my wound. Each step the steer took gave me intense pain, and I cared but little whether I lived or died. The big trek of my life had been a failure.

At Vijao we left Mr. Dare. He said he did not wish to return to the States, for he had no close relatives living, so he might as well live in this country as any other. William Buell took him into his home and made a brother of him. We also bade farewell to our *mozo*, for we had no need of his services any longer. We were going out of the interior by way of Puerto Cortes, and there was a trail all the way.

The next day we bought two mules and immediately started for Jutigalpa, for my foot was giving me a great deal of trouble, and Jutigalpa was the nearest place at which I could receive medical attention.

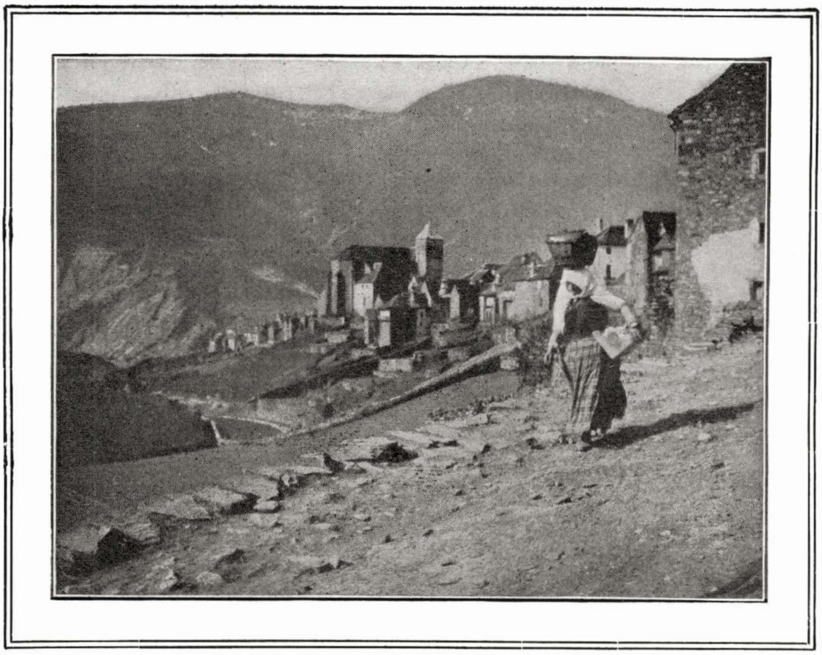
For over five hundred miles I rode a mule, and forded some twenty rivers (with my foot held above my head to keep the filthy water from poisoning the wound), and all the time gangrene was threatening to eat my leg away. The suffering I endured was awful; I often wonder how I lived through it all.

At Puerto Cortes I said good-bye to my dear old friend Palmer. He was a born wanderer and had no relatives in the States,so we parted here, as he wanted to do some prospecting in Mexico.

On May 27th, 1902, I landed in New Orleans, with only a crutch under my right arm to tell the tale of four years of purgatory in the most uncivilized wilderness in which a white man ever tried to survive. I was happy, for I knew I was home again.

Mr. Dare died of fever in Vijao less than a year after I left him. My life-partner, William W. Palmer, died in Mexico City about eighteen months ago of typhoid, so that I am the last of the party—the only one who lives to tell the story.

Some day I may go down the western coast and penetrate into the interior of that country once more. Seventy-four years I carry upon my shoulders, but I am still tough and active, and it is a wonderfully rich mining country. Who knows? The lure of gold is all-powerful, and I often feel myself longing for the wilderness again.



The quaint little town of Anso, in the Pyrenees—This photograph shows very clearly its remarkable situation on the mountain-side.

ANSŌ THE INACCESSIBLE.

By COMMANDER CHARLES E. ELDRED, R.N.

Anso is a strange little town, hidden away in the remote fastnesses of the Pyrenees in Spain, where life is carried on to-day just as it was in the Middle Ages. Modern progress has affected Anso not at all; it has its own peculiar manners, customs, and costumes. Commander Eldred describes the journey of exploration that brought him to this quaint mountain eyrie and his experiences during the fortnight he spent there.

SOME years ago a romantic opera was produced in Paris, the setting being a Spanish mountain town, and the characters wore costumes of the Middle Ages, while a mediæval atmosphere pervaded the whole drama.

A Parisian dramatist with whom I found myself discussing mediæval architecture and the decadence of Spain, in the Sud Express, revealed himself as the author of this opera. He rejected my compliments to his imagination with the assurance that, allowing for artistic licence, the play was a fair rendering of Anso, a strange old town, hidden away in one of the remotest and most inaccessible corners of the Pyrenees, and retaining intact its primitive architecture, customs, and costumes, all of which had inspired him with motives.

For the space of a year after this conversation I questioned many travellers, but no information respecting Anso was forthcoming till I made the acquaintance of a Spanish knife-grinder in the market-place of St. Jean-de-Luz. He spoke of the place as "curious and fantastic," and the costumes of the people were, even to him who had pushed his knife-grinding machine from end to end of Spain, something to talk about.

He had little information about travel facilities further than that the roads were navigable to a knife-grinding machine.

This much one can gather from the ordinary tourist map—that Anso is a cul-de-sac in a

"At Lleñena we found a motor-bus waiting to take us part of the way on our journey."

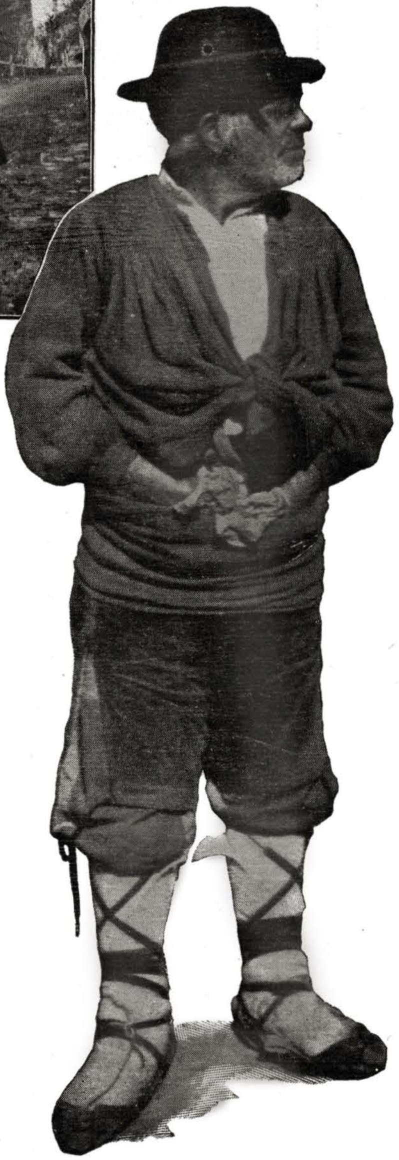
valley of the Pyrenees in the Spanish province of Aragon, that it is the terminus of a branch road some twenty-five kilometres in length, and that by rail one can get no nearer than Jaca, some thirty kilometres distant.

By all accounts, Jaca could be most easily attained from the French side of the Pyrenees through the tourist-frequented district between Bayonne and Oleron, and then taking the diligence from Oleron to Jaca. But there was too much information about this route, and none concerning Spanish routes. Therefore I decided to make or discover a Spanish route, using Fuenterrabia as my point of departure. The Holy Week here, which attracts visitors from Biarritz, Pau, and San Sebastian, helped to protract the study of routes. Moreover, spring was in the air, and I knew it was still winter in the mountains. I had acquired the Spanish habit of saying *mañana*, and I lingered on until I became generally known as " the man who was going to set out for Anso to-morrow."

My equipment had been arranged to provide for covering some of the road on foot, carrying a small knapsack, and leaving a valise to whatever means of transport might be procurable. It was not my first expedition into unexplored Spain, and I had learnt with how very little impedimenta one might travel. The accommodation I was leaving at Fuenterrabia had been pronounced too primitive even for artists, but I knew its entertainment to be comfort and luxury compared to what lay ahead.

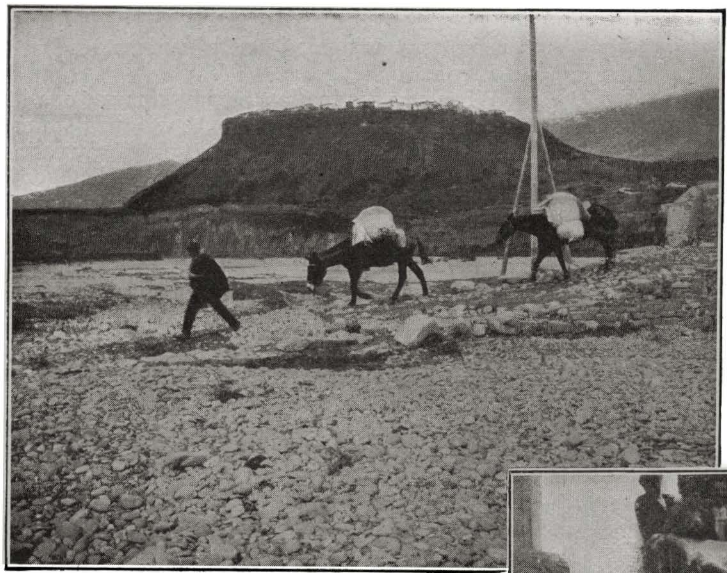
It was wind and rain that awoke me upon the morning I had finally decided to depart, and almost induced me to await another *mañana.*

But courage came with a cup of chocolate and the first streaks of dawn, and I set out on foot burdened with nothing but my knapsack to walk to Irun, whence I went by rail to Pamplona.



The men of Anso wear a picturesque brigand-like costume.

A subsidiary motive for the expedition to Irun was to finish off a collection of odd garments



The town of Tiermes, on the main road to Jaca, perched on the summit of a hill.

that went to the composing of a fantastic suit and resulted in a scarecrow who did not look worth robbing — an important precaution in the wilds. The contents of my knapsack comprised some sketching tackle and a camera.

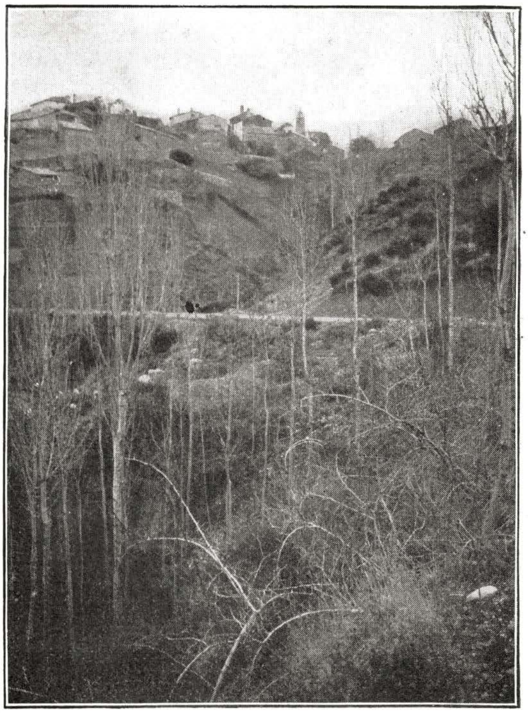
On my way to Pamplona I fell in with no fellow-travellers who could tell me anything about Anso or the means of reaching it. I therefore decided to "make night," as the Spaniards say, at Pamplona, and get further information.

As usual, in Spain, the station was at some distance from the town, of which the character was suggested by the number and types of hotel omnibuses in waiting. I chose to make the ascent by an electric tram in order to select my lodging with deliberation. Finding that *pension* at six pesetas appeared infinitely superior to that at five pesetas, I lodged and fed in surroundings that at least bore signs of civilization. The old man I had mistaken for a mendicant at the entrance had become a waiter by the simple process of donning a tail-coat, and at lunch he told me how I might make my next stage towards Anso by taking an electric tram at six o'clock in the morning.

It was by an excellently-appointed and recently-installed electric tram that I left Pamplona early the following morning. At the ticket-office I was informed that if I got out at Lleñena I should there find a motor-omnibus that would carry me still farther in the direction of Anso. This well-organized tram-service, with its uniformed conductors, running over a well-laid line, the wires carried by ferro-concrete posts, seemed to bear no reference to its surroundings. It traversed wide stretches of treeless, sterile country, and no habitations lay between the little towns huddled on the hill-tops and ridges. One of these stretches of plain appeared to be bounded by a precipice of rock reaching to the clouds. Our course lay directly towards this barrier, and by the side of a river also running towards it. No sign of any opening appeared until, when close to the rocks, a narrow fissure revealed itself, into which the river plunged. The line hung as close to the river as might be, sometimes piercing short tunnels, and sometimes running under over-hanging shelves of rock. How many strangely-situated hill-top towns this line passes I should not like to say, but Aoz, Urroz, Empalme, and Artieda are amongst the most striking of them.

A wayside inn on the road to Berdun.

At Lleñena a motor-omnibus and a primitive three-mule diligence stood in front of a wayside *posada*. I secured a seat beside the driver of



The town of Binies, up on the mountain-side at the entrance to the Anso Valley.

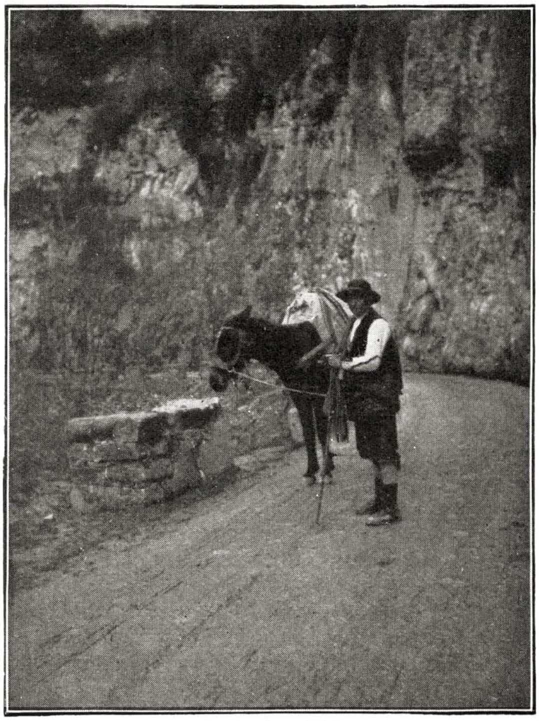
the omnibus, and learnt that, although the motor secures the passengers, the mails are still conveyed by the old-fashioned diligence.

The road ascended steeply, with some very stiff "hair-pin" bends, and after passing the extraordinary town of Tiermes the driver gave me two or three alternative routes by which I might proceed towards my destination. We were on the main road to Jaca, and I was dropped at a wayside inn, or *fonda*, at a point where the motor diverged to follow up the valley of Roncal. My instructions were to follow the road till I came to the town of Berdun, when I should find myself at the entrance to the Valley of Anso.

All through the country I found these wayside inns resembled each other very closely. As a rule they bear no sign to distinguish them. The ground floor is the stable, and the stable is the entrance-hall, and serves also as a general store-room for wood, ploughs, and skins of wine. They are beneath the notice of the motorist, who passes from one modern hotel to the next between meals, and says that Spain has become spoilt.

There was little of modernity in the company I found gathered awaiting the preparation of the midday meal. There were powerful men whose garments were of sheep or goat skins, and others who were the first I met in the peculiar costume of Anso. Those in skins were men whose business it was to navigate rafts of timber down the rivers to Saragossa.

When my destination became known, one of the company said he was on the way to Berdun, and that if I would join him we could tie my valise on to the horse's saddle. He proved a good companion during the nineteen kilometres we traversed together. Sometimes we walked, sometimes one would mount the horse. His business was to survey twenty-four kilometres of telegraph-line once a week, and as we went along he had to mount one or two posts with his climbing-irons to secure a displaced wire. He knew all about the country, the roads, and the conveyances; and from him I learnt the reason why these little *pueblicitos* appear never to have expanded since the Middle Ages. All the young people, he told me, emigrate to Buenos Ayres.



In the Anso Valley.

We parted at the wayside *fonda* at the foot of the hill on which Berdun stands, and he advised me to stay the night here, for I should find it worth while to see the Anso Valley by daylight. Otherwise I must take the diligence which makes this stage after dark.

Though I had imagined four months in Andalusia had case-hardened me to Spanish inns, my night's lodging at Berdun revealed limits yet unexperienced. The meagre water supply I replenished from a tub in the kitchen, throwing the water I had washed in out of the window. An attempt to bolt the bedroom door brought in the agitated hostess, to say that I must not do this, as there were two other *señores* to sleep in the second bed. Pretending to be asleep, I saw them turning in, an old man and a young one. The young one, smoking a cigar, retained this and his cap until he was in bed, and I recalled stories of travellers assassinated in lonely inns, with a convenient torrent in the valley below.

Both men had disappeared when I woke in the morning, and after paying my bill of two pesetas I consigned my valise, with some misgivings, to the *padrona* for conveyance by the evening coach, and set forth to complete the journey as I began it—on foot.

So far I had traversed roads that were generally well maintained, and it surprised me to learn from the *padrona* of this inn that it was six months since she had seen an automobile pass.

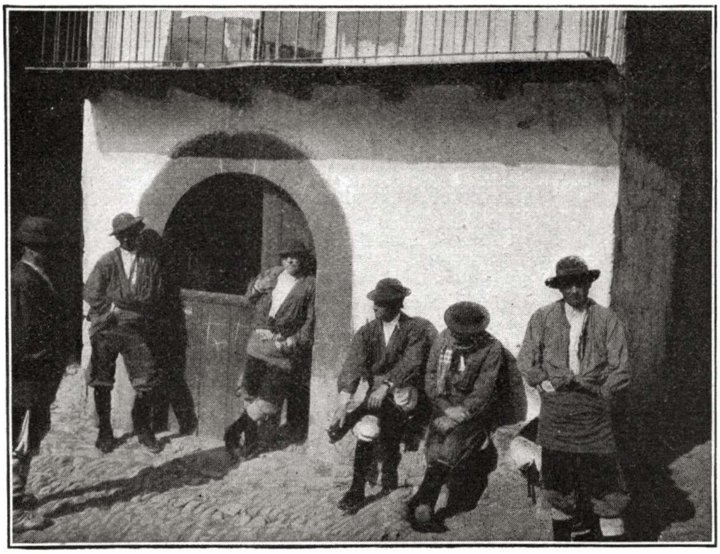
I had twenty-four kilometres of road before me, and a town, Binies, at which I could halt at midday for a meal, though it is much less than half-way to Anso.

Binies occupies an eminence overlooking the deep gorge by which the Anso Valley is entered. Before climbing up to it by the rocky track from the main road, I inquired of a skin-clad shepherd whether I should find a *fonda,* there being none by the roadside, and the aspect of the place very unpromising. Yet it exceeded its promise, for it was here that I found a most genial and loquacious individual, who literally stuffed me with advice and information respecting Anso, and, after our meal, set out to accompany me a part of the way, first visiting an ancient *castello.*

Don Sebastian, as my acquaintance told me his name was, said he had been a traveller, and that it pleased him to meet travellers. "Men meet together, but the mountain-peaks never," he quoted. Few strangers came into the Valley of Anso, he said, and I should find that town strange in its aspect, and its people and their customs very peculiar. As for living, I had come to a country where food was abundant and cheap. I might judge by the table we had fared at together. Could I deny that I had found the food excellent? Mentally I rehearsed the menu—rice soup, boiled cabbage, and a stew of lamb. "And the wine," he pursued, "the wine of Aragon—*Cogño*! There is none better." With that he dug me in the ribs and made the superlative gesture of kissing the united tips of his thumb and forefinger. I could be assured, he continued, that I should feed equally well at Anso. He knew both the *fonda* and the *amo*—the landlord. I should find living at the *fonda* the medico, the *veterinario,* the apothecary, and the schoolmaster. "*Caballeros* (gentlemen), all of them." And if I said I came recommended by Don Sebastian, I should be asked the just price of four pesetas a day for my board and lodging. More than this I must refuse to pay.

Our road lay by the river, whose banks rose in precipitous rocks on either side. At intervals huge projecting layers of strata almost pierced the valley like a wall. The roadway had been driven through these, and the river swirled round them. In places the stratified rock lay horizontally, like pages of the earth's history, speaking of incomprehensible ages of time.

At a spot where some of these overhanging layers formed a black, cavernous hollow a volley of "*Cogños!*" from Don Sebastian impressed upon me the most indelible picture of mediæval Spain that the journey had yet afforded. Under the shelf of rock was a Spaniard in the costume of Anso, standing by his horse, with a straight, thin column of blue smoke ascending from a wood fire. "It is my cousin," exclaimed Don Sebastian, as the two literally fell upon each



Some of the leading inhabitants of Anso—Their costume is very like that which used to be worn in Brittany.

other's necks; "he is of the blood; with him you will reach Anso in security." Then a leather bottle passed, and we all drank in the fashion that few have seen except in the pictures of Velazquez—by squeezing the inverted bottle, held higher than the head, and catching the thin stream of wine between the lips. With this ritual I was transferred to my last companion of the road, who had been two days journeying from Saragossa. When the rain came on heavily he mounted his horse and wrapped himself in a blanket. I begged him to push on, for his horse had a good pace. He would not, however, leave me on the road alone, but proposed that I should wait in one of the houses of a little *poblacion* until the coach came by, for Anso was still two hours distant.

The cabin in which I sheltered was as primitive as an ancient Briton's. A man and woman sat almost in darkness on a wooden bench before a wood fire. There was no glass in the little holes in the wall that served for windows. A frightened child ran and hid behind its mother. While my coat dried before the fire they summed up the story of their lives—"Here we live and here we die. We are too far from the town to learn to read or write."

The rain ceasing, I proceeded on foot, while the darkness closed down rapidly. Those last two hours of the journey were far from exhilarating, and I had almost got to dislike the murmur of the invisible river below me, when the good state highway changed suddenly to a steep and rocky pathway. At the same moment, through the gloom, I caught sight of a church tower. The *carabinero* on guard at this entrance to the town conducted me by narrow streets, paved with slippery cobbles, to a place much more like a general store than an inn. Here I found a company consisting of a proportion of *carabineros* gathered. I asked for the *amo* of the inn, whereupon a man was pushed forward who calmly denied that this was the inn or that he was the landlord.

"Where is the inn, then?" I asked.

"Across the road," he answered.

Across the road I met with no warmer welcome from a figure who would have done for a brigand in an opera. He also informed me that the inn was "across the road."

So, cannoning back, I inquired this time whether it was not here that the medico, the *veterinario*, the apothecary, and the schoolmasted lodged, as I had been informed by Don Sebastian at Binies; and in any case might I feed here, even if I could not lodge. After some deliberation it was admitted I might feed, and after further hesitation, that I might remain the night.

I was wet through, and should have no change of garments till the arrival of the coach with my valise. As my shoes were burst and unfit for further use, I purchased at once, in the general store attached to the *fonda*, a pair of *apagatos*—the string-soled canvas shoes universally used through the Basque provinces and for a wide radius beyond. These cost one peseta.

From this store a bare wooden stairway led to the public apartments of the inn on the first floor. One bore the label "Casino," a smaller one "Comedor" (dining-room). The space between needed no placard to indicate it as the kitchen.

The company of individuals gathered closely round a central stove in the *casino*, I learnt afterwards, were the leading inhabitants of Anso. They all wore a costume something like that which has disappeared in Brittany—white linen pantaloons, partly protected by a black velvet arrangement somewhat resembling loose knickerbockers slit at the sides. Either dark, thick stockings, or grey woollen gaiters, cross-laced with leather thongs, reached to the knees. Rather below the waist there was usually wound a broad violet sash, whose folds held tobacco-pouch and cigarette-papers. A soft linen shirt without a collar showed under a loose open jacket. A round felt hat with a narrow brim was worn indoors and out, and in the case of the jaunty youths, cocked very much on one side to reveal a brightly-coloured handkerchief tied about the head or knotted over one ear.

There were a few individuals in the ordinary garments and soft tweed cap that are, unfortunately, becoming universal. At a call from the landlord of "Supper!" these detached themselves, and proved to be, as Don Sebastian had predicted, the doctor, the veterinary surgeon, the apothecary, and the schoolmaster. The landlord also joined the group at table. There was also the doctor's wife, a young woman of typical Southern Spanish aspect. None of this company were natives of the district, and they all looked upon Anso and its people as something curious and phenomenal.

During the meal I was subjected to a vigorous cross-examination as to where I had come from and what my motives were in visiting Anso. The fact that I was not selling anything caused general astonishment.

The question of how I could support the conditions of life in this primitive place occurred to me continually in the course of the first meal. The impression of meals generally remains as a confused mixture of knives, forks, dogs, plates, and children. Undeniably the food was abundant, the wine excellent, and served without stint. The open hearth, where the soup and stew were prepared in pots hanging by chains over the wood fire, was in view from my place at the table. The landlord's wife and mother-in-law, squatting on wooden stools, attended to the cooking, while a troop of unattractive-looking children crawled over them.

As the guests finished sucking the bones of their meal they passed them to the dogs or cats beneath the table, and when the plates were done with they went on the floor as well. To describe in detail the table manners of the party would call for a separate and special article. The first drink at a meal was what remained of the oil or vinegar from one's helping of salad. This was diluted with water and drunk direct out of the soup-plates in which it was served. The wine-vessels were of a special form– like a nearly-spherical decanter, furnished not only with a neck, but with a pointed spout projecting from the side. One could either fill up one's tumbler from the neck, or else, elevating the vessel, direct a thin stream from the spout into one's mouth from a distance of three to six inches.

A street scene.

A woman of Anso spinning wool with distaff and spindle.

After the evening meal we returned to the *casino,* where cards and gossip formed the only diversion till the arrival of the coach between ten and eleven o'clock.

In a long experience of Spain, I have found all the discomforts of life endurable if they are not accompanied by cold. Here at Anso, in the middle of April, it was bitterly cold. The stove in the middle of the room only gave comfort to the immediate circle huddled close about it. The marble tables were like slabs of ice. To state that an establishment is electrically lighted suggests at once the full scale of comforts. But in Spain, even the remotest and most primitive of communities are electric-lighted if there is only a torrent of water in the district. There is no occasion for enterprise on the part of the inhabitants; the companies who supply the machinery are prepared also to install it and fit up the motive turbine in the river, while the authorities of the town or village can be sure of recovering the outlay by a very moderate tax on the inhabitants for lighting. And wherever I have met the electric light in Spain I have usually found it to be either painful or impossible to read or write by—and Anso was no exception.

In the *casino* it afforded just light enough for card-playing until the coach arrived, when some papers and letters were distributed and my valise was delivered. Then the ring round the stove broke up sleepily, and I mounted by a ladder-like stair to a small, tile-paved room, as simple as a hermit's cell.

Upon waking on the morning after my arrival I looked out upon closely-packed, high-pitched roofs covered with snow—a horrible wet snow mixed with rain, and the mixture was still falling. I sought an early opportunity of an interview with the landlord to arrange for the terms of my *pension* for a period I determined I would not define. " It might be a few days—or it might be a few weeks," I stated ; " it depends upon whether I find the accommodation comfortable."

" Did you wish to have coffee ? " he asked.

" Yes, I will take coffee."

At this, with a little deliberation, he named precisely the sum that Don Sebastian had mentioned as just—four pesetas a day. There was no necessity for bargaining, and I said I would continue on these terms.

I was in immediate need of boots fit for the wet streets, for string-soled *apagatos* are of no use except on perfectly dry ground. There is no necessity for shop-signs in Anso, and the doctor conducted me to the shoemaker's workshop, which was a small upper room in an inconspicuous house. Here I purchased a pair, similar to those the doctor himself wore, for the price of twenty pesetas, guaranteed to remain waterproof and flexible so long as they were dressed with unsalted pig's fat. The boots were freely and favourably commented on by the rest of the company, with the assurance that the English girls would be compelled to admire the wearer of such boots, and would probably exclaim : " What fine fellows they must all be in the country where such boots are worn ! "

In these boots, therefore, and under conduct of the doctor, I made my first preliminary perambulation of the two narrow, cobble-paved streets that run irregularly in the direction of the ridge the town occupies. The transverse alleys out of these are used—in open contravention of municipal regulations—for the deposit of house refuse, which, when there is rain, is carried down the gullies into the river below. These same gullies serve as exits from the town for women taking their washing down to the river, or leading a donkey into the country to get firewood.

The situation of the town would be the first point to strike a stranger. It occupies the ridge of a spur, sloping steeply to a river on one side and a stream on the other. On all sides the mountains rise in precipitous slopes. The national road ends abruptly at a bridge crossing the stream, from which point the municipality is responsible for the tracks. They are of such a nature that all vehicles carrying merchandise have to stop and unload at the bridge and transfer their goods to mules, horses, or asses. Nothing on wheels can proceed farther up the valley than Anso, save only wine-carts.

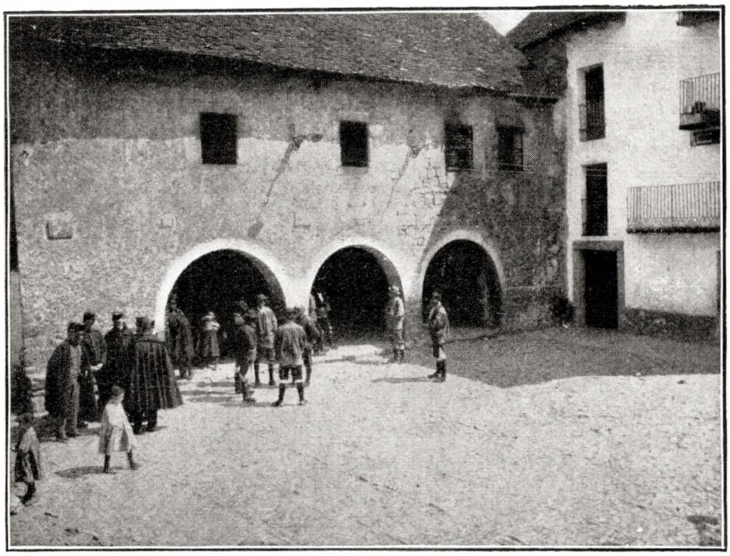
The two main streets run north and south, and the first day of sunshine produced a great change in their aspect. On the sunny side groups of women clustered on the stone ledge running along the walls and serving for a seat. Without exception they were all dressed in the peculiar costume of the town, and almost all were employed in spinning wool with distaff and spindle. This thread furnishes the fabric from which their heavily-pleated woollen gowns are made. These are dyed a peculiar shade of peacock-green, and fall straight from the shoulders, except when the wearers are at work ; the skirts are then gathered up and knotted in a bunch about the waist. The high white pleated collar recalls the Elizabethan era, but is generally hidden by a large coloured handkerchief over the head.

The setting is in complete harmony with the costumes. The arched doorways are filled by heavy wooden doors, studded with iron nails. Door-knockers, balconies, and iron gratings all present fantastic examples of primitive wrought-iron work. Strange sculptured devices, too, have been chiselled in the keystones of the arched doorways.

The circular chimneys are a curious feature of the architecture. They are not open at the top, but terminate in conical covers, the smoke escaping from openings just below.

At the first sign of my camera the women dispersed and scuttled through the arched stone doorways like rabbits ; my sketch-book produced the same effect. But they were ready enough to talk if I approached empty-handed. The one who afforded the most information was an old woman who had worked in France during the Franco-Prussian War, filling cartridges for the French army.

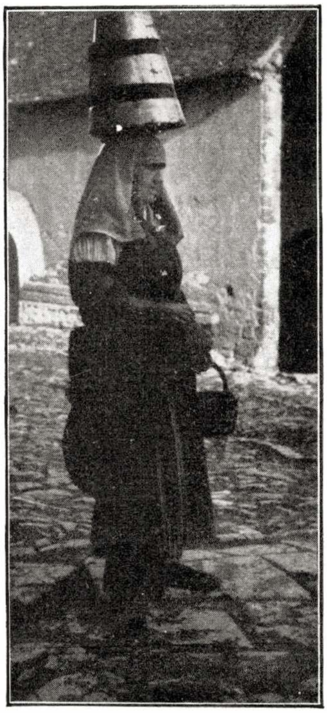
From her I learnt that the idea prevailed that the object of photographs and sketches was to hold the Ansonians up to ridicule in London and Paris and the New World. And when she told



The Town-hall.

me about the last stranger who had made a stay amongst them, and had represented Anso in the theatres of Paris as an uncivilized place peopled by savages, I at once identified the Parisian dramatist whose picturesque accounts had led me to make my expedition. From all I could gather he was the only foreigner before myself who had made any stay in Anso.

Some of the *carabineros* who encountered me sketching in the streets raised a protest that did not appear to be either serious or emphatic. I appealed to the captain of *carabineros*, a regular frequenter of the *casino* in the evenings. Strictly speaking, I ought to be furnished with a permit from the Governor of the Province, he said; but, having examined my sketch-book, he himself was prepared to accept the responsibility of permitting me to continue. Still, sketching in the streets was attended with a good many difficulties. Sometimes a crowd, each individual afflicted with a bronchial cough, gathered closely round. Sometimes a violent wind made work almost impossible.



The women of Anso fetch water in conical, brass-bound buckets from a fountain in an open space opposite the inn — the only water-supply in the town.

A spot that became a favourite pitch was in the Plaza de la Torre, opposite a wine-shop. The only wheeled vehicles that ever attempted the rough gradient from the highway up to the town were the red carts that brought the wine-skins here. The arrival of a cart drawn by three mules always brought the shoemaker down from his attic, and he lent a hand at the unloading, seemingly for pastime. The same *plaza* served the veterinary surgeon as an operating theatre when he attended to a sick horse. An old woman served as his assistant, to hold the animal's head, and the gyrations of the three gave much sport to the few spectators.

After I had been about a week in the town, and my sketch-books had been scrupulously examined by all the *habitués* of the *casino* in the evenings, some of these allowed me to sketch their portraits.

One of these models was a youth with piercing eyes and ferocious brows, who walked with a swinging stride, his hands thrust deep in his violet sash as though he grasped a concealed knife. He looked an individual it would be imprudent to offend, yet his features relaxed into a reassuring smile whenever he caught my eye.

The landlord, being something of a humorist, used to announce that this youth was affianced to the servant of the curate, and that the curate, being jealous, refused to marry them; this was the reason of the young man's melancholy. Suggestions were made that I should attempt surreptitious caricatures of some of the unwilling subjects. I explained that, as I had been constantly endeavouring to prove to the people of Anso that I did not wish to offend them, this proposal could not be considered.

"He has reason," said the doctor, gravely.

Possibly this incident aroused the confidence of the women, for I was afterwards asked by some of them if I would take photographs of their children. As my films were running short, I made it a condition that I should take the mothers with the children. Several appointments were agreed upon for the purpose, which appointments the women invariably failed in. Though I had refused to make sketches against the people's wishes, I could not feel so scrupulous about the camera, and nearly all my photographs were obtained surreptitiously.

Setting out in the morning to work in the fields—Wooden ploughs, one of which is seen tied on the back of the mule, are still used for tilling the soil.

The only water supply in the town was the fountain in the open space opposite the inn. Here the women came to fetch water in conical wooden buckets, bound with hoops of polished brass, and carried on their heads.

The *ayuntamiento*, or town-hall, adjoins the inn, and the mayor and town councillors form the bulk of the party who play cards in the *casino* in the evenings. In the mornings some of them may be seen setting out to work in the fields, with a wooden plough tied on the back of a mule. There are one or two, however, who spend the whole day basking in the sun.

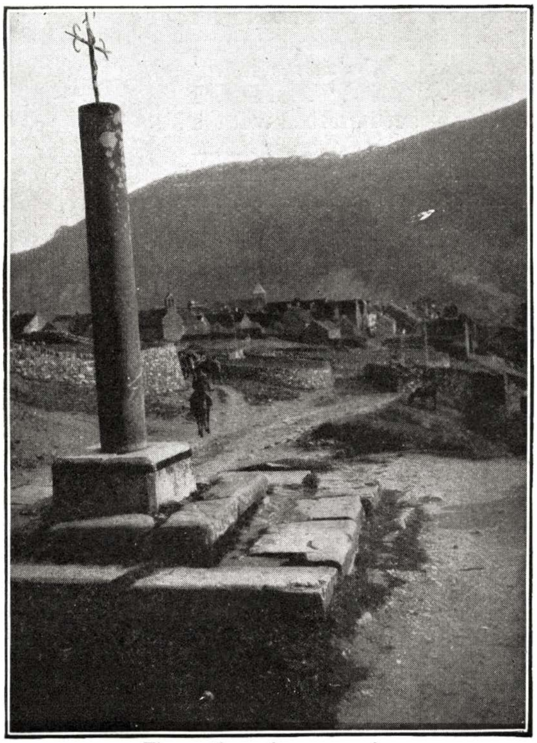
One of these was a youth who called himself secretary to the mayor. It was he who revealed something of the town's ancient history through the medium of a store-cupboard full of old parchment volumes and Papal bulls. A combined industry of cattle-breeding and smuggling appears to have prevailed from the earliest times.

One old book, printed in 1598, set forth the privileges granted by King Fernando the Catholic to the Ansonians. Others of the same epoch establish or confirm certain ordinances which exist disregarded to this day, notably the prohibition against throwing house refuse out of the windows. This custom is likely to occasion a rude surprise to the stranger who may wander the streets in the early morning.

There is a most theatrical prison-cell in one of the innermost chambers, in which the mayor has authority to confine misdemeanants to the extent of fifteen days. It is dimly lighted by a small iron-barred window, and two great candlesticks of twisted iron are firmly planted in the hearthstone. This cell serves as kitchen to the man who fills the office of crier and general messenger to the mayor, and is very seldom occupied by a prisoner.

Until recently the crier used a drum in making his announcements. This is now superseded by a small copper horn, and the disused drum is preserved with the ancient documents. Part of the furniture of the council-room consists of the wooden boxes used for drawing lots for military service.

The archives supplied me with these figures—that there



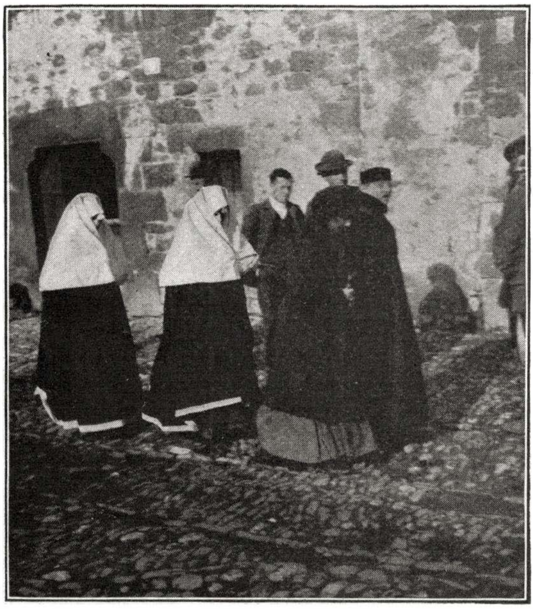
The crucifix on the upper roadway.

are fifteen hundred inhabitants in Anso, and that this number has been nearly the same as far back as records exist. The number of occupied houses is three hundred and eighty-six.

A hard cheese made from sheep and goats' milk was part of the dietary at the inn, and this and sheep wool are the staple products of the district.

The town has only three exits or entrances, at each of which stands a stone or iron cross. The higher exit from the town passes an ancient hermitage on one side and a stable on the other, wherein are housed two stallions maintained by the State.

The steep hillside has been trimmed into small, flat terraces, which will be threshing floors in the autumn. At present they serve the boys for the setting of ingenious bird-traps, contrived of a slab of stone delicately supported on twigs and arranged to crush the bird in falling.



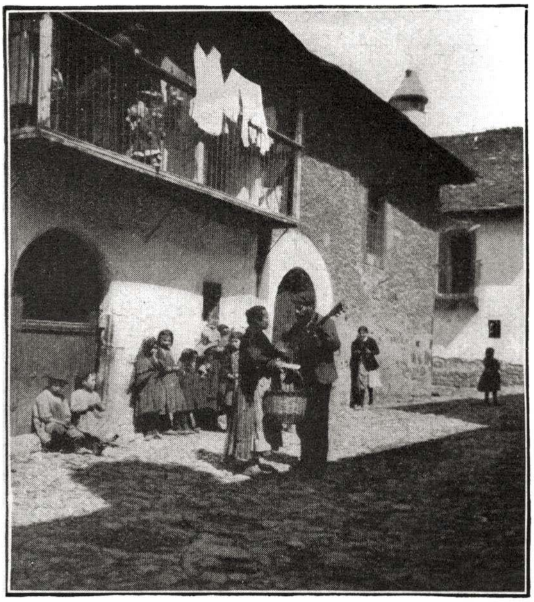
Sunday morning Mass brings a costume into the streets not seen on other days—that of the women in mourning.

Another juvenile industry is collecting tin boxes and cases, from which they melt down the tin over wood fires.

The crucifix on this upper roadway is the most remarkable of the three. The stone shaft stands on the precipitous edge of the rocky pathway high above the river. The wrought iron crucifix stands loosely in a socket, and can be lifted out by whoever wishes.

A cold wind used to blow down this valley from the distant snow-peaks, but a wall of rock with the sun shining on it afforded a shelter where the *carabinero* sentry told me of the smuggling industry that prevailed here until thirty or forty years ago, when armed bands carrying bell-mouthed muskets used to conduct strings of horses, numbering sometimes a hundred, laden with contraband.

Very picturesque figures passed us along this stony pathway—curiously-clad men and women conducting small donkeys with loads of firewood, horses carrying a wooden plough or perhaps half-a-dozen new lambs, their heads projecting from pouches or pockets hung saddle-wise across the horse's back.



Wandering musicians in the streets of Anso.

A corner of the Plaza de la Torre gave access to one of the stoniest and steepest crevices in the hillside, serving as a track leading down to a bridge spanning the river. The path is only practicable for animals, and by the time-worn stone cross on the farther side it diverges into rough mountain tracks.

Being the western side of the town, this became an irresistible haunt towards the hour of sunset, when the houses and their tiled roofs caught the last glow of the setting sun after the shadows had filled the valley.

Above this bridge an ancient mill, restored and strengthened some years ago, supplies light and water and grinds all the flour the town consumes. The original mill-wheel was a wooden turbine, with its axis placed vertically. The present iron turbine is placed horizontally. The mill-leat may be followed by a rocky scramble along the steep hillside to the point where it is drawn from the river above a foaming cascade. An iron cross planted in the rock commemorates a suicide in a deep pool which yields the best trout to one of the *carabineros*, the only fisherman of repute.

Though I visited the church on two or three occasions, and with different guides, yet no one could give me any information about it, or knew how old were the parchment music-books bound in wood and iron and leather, or the revolving wooden desk supporting them, surmounted by a carved crucifix. The pictures I was asked to pronounce on as works of art were almost black and the subjects indistinguishable. They had been ruined with coarse varnish, and several rents were patched with pieces of canvas.

Sunday morning Mass brings a costume into the streets not seen on other days, that of the women in mourning. A white hood almost conceals the face, and the black skirt has a white border round the edge. Very few of the men attend Mass. Those who do occupy the gallery.

The few excursions I made into the country were usually under the guidance of the apothecary, who was a botanist and a sportsman. We usually took the rough mule-track following the river towards the snow-crowned peaks that form the frontier. There are fastnesses in these mountains where the Pyrenean bear still survives, and I was told that not long before my arrival a colt had been killed by one.

One day the barber-dentist conducted me by rough mountain tracks to the little community of Fago, whose isolation is even more complete than that of Anso, for it is inaccessible to vehicles, and has neither telegraph nor electric light.

A girl of about fifteen carries the letters there daily, a journey of about three hours on foot.

The people of Fago wear the same costume as in Anso, but their houses are more like Irish cabins.

During the wet weather the spinning women of Anso continued their work in the bakehouses, where the great dome-shaped brick ovens radiated a grateful warmth. From them I learnt how the folk of Anso live. In winter the town is almost abandoned. The men conduct their sheep, goats, or cows down to the lowlands, while the younger women cross over into France, where they find employment in factories and shops. Yet none of them knew more than a few words of French. Many of the young people, also, emigrate to South America.

The warmth of the bakehouses attracted strange types of wandering musicians or mendicants. The musicians, to the tinkling of a guitar, sang songs of which they sold copies at a *perra-chica* (a halfpenny) each. These sheets are decorated with illustrations like early woodcuts.

The mendicants sold equally primitive almanacs, printed in Saragossa, which commanded confidence for the reason that they predicted much rain, snow, and cold in the mountainous districts during the winter.

Both the musicians and the mendicants met with kindly treatment, and doles of bread and scraps of food kept their wallets filled.

One night some of us, including the secretary and apothecary, found our way to an obscure wine-shop, where a dust-raising dance was in progress. The musicians were a man and woman of gipsy type, both blind, and playing guitar and mandoline. There was something plaintive in the high-pitched voice of the woman. The couple knew Spain from end to end, and they told me these mountainous districts of rocky pathways and no roads were hard for them to travel in, though they earned more money there.

Notwithstanding the primitive style of my lodging, the daily life of the town, and even the family life of the inn, maintained a constant interest, revealing pictures that have been repeating themselves unchanged for ages, and suggesting an infinity of motives for the artist.

They are motives likely to pass unobserved by the average traveller, who would have little appreciation for the detailed incidents of domestic life for which the elevated platform of the kitchen hearth forms the stage.

It is in the kitchen that the landlord shaves, the granny combs her hair, the baby is washed and fed, the pigeons are plucked, and the fish cleaned. Here, too, the doctor and veterinary surgeon make pretence of cleaning instruments which, I believe, they use in common.

It was with most affectionate farewells that I was sent on my way after a stay of two weeks in these primitive surroundings. The landlord of the inn, whose welcome had displayed so little cordiality, lent me his horse gratuitously to ride to Roncal by rough and precipitous pathways over the mountains, the youth who came with me to bring the horse back being also a volunteer.

It was from Roncal that the motor-bus carried me back the next day to the electric railway and put me upon recognized travelling tracks again.

But if ever I should fulfil the numerous promises I made to the apothecary and the rest of the *caballeros* to return to Anso, it will be in the summer-time, and carrying a tent on muleback to pitch upon the threshing grounds high above the river—the only flat patches available in that strange little community.

Against Odds.

By CAPTAIN GEO. D. HAIGH.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK C. PAPÉ.

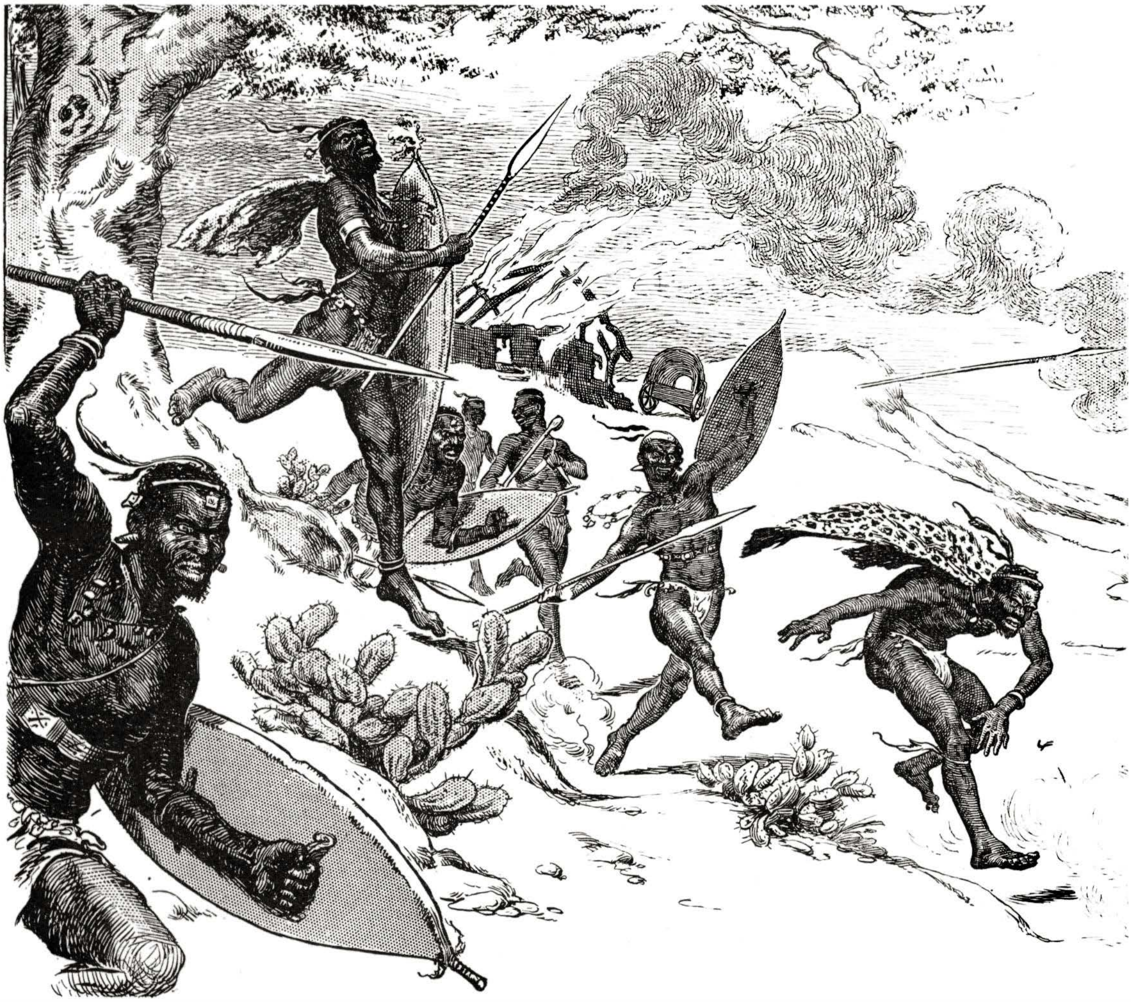
In 1896 the natives of Matabeleland rose against their white masters and massacred nearly four hundred of the scattered settlers before the alarm could be given. This exciting story sets forth the adventures of two men who survived the slaughter and managed to reach Buluwayo in safety.

FARMING as we knew it in Matabeleland in 1896 was not any too strenuous a life. A well-watered farm and a country simply teeming with game—what life could seem rosier to youngsters like ourselves? Most of us had served through the Matabele War of '93, and after that had done a year or two of service in the police, waiting until we knew more of the country before taking up our farms. The only bother to us was that we were so scattered. My nearest neighbour, for instance, was fifteen miles away, and beyond him you had to go a further twenty before finding another occupied farm. Matabele kraals were everywhere; one could not go a mile without meeting a party of Matabele, hunting or with their cattle. But as we were all good friends, the preponderance of blacks did not seem to matter in the least.

April 6th, 1896, was much the same as any other day. As it happened, I had not ridden out as usual, but had promised myself a morning's shooting on the 7th. Towards sundown my two small herd boys came in with my flock of goats, and after kraaling and milking them came to me and asked leave to spend the night at their kraal, about three miles away. This was quite a common occurrence, and I gave them permission and watched them scamper off. After supper I lay and read for a while, and then turned in, intending to make an early start next morning, for, even if our winter *was* commencing, the April sun could be mighty unpleasant, and there was really nothing nicer than the cool of the early dawn. I was up before dawn, saddled my pony, and set off. I rode along the banks of the Mbila River, which ran near my place, but had no luck at all. I had hoped to find buck feeding, but beyond seeing an old wolf slinking home there was not a sign of anything.

An hour after sunrise I determined to return. My pony was a good walker, and I must have covered at least twelve miles. Going home, I made better speed, and decided to call in at the kraal where my boys had slept. It was the usual collection of huts, grouped at the bottom and on the slopes of a small kopje. I was well known there, and I felt that a drink of fresh milk would taste good. To my astonishment, as I came at a canter round the corner of the hill, the whole crowd of natives scattered, yelling and shrieking, and fled for all they were worth. I noticed no men, however—only the women of the place. Shouting to them to stop only made matters worse, so galloping along, I cut off a young girl who was one of the stragglers. Rounding up my capture, I jumped off to stop her trying to clear away. The Matabele in those days had curious ideas of a horse, and for the first minute all the girl could do was to cling to me and implore me not to let my pony eat her. I calmed her, and pointed out that "Bill" was much too well behaved to think of doing so. Then I asked her what on earth was wrong with everyone. She replied, native fashion, by questioning me. Where had I come from? I explained my movements, and she then took my breath away by saying that if I had not gone out shooting I should have been dead by now. All the men of the kraal, about forty of them, had gone to my place to kill me, and the men from Pupulwari's kraal had gone to kill "Shamus" (Chambers, my neighbour). By the evening, she concluded, there would be no white men left alive in Matabeleland!

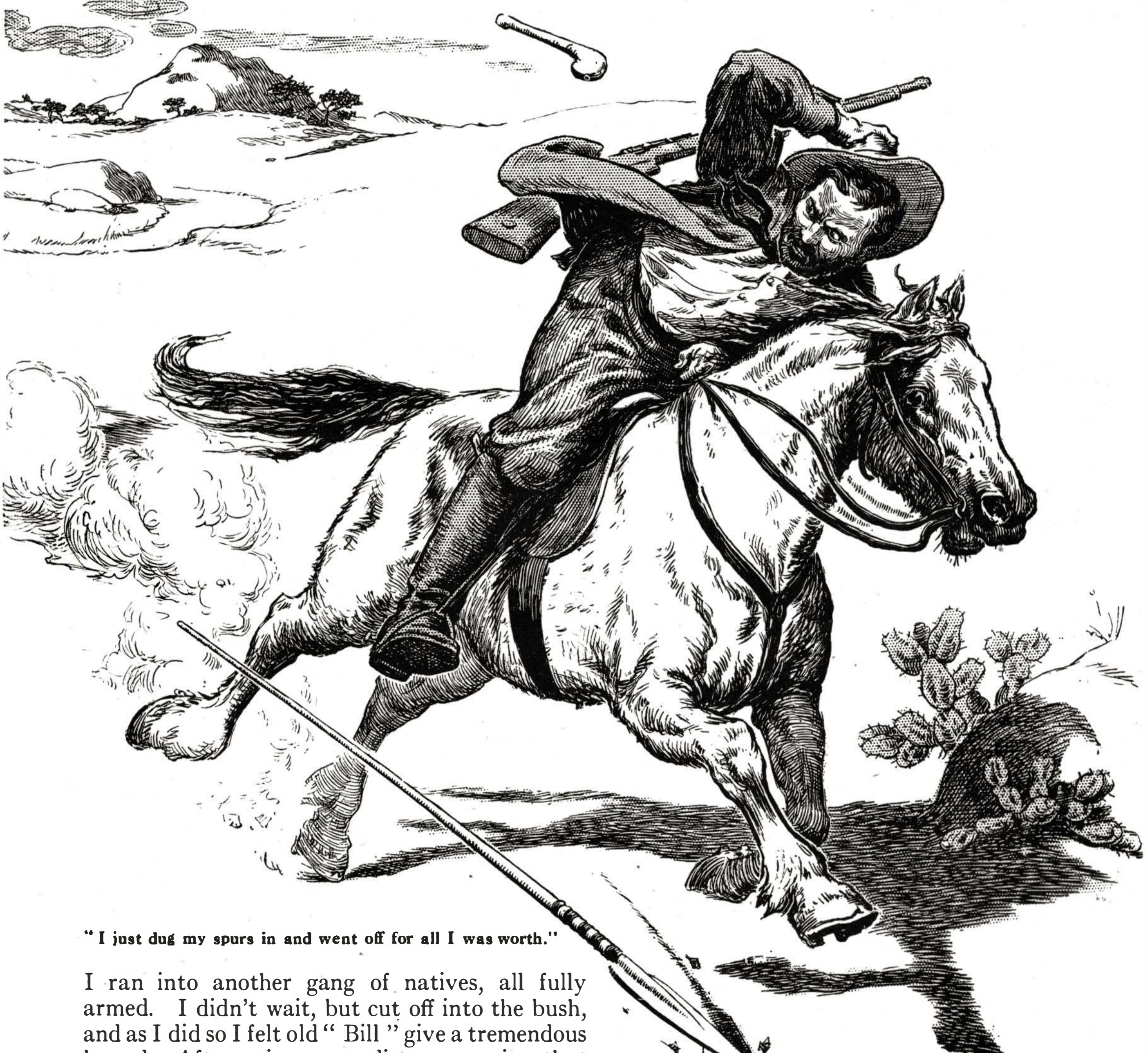
As luck had it, I knew the girl. She had been amongst those who had built my huts for me, and I had always treated them well. I let her go, mounted my pony, and took the path to my homestead. To say that I believed her tale would be ridiculous; I utterly scouted the idea. At most I thought the men had gone to my place to give a war-dance, in the hopes of being rewarded with any spare meat I might have. On I went, and the three miles soon slipped by. As I neared my home I could hear quite a row going on, but it was only on reaching the edge of the clearing that I really grasped what had happened. My three huts were in flames; some of the Matabele were busy skinning and cutting up my goats, and the remainder of the gang, in full war-paint, with shields, assegais, and a gun or two, were strutting around, now and then giving terrific leaps, brandishing their spears.



and yelling out how many white men they were going to kill. As I watched, my pony gave me away; he remembered he was close to his stable, and walked forward. This brought me into full view, and wasn't there a howl and a rush! Before I could turn, the Matabele had sprinted over half of the two hundred yards between us, and before my pony could really get going, a dozen assegais were whizzing round me. I just dug my spurs in and went off for all I was worth along the path I had come. It may seem terribly cowardly to have cleared off, without striking a blow in defence of "hearth and home," but there it is. I went off in more than a hurry. I did a lot of thinking during that ride, but my chief feeling was absolute rage at these brutes who had burnt my place. What on earth were they up to? Even then I could not believe what the girl had told me—that it was a premeditated rising all over the country. I reckoned this was just an isolated outrage, committed out of pure devilment.

There was not a soul in sight as I reached the kraal, and this was so much the better for my plan. I knew the Matabele were not far behind me, for they can run like greyhounds, and I hadn't much time to spare. I slung my pony's reins over a stump at the far end of the kraal, rushed back, pulled out some thatch from one of the huts, and set fire to it. As they were built almost touching, I knew that the whole lot would soon go. Returning to my pony, I rode off a few yards so as to be clear of the smoke. As the fire took hold, horrid yells went up from the bush, where the women were hiding, but none of them made an appearance. Meanwhile I was watching the path I had come up. Presently a Matabele ran out and dashed for the huts, evidently wanting to save some of his belongings. Then a couple more came into view. I thought I had better not risk too much, so I covered my man and fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing him drop. Just then out came two more and charged at me. I managed to get one of these, and then cleared off, my intention being to ride to Chambers's place and take council with him. As I rode along, I did not feel any too satisfied with myself. I began to think I had retaliated too strongly, and that what I had done could hardly come under the head of "self-defence." I soon found myself on the road, and reckoned my troubles were over. I had been "nursing" my pony, and was going gently round a corner, when I ran into another gang of natives, all fully armed. I didn't wait, but cut off into the bush, and as I did so I felt old "Bill" give a tremendous bound. After going some distance, seeing that I was not being followed, I dismounted and found my pony had quite a big gash in his flank. Luckily, however, there was no real harm done. I now began to fear things were rather serious, but I still had hopes of finding Chambers. After that last encounter I avoided the road, and going quietly along, it was about midday when I came out on a kopje whence I could command a view of where Chambers lived. He was in a much more central position than I was; his farm touched the Tuli coach road, and there was a coach stable there. He had also erected a small trading store, and had a young brother to run it for him.

Instead of finding safety, as I had hoped, I saw that the worst had happened. Everything was in ruins, and the place simply swarming



"I just dug my spurs in and went off for all I was worth."

with Matabele. I could only hope that Chambers and his brother had escaped, but I had grave doubts as to that. Where I was there was good cover, so I decided to rest my poor pony, and think over things.

The outlook seemed pretty serious. I was nearly a hundred miles from Buluwayo, and to get there should have to go through a country simply teeming with natives on the rampage. To make matters worse, I had only a dozen cartridges. About thirty miles farther on I knew I should strike an isolated kopje, standing just beyond the junction of the Tuli and Filaburi roads; there was also a farm fairly close to it. My idea was to travel by night, gain the hill, and rest there all the next day. I felt sure I should see someone coming from Filaburi. Soon after dark I commenced my journey. I felt quite safe in making for the road, as the Matabele have a great dread of moving at night; the dawn is their time. At nine p.m. I was able to give "Bill" a drink at a stream that ran across the road. I also had a combination breakfast-dinner-supper of fresh water, and felt better for it. Finally I bathed the pony's wound and then went ahead. It was good going, and I was anxious to get to my kopje as soon as I could; so although "Bill" objected I kept him at it. About six miles from my goal I reached another coach stable, but it, too, was burnt down. I realized now that the Matabele had risen everywhere, and that my chances of reaching Buluwayo were not good, to say the least.

At last I reached my hill, and jolly thankful I was. I had often noticed it, standing by itself, but had little dreamt that it would ever appeal to me as a haven of refuge. "Bill" objected strongly to the extra climb after the doing he had had, but there was no help for it; he and I had to seek out the thickest patch of bush we could if we wanted to save our skins. Matabele are very keen-sighted, and I felt that if we were spotted we should have a pretty strenuous time of it. When I had tied up my pony, and had watched him begin to nibble at the few bits of grass within reach, it was getting light. I made my way cautiously to the summit, intending to shelter there amongst the boulders and enjoy the scenery, but more especially to watch the two roads, in case anyone came along. And didn't I have a shock when I looked about me! On the east side of the hill were a dozen Matabele huts, and just beyond them the patch of land where they grew their mealies! This was utterly unexpected, and I felt mighty foolish at having run into such a trap. Still, there I was, and I had to make the best of it. I watched the kraal as a cat watches a mousehole, and it gradually dawned on me that the male population were absent, which made matters a great deal easier. But it was slow work lying there, watching those roads, along which not a soul came. From the kraal smoke was now rising, and that reminded me more than ever that it was breakfast time.

About ten o'clock I could see a cloud of dust rising on the Filaburi road. At first I had hoped it might be the mail coach, but I soon saw that the dust was moving too slowly, and was too extended to be the mail. Finally I made out Matabele, and by the time they had passed my kopje I had counted over three hundred of them, all armed, and in full war kit. Some of the women at the kraal ran down to the road as the army passed on. After them came stragglers and a few women, carrying terrific burdens; their special lords and masters were evidently important folk, who wanted looking after. To my joy, the women down at the road joined the other lot, and went on with them. The whole crowd went off along the road to Umzingwani, and I felt that the storekeeper there was in for a bad time if that mob found him. But I had my own troubles to think of. The day dragged frightfully, and I was feeling horribly tired. I kept straining my eyes for the sight of a white man, but beyond a few small parties of natives no one showed up. The only thing I dreaded was that some of the passers-by would use that kraal as an hotel, and so make my job more difficult. I had long ago decided that the place was going to feed "Bill" and me, even if I had to shoot someone, and native visitors would have spoilt my plan. But luck was on my side, and no one called in. As the sun got low some diminutive boys drove in their flock of goats and milked them. As soon as the evening meal had been prepared, the whole remaining population—three women, two girls, and a whole swarm of children—retired to the huts.

When it was quite dark I descended the kopje, leading my pony as carefully as I could. He was so hungry, and in such a hurry to reach the bottom, that he kept on poking his nose into the middle of my back, and twice nearly had me over. When he got down, poor little beggar, I had not the heart to stop him, but let him crop the grass for a good half hour. I then secured him in a spot where I could make sure of reaching him if I were in a hurry, and went on alone.

Natives, when once asleep, are like logs, and I had little fear of being heard. I made straight for the hut I had seen the women and girls enter; I knew that was where the food would be. There wasn't a sound beyond their heavy breathing. It was an easy matter to shift the mat that closed the entrance; then I crawled in, and put the mat in position again. I could talk Matabele fluently, so I quietly woke the lady nearest to me and told her to blow up the ashes of the fire so that I could see. At first she thought I was a native, but on seeing me she tried to scream. I stopped that by threatening to shoot her; then she woke the others, and I made them produce their porridge and milk. After a big dish of exceedingly stodgy porridge, washed down with milk, I felt better, but thought I deserved something more. I then questioned the women, and heard a pretty alarming tale. According to them, I was the sole survivor, and would not last long. They could tell me nothing of the store at Umzingwani, except that their men had gone there yesterday, to join in the killing. People from "Shamus" (Chambers) had told them that both the white men there had been killed. The ladies, it appeared, had heard of my exploit, and regarded me with interest.

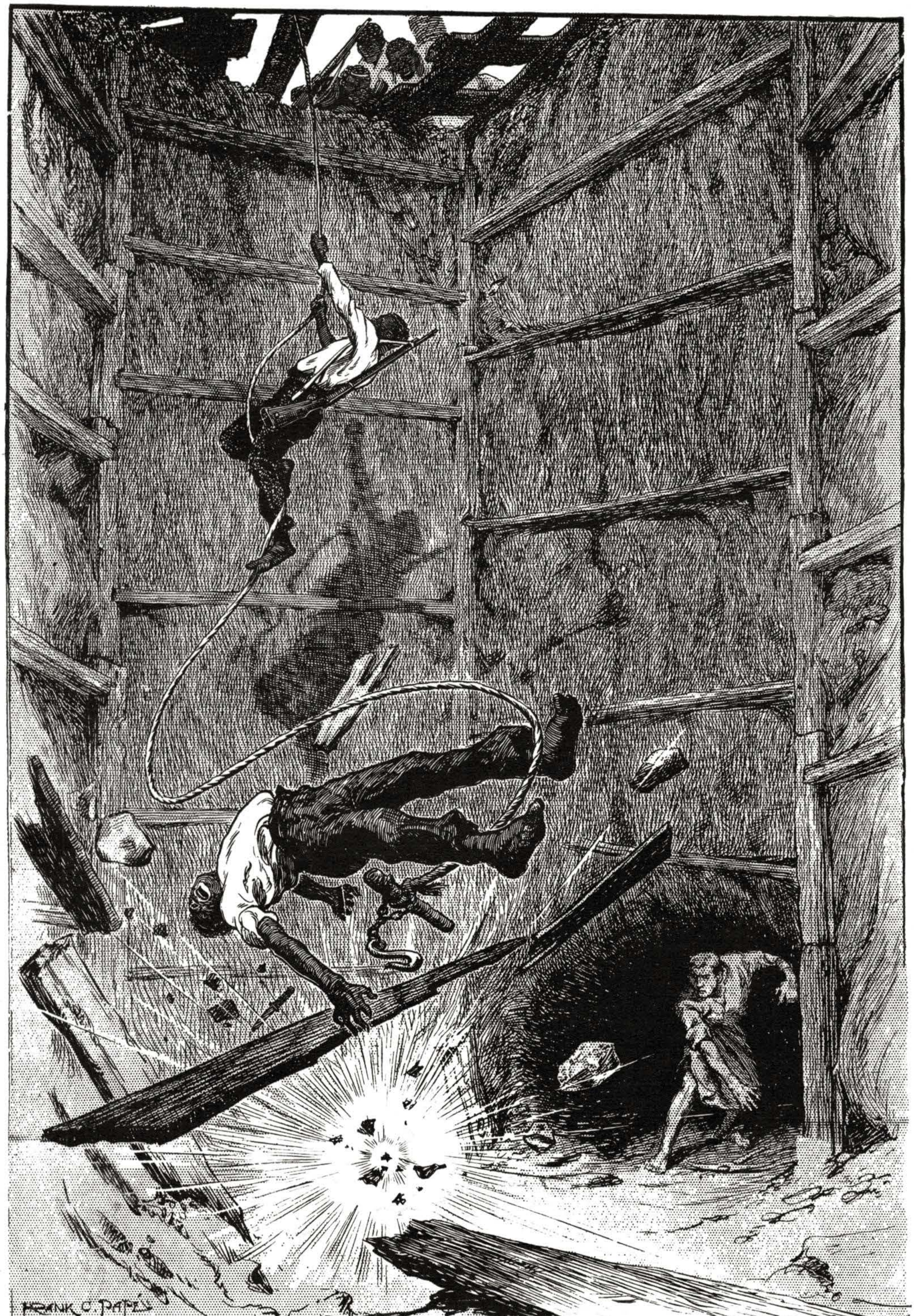
It was no time for fooling; I felt that I should have my work cut out to reach Buluwayo. So, telling the women to stay where they were, or I would shoot the lot of them, I went to the goat kraal, killed one of the goats, brought it back, and started them on to skin it. I finished the two forequarters without an effort. I made them half roast one of the hind quarters, rubbed some salt in, and felt that I had solved the problem of the morrow's dinner. Telling the women I should be back, I went and fetched my pony, for I was determined he should have a share of all the good things. I then told the two girls to come to the mealie land and pluck some mealies for "Bill." I was not going to run the risk of letting him loose to feed. The ladies flatly refused, and pleaded their fear of "ghosts." I said I would come with them, and would keep the ghosts off. At that they came along like lambs, and thoroughly entered into the spirit of the thing. They soon had a pile of mealies for my old pony, and I watched him crunch away with great satisfaction. All the time I was debating what to do. I seriously considered taking two of my "hostesses" along with me as hostages, but I knew they would only delay me, so I abandoned the idea.

As soon as I saw "Bill" had dined sufficiently I convoyed my fair charges back to their huts. I knew they could not give the alarm before daylight, and by that time I should be utterly beyond their reach. So I bade them a more or less tender farewell and started. "Bill" was feeling all the better for his rest and feed, and we reached Umzingwani about midnight. When I had last been there I had found quite a decent store, a few spare huts for travellers, and the usual relay coach-stable. Now all the buildings were roofless and in ruins, so I wasted little time there. Farther on, at a place called Kwa Belozi, the road led through a gorge; on the one side was the Umzingwani River and hills and kraals, with more hills on the other side. To avoid the gorge and go round over the hills would take me miles out of my way, and delay me fearfully; so I reckoned it was best to take my chance with the gorge. I rode along very gingerly, but beyond a few dogs, who kicked up a terrific row, nothing happened. I breathed much freer when I was through that awkward place.

Dawn saw me only a further ten miles beyond Umzingwani; there had been times when I had literally to feel my way. By daylight I was on a ridge overlooking the whole valley, and here I remained all day. Below me I could see kraals, and—what seemed ominous—parties of Matabele, all making in the direction of Buluwayo. I had only one more bad spot to pass through, and I reckoned that the next midday would see me at my goal. With evening I was on my way again, and pushing my pony for all he was worth; I wanted to cover as much ground as I could during the night. Poor "Bill" was not much of a racer, and I felt that if we were chased at the end of another hard thirty miles my few cartridges would not help me much. About midnight my pony and I had a much-needed drink, and I finished my leg of goat. I was as tired as poor "Bill," and wanted to pull off the road and go to sleep, but the risk was too great.

Just before dawn I passed the last coach-stable before Buluwayo; the Matabele had evidently burnt the mules as well as the building. It was now getting light again. I had still ten miles to go, and another dangerous spot to pass at the Six Mile Spruit. Here was quite a collection of kraals, all of good size, and nowhere to take cover. My luck had served me so well that I was getting rather tired of dodging Matabele, but they are so clever at cutting a man off, and my pony was so exhausted, that I was compelled to efface myself as much as possible. I therefore made a long detour and saw no one until I reached Maatge Umhlope, three miles out from Buluwayo, where I found a picket on guard, and heard some terrible news. So far, barring a man named Murphy, no one had come in from my direction; apparently we were the sole survivors out of eighty settlers. I rode on and found everyone busy helping to make a laager in the Market Square. I joined in—and didn't we work! The news one heard was appalling. The Matabele had risen all over the country, and had murdered everyone they could find; the official figures later put the list at three hundred and eighty men, women, and children. The native police had also murdered their officers, and deserted with their rifles and ammunition.

By degrees stray survivors came in, but no


FRANK C. PAPÉ

"He only bagged one boy, and not the one who carried the rifle, who swarmed up to safety."

one had had the luck to get off so easily as I had done; I had been more than fortunate.

Murphy, my fellow-survivor from the Insiya district, had an absolutely miraculous escape. He and a partner had been working a gold claim; they sank a shaft about thirty feet deep, and had then tunnelled in on each side, to follow the gold reef. On the morning of the seventh he was lying half awake in his hut when he heard a terrific row coming from where his partner slept. Rushing out, he found that his gang of boys had stabbed his mate, and were dragging the body out of the hut. The moment they saw Murphy they sprang at him, but he managed to break through them and bolted for the shaft. By the time he reached it he had three assegais sticking in him. Grabbing hold of the rope on the windlass, he slid swiftly to the bottom. Here he found a pickaxe and a drill, grabbed them up, and retreated into one of the tunnels. Presently the gang of murderers came to the top of the shaft, carrying Murphy's and his partner's guns, and fired a few shots down. This proved poor sport, however, so they retired, and, as he learnt after, amused themselves by again stabbing his partner's body, throwing it into the hut, and then setting fire to the building. And these, mark you, were " boys " the two white men had employed for months, and had always treated well.

At last the gang came along again, but apparently there were no volunteers to beard Murphy in his subterranean hiding-place. Suddenly a charge of dynamite was flung down with the fuse alight, and Murphy scuttled to the end of his tunnel. Beyond dislodging a few pebbles and causing a lot of smoke, however, the explosion did no harm. Three of these charges were sent down one after the other; but, although half choked by the fumes, Murphy sustained no injury.

Presently he heard voices in the shaft, and, peering out cautiously, he beheld two of his boys coming down the rope. One of them carried a rifle on his back; the rest of the gang, at the sides of the shaft, looked down eagerly. Murphy retired to the end of his tunnel and waited for his visitors. The two boys, arrived at the bottom of the shaft, were in the light, and plainly visible. Murphy could not be seen. To his horror the prospector saw that each native carried a fuse and a supply of dynamite. They fitted the fuses to the explosive and threw one charge into each tunnel, starting at once to climb up the shaft again. Murphy must be one in a million; he just stood there watching that sputtering fuse, and when within a few seconds of exploding he seized the charge and threw it towards the shaft. It exploded just as it reached the rope below the two natives, but he only bagged one boy, and not the one who carried the rifle, who swarmed up to safety.

After this little skirmish the prospector retired to his tunnel, feeling pretty sure that there would be no more attempts to smoke him out. He waited the whole day, sitting there in his shirt, but nothing more happened. When it was dark he determined to go out and investigate. The Matabele had drawn the rope up after them, but that was nothing to a veteran miner. The shaft was stayed here and there with timber, and this made climbing easy. He went up cautiously, taking his pickaxe with him. All he found was a scene of wreckage; the natives had gone. And there he was, nearly eighty miles from Buluwayo, clothed in a shirt, with no boots, and his only weapon a pickaxe! He surmised the same as I did, that the outbreak of the boys was only an isolated affair, and he thought that all he would have to do was to walk to the store at Insiya, about five miles away. This was *the* store of the Insiya district, owned by Messrs. Edkins and Baragwanath. There were usually five white men there, besides travellers. Murphy reached it about nine p.m., and found everything destroyed and the buildings in ruins. He hunted about, but could find no bodies, so hoped the whites had all escaped. Pursuing his search, near the stable he found a corpse, but it was so hacked about that he was unable to recognize it. The body had a pair of boots; these Murphy removed and donned, feeling that he stood a better chance now that he had footwear. Forthwith he started on his long tramp to Buluwayo. He had absolutely no food the whole while, save for a couple of melons he found in a native field. Although on foot, he made better time than I did, and reached Buluwayo some hours before me.

The Matabele campaign of 1896 has been written about by better pens than mine, and it is only necessary to say here that the rebellion was put down with a firm hand and ample reparation exacted for the slaughter of so many unsuspecting white settlers.

The party on the trail.

ACROSS THE ANDES ON FOOT.

By PERCY A. McCORD.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY M. BURTON.

How a party of explorers achieved the seemingly impossible. The Transandine Railway, that wonderful feat of engineering, had been snowed up for months, and the only means of communication between the east and west coasts of South America was by way of the long sea journey round the Horn. The leader of the party vowed he would cross the mighty Andes on foot, and cross them he did, spite of the wiseacres who said that it meant certain death. This article describes the adventures that befell the travellers during their record-breaking trip.

THROUGH the march of science and the ingenuity of man it is usually possible nowadays to cross from Buenos Ayres, on the eastern coast of South America, to Valparaiso, on the west, traversing the cordilleras of the Andes, the highest mountains in the Americas, in comfort and even luxury. The construction of the Transandine Railway, which links up the two principal republics of the South, is an engineering feat of which the officials concerned may well be proud. It is an object-lesson of the superiority of mind over matter. Though the engineers have triumphed to a great extent, however, and have laid their shining metal rails over and through the backbone of South America, they have not as yet succeeded in completely defeating the natural forces, which at times defy their skill and nullify their efforts.

It was at such a period in July last that three of us, members of the Captain Besley Scientific Expedition, which had recently completed a survey of the great Amazon River from source to mouth, paid a visit to the capital of Argentina. While there, an urgent message from some of the archæologists of the party, then busily engaged in investigating the buried cities of the Incas in Peru, recalled Captain Besley, the head of the expedition. Being unwilling to lose time by the long voyage around the continent, he decided to attempt the almost impossible feat of crossing the Andes on foot.

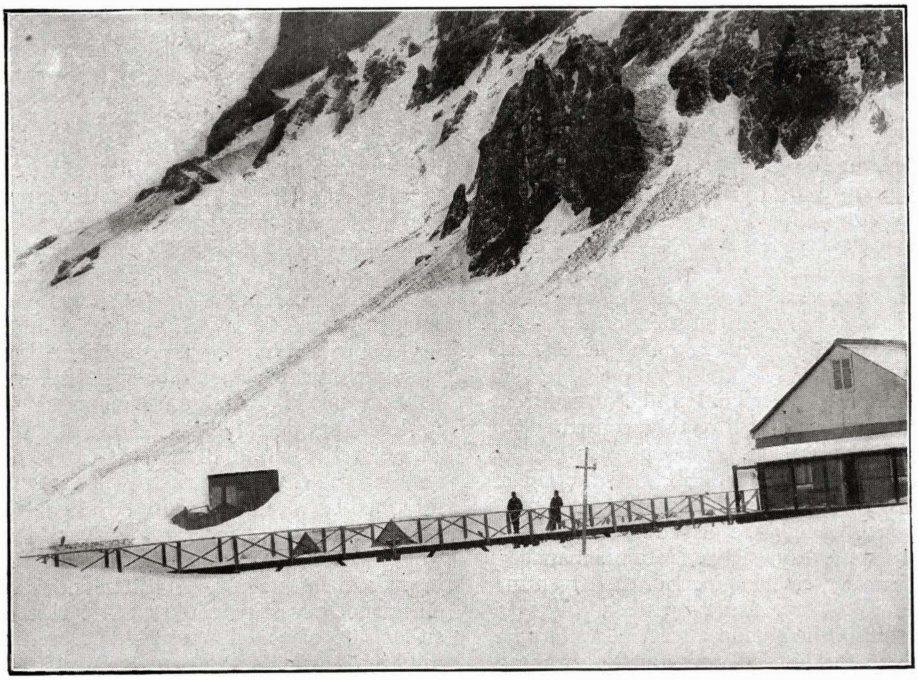
The gigantic cordilleras were completely snowbound at that time, and, it was claimed, totally impassable. The last Transandine train had come through on May 31st, since when there had been no communication whatever by the overland route. Those in authority who became aware of the captain's object named it as an insane idea, and engineers and surveyors who had spent years in a strenuous fight with the snow-girt mountains endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose. It was simply courting disaster, they said, to attempt to cross the divide between Puente del Inca and Juncal. For over ten years no such terrible climatic conditions had prevailed; the mountain passes held death-traps of which the most experienced guides were unaware. Avalanches were reported almost daily from the mountain stations, and a party of five who had the temerity to attempt the crossing had paid the penalty with their lives.

But the leader of our expedition was not to be deterred by such reports. An explorer of several years' standing, he had experienced the dangers of the trail in many lands. Small wonder, then, that he discounted the reported dangers of the Andes. To him it meant but a short journey on foot of a hundred and forty-three kilometres, a portion of which, no doubt, could be passed in comparative safety. From Puente del Inca to Juncal, a distance of fifty kilometres, in reality represented the danger zone, and surely, he argued, a determined dash through that region would suffice.

Having decided to make the journey, the captain's two years' residence in the ice-fields of Alaska stood us in good stead. Our outfit held all those things necessary when one goes forth to battle with the elements and conquer them. Experience and dogged determination were no small portion of it, and a complete understanding and thorough faith in our chief enabled W. J. K. Holbrook, our camera man and third member of the party, and myself to view with interest, if not with complete equanimity, the preparations made for our fight with the Andean snow-fields.

Everything being in readiness, we boarded the express at Retiro station, Buenos Ayres, on Friday, July 10th, for Mendoza, at which place the mountain division of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway commences. Several prominent residents who had heard of Captain Besley's intention to attempt the impossible were present to say adieu and give expression to their fears for our safety and success. Some enthusiastic autograph-hunters and souvenir-collectors begged for our signatures, and an enterprising Press photographer "snapped" our group, the print presumably to be pigeon-holed until the news of our annihilation by an avalanche should be reported from the mountains, when it would become a valuable and topical illustration with which to head our obituary notice.

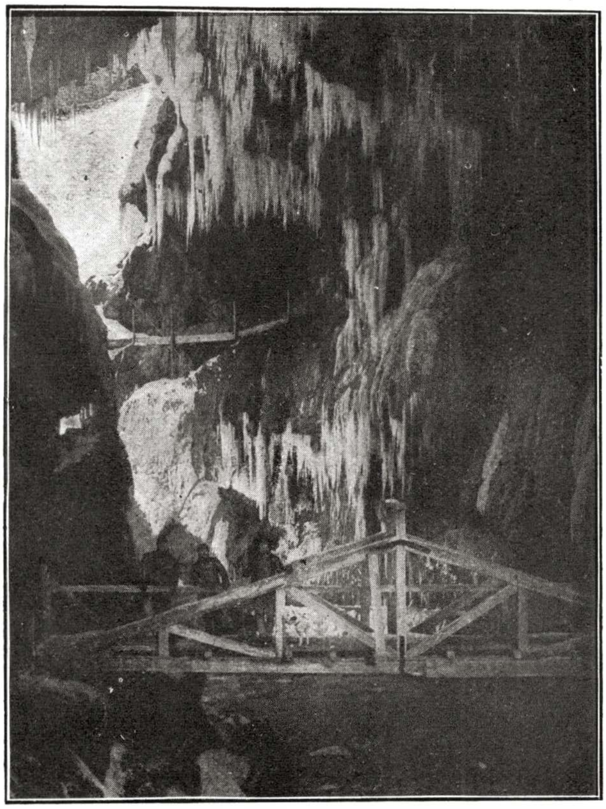
From Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, which occupies twenty-five hours, is one of the most uninteresting train journeys possible to conceive. Owing to the impetus given to the chilled meat trade through the abolition of the Customs tariff in the United States, the country has been entirely denuded of stock, and the enormous areas under alfalfa, without a beast to enjoy the succulent growth, speaks eloquently of the grasping nature



The mouth of the great Transandine tunnel at Caracoles, on the Chilean side.

of the Southern *rancheros*, who, tempted by an extraordinarily high market, killed off even their breeding cattle to satisfy the demand and enrich themselves temporarily. For over twelve hours we rushed through this splendid cattle country, on which but a few short years ago roamed hundreds of thousands of the half-wild beasts of the Pampas, but on which there can now be seen only an odd cow and calf, or a *burro* or mule kept for domestic purposes.

Mendoza was reached on the afternoon of July 11th, and here we met with the most vigorous opposition to our project. The Transandine Railway officials were loud in their assertions that to continue meant but one thing—death in the snowy wastes of the Andes. The ancient tales of privation and suffering experienced by other parties who had attempted to negotiate the pass were brought out and polished up for our benefit. "Puna," the dreaded mountain sickness, the inaccessibility of the trail, and the total impossibility of winning through were all described in detail, but without the desired effect. Captain Besley had determined to cross the Andes on foot, and nothing short of the amputation of his pedal extremities would have prevented him from essaying the feat.


The party on the footbridge at Puente del Inca.

Once assured that he could not be turned from his purpose, the officials readily consented to lend their co-operation. The line as far as Puente del Inca was negotiable with the aid of the snow rotary and ploughs, and these, together with a special coach, were placed at our disposal through the courtesy of Mr. Maraini, manager, and Mr. Burrows, chief engineer of the Argentine Transandine Railway. At daybreak on July 13th we pulled out of the Mendoza station, well aware that, like a young bear, all our troubles lay ahead of us. For the first twenty-five kilometres the track was clear. As we gradually ascended towards the snow-belt the white-capped peaks in the distance ahead, with the sunlight shining on their crested pinnacles, over which we must go, presented a picture of mingled grandeur and terror to a novice in Alpine climbing. When about half-way to Inca, at Zangcon Amarilla, a second engine was attached to the rear of our coach and the leading one was changed for a mountain rack locomotive.

It was obvious that trouble was anticipated on our upward climb to "The Bridge of Inca," nor were we left long in doubt. Within a couple of kilometres we ran into a heavy storm, and the grinding noise of the rotary ahead, as it bit its way into the wall of snow that completely covered the line, told us of the difficulties with which we would have to contend later on.

Ever upward and onward we went. The rotary, with its hundred and sixty revolutions per minute, ate a passage through the snow. The rack engine, one of the most powerful in the world, grunted and puffed as it gripped the cogs on the third rail, while the engine in the rear pushed us slowly forward.

Ordinarily it is only a seven hours' run from Mendoza, at the foot of the mountains, to Puente del Inca, but it was not until our watches showed we had been over eleven hours on the road that we came to a halt, and the official who had been detailed to accompany us to the end of the line informed us we were at Inca.

As we opened the carriage door to descend we were met by a terrific blizzard that was blowing from the west. Of the station and the railway offices not a vestige could at first be seen. On either side of the line appeared a wall of snow fully ten feet high; above us towered the mountains, and ahead of the rotary was a solid barrier of hardened snow and ice. Presently, and apparently from nowhere, there appeared a tall, grotesque-looking figure, in bulky Arctic apparel. From the small aperture in his woollen hood he shouted a welcome, but his words, wind-tossed, were scarcely audible above the storm. Signalling us with a huge staff, which he held in his hand, to follow him, he turned and ploughed his way to a small opening in one of the banks, and a moment afterwards disappeared. Shivering with cold, and almost blinded by the snow-spume, we followed, and in a few minutes found ourselves before a roaring fire in a room which was completely snow-bound. This proved to be the office of the Argentine Transandine Railway, and our guide, after shedding his voluminous garments, introduced himself as W. L. G. Hughes, sectional engineer.

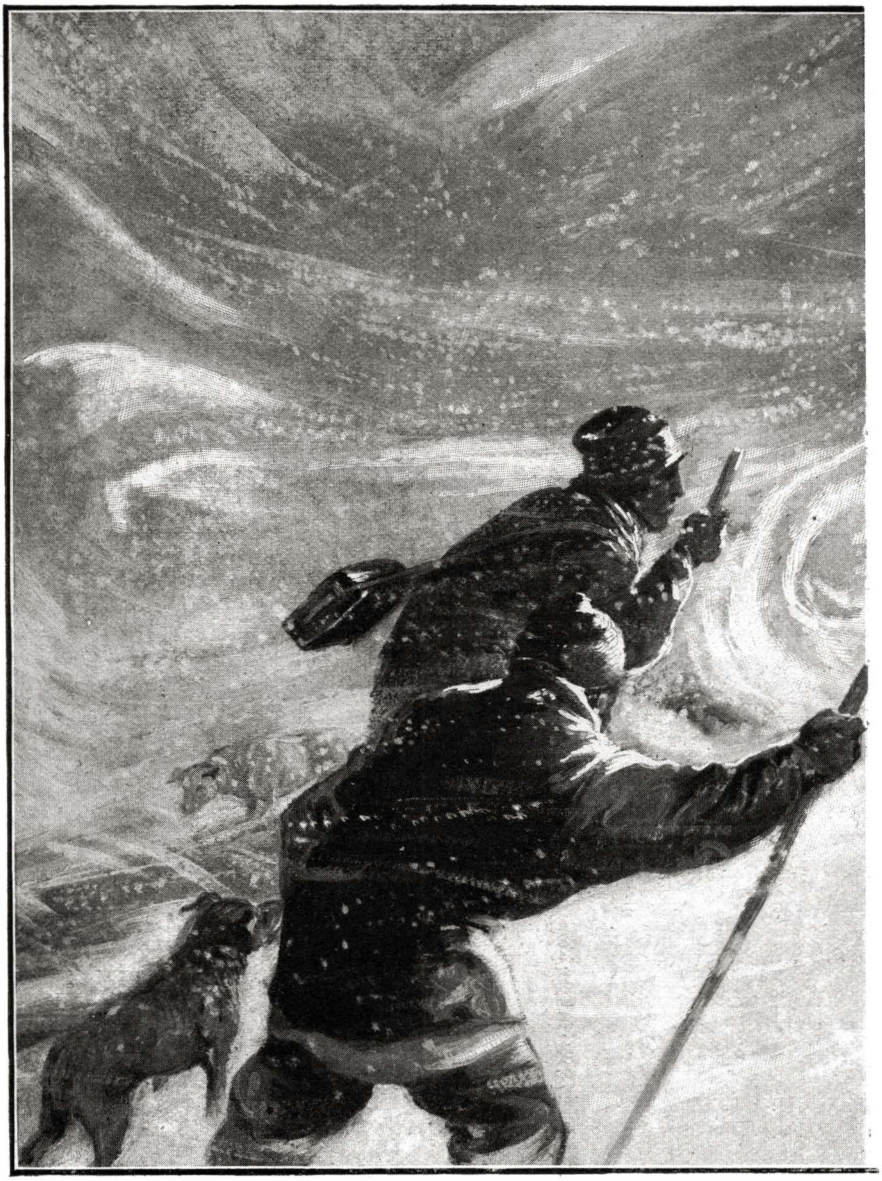
If the weather without was cold, the welcome within the little office was warm. Mr. Hughes listened with interest as the captain told of his desire and determination to cross over to the Chilean side. A hardy man himself, and with a number of years of mountain experience behind him, the engineer could not help trying to discourage our leader. He reiterated the stories we had heard at Mendoza and Buenos Ayres regarding the impossibility of attempting the Andean trail. He told of how, only two days previously, the son of the Chilean Minister at Mendoza had, in company with two guides, been rescued from a snow-drift and carried half dead into Las Cuevas, on the summit. He pointed to the veritable sea of snow that surrounded and covered the little village, and he prophesied but one ending if the idea of crossing were persisted in.

His first thought, however, was of our immediate comfort, and from his stores he drew leather coats, woollen hoods, and overshoes to enable us to reach the hotel. A gang of railway peons was then called, and set to cut a passage to the hostelry, which was some two hundred yards distant. For over half an hour we toiled along in their wake, and at last the welcome shelter of the splendid summer resort hotel of the railway company was gained. Here we stayed for two days while guides were found who were willing for a heavy consideration to attempt the crossing. Indian porters, less fearless, refused to be induced to join the party, and at length Mr. R. W. Davis, *encargado de campos* of the railway, and manager of their mountain ranch, detailed eight of his men to accompany us.

On Thursday, July 16th, the barometer having shown no signs of falling for the past twenty-four hours, Captain Besley determined that the time was opportune to make the first part of our dangerous journey. The sky looked clear and the air was crisp. No snow had fallen during the night, and all the indications were most favourable. Las Cuevas, on the summit of the pass, and twelve thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, was our objective point. It was distant only fifteen kilometres—say, ten miles—and although the snow was soft for travelling, our leader thought the opportunity of gaining at least a third of our distance was too good to be missed. Accordingly, at eight o'clock in the forenoon, word was passed for the Indians to shoulder their packs, and after saying farewell to the railway officials, who had gathered for the purpose of seeing us depart, we started off on our mountain climb.

Sending the guides and the pack Indians ahead to break the trail, Captain Besley followed, accompanied by three of his well-trained and faithful dogs. Holbrook and I brought up the rear. Not anticipating a storm that day, we neglected to rope ourselves, and this subsequently nearly resulted in disaster. At first the going was comparatively easy; the snow, though knee-deep, was fairly hard, and the trail clearly defined by the tracks of our Indians. For nearly five kilometres we travelled, if not exactly in comfort, at least with perfect assurance of our safety. We recalled the stories of death and destruction that had been retailed to us in the English club at Mendoza and at Buenos Ayres, and we laughed together at the seemingly impossible being attained so easily. Certainly the high altitude and the exertion of forcing our way through the snow had a tendency to "wind" us slightly, but beyond that inconvenience we were making excellent progress. By noon we had overtaken the *cargadores* and the guides, and the captain decided to push on in advance to ensure reaching the mountain hotel before nightfall. After a hasty lunch, we took one guide and preceded the rest of the party, who, trained though they were to mountain climbing and stiff porterage work, were severely handicapped by our heavy instruments.

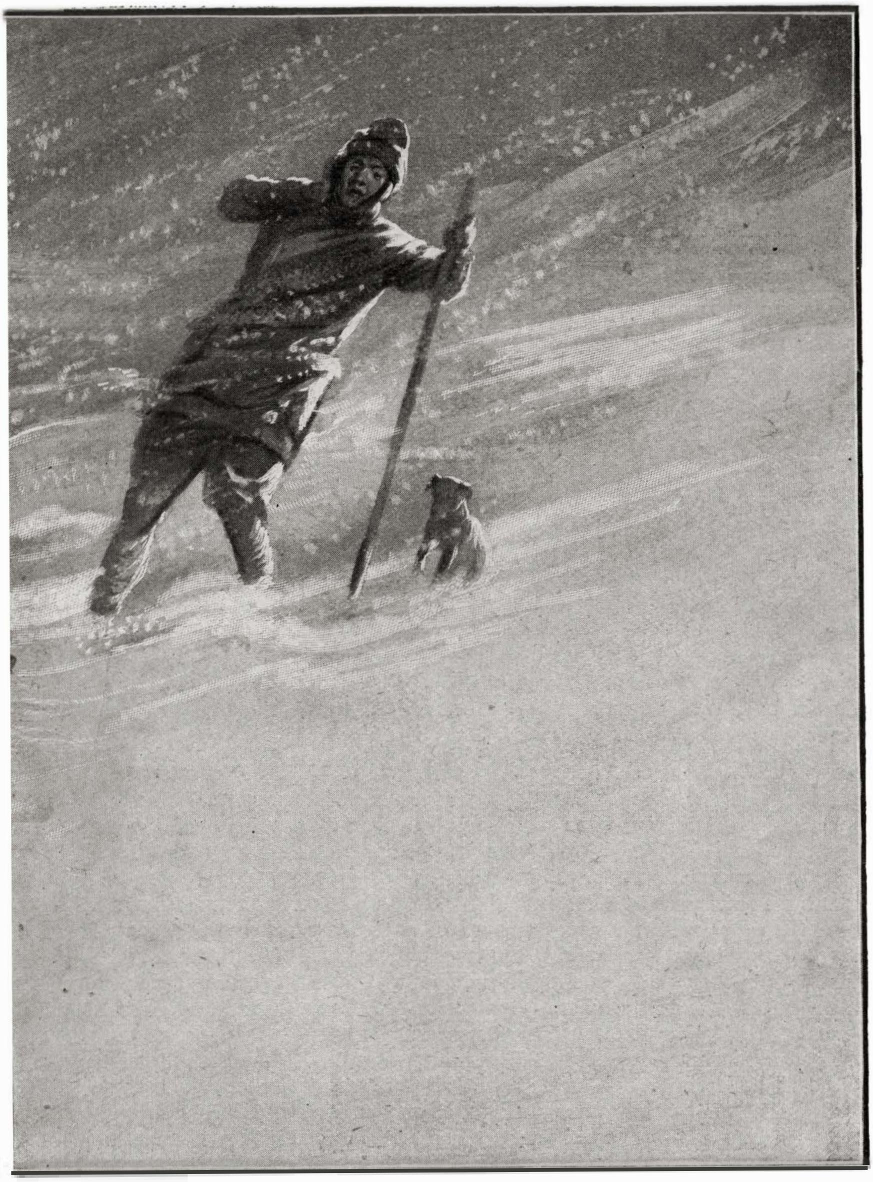
On our left towered the huge peak of Cerro de Torloza, and on our right that of Cerro de Nevarro. Up the gulch between the two, now floundering thigh-deep in the snow, and the next moment slipping on some hidden rock, we went, rejoicing in the fact that each step was bringing us nearer our destination, and that without apparent danger or probability of disaster. Alas! we rejoiced too soon. With the suddenness of a tropical storm in the doldrums, with the speed of a cyclone on a Kansas plain, a snow-storm broke upon us. At one moment we could plainly discern the river—the Rio le Las Cuevas, which runs through the eastern section of the Andes down into the Rio de Mendoza, and which lay below us a thin, winding streak against the white snow pall—the next everything was obscured from view. An icy blast of wind, laden with flakes of snow, gave us but scanty warning of our danger, and immediately after followed the blinding blizzard. The trail of our guide was blotted out as if by magic. The sun disappeared behind an impenetrable veil of snow and mist.


"He shouted instructions, but his words

Around us howled the wind as it swept through the canyon and caught us full in the face. To proceed was impossible; our bodies bent to the gale as a sapling gives to a forest hurricane, and it was all we could do to keep our balance. The captain, who was some paces in advance, turned in his steps to render us assistance if necessary, and he and the dogs were literally hurled back at our feet. He shouted instructions, but his words were drowned in the fury of the storm. His gesticulations alone conveyed his meaning, and, planting our alpenstocks deep in the snow, we crouched together against the mountain's slope, our backs turned towards the storm. It was but a brief half-hour we stood thus, but it seemed like eternity. The snow piled up around us, and the dogs, crouching and whining at our feet, plainly told us that their animal instinct was warning them that death was in the air. And indeed it was. A step one way or the other, a separation of but a few feet, and it spelt the end, for, lost in the illimitable snow-field, one would soon be buried in a drift, or, sliding down the slope, would be dashed to pieces on the rocks fringing the river bank.

Almost as suddenly as it had come, the blizzard disappeared. It passed, and the sun, which was still above the peaks, shone on a clean carpet of snow devoid of any tracks or trail. Of our guide there was not the slightest trace. The few minutes that had sufficed to hide him from our ken had been fraught with dangers of many kinds.

With a word of encouragement, Captain Besley started up the slope, after a hurried glance at his compass, and we followed him. Feeling his way with his alpenstock, he presently found firm snow, and we knew that with unerring instinct he had hit the trail. For two hours we

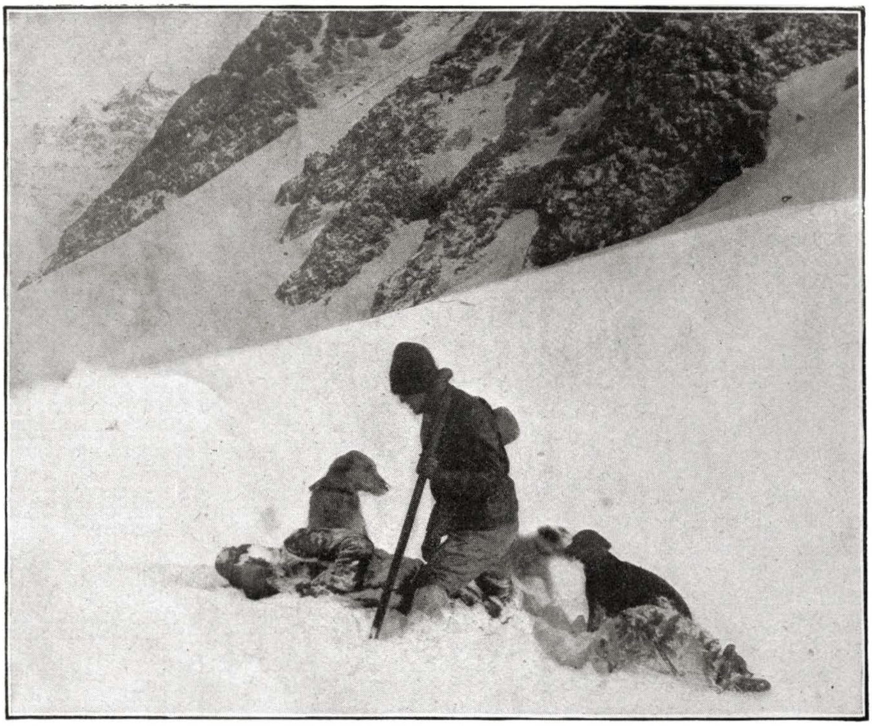


were drowned in the fury of the storm."

laboured on, speculating as to what had happened to Francisco, our guide, and ruminating on the possibility of ever seeing our *cargadores* again. They, we knew, had not at the time turned into the canyon, and so might possibly have escaped the storm. Of Francisco's fate we were equally uncertain. If he had turned back to join our party, as we surmised he would have done, he had no doubt gone to his death; but if, knowing the mountains as he did, he was aware of any shelter near by, it was possible that he had availed himself of it. Consequently it did not surprise us greatly when we had won out of the gulch and turned the mountain bend, where we again struck the snow-covered railway line, to find our erstwhile guide seated in one of the few snow-sheds that dot the route at lengthy intervals, calmly smoking a cigarette. He expressed his surprise and pleasure at seeing us alive, and we knew both emotions were genuine. His surprise was warranted in view of the predicament in which he had left us, and his pleasure could be accounted for by the fact that the captain had agreed to his extortionate fee on condition that he brought us in safety over the divide, when the money was to be paid.

We waited for some time to see if our *cargadores* would put in an appearance, but finally, as the afternoon was waning, we decided to go on. For a few hundred yards the shed afforded us a welcome shelter, and we came to the end of it all too soon. Scrambling up the huge banks that blocked the exit, we were once more on the trail. Las Cuevas, according to our reckoning, could be only a few kilometres ahead, and there seemed no probability of another storm. Francisco again took the lead, and we made good headway, considering the soft snow through which we had to wade. About three kilometres farther on another shed enabled us to take a much-needed rest, and our guide's information that the summit was only another two kilometres away cheered us up considerably.

Breaking our way out of the snow-bound shed, we pushed on, and when only a few hundred yards from the shelter we had just left the dangers of the Andean trail were brought home to us in a very vivid manner. Suddenly the



A remarkable snapshot—Captain Besley discovering the supposed dead body of Carr in a snowdrift.

dogs, which were at the captain's heels, broke away from the trail and gathered together in a group some distance off, apparently sniffing the snow. Pancho, a large mountain-bred animal, which had been a gift to the captain from Mr. Davis at Inca, lifted his head and bayed like a hound that gives tongue when he picks up a fresh scent. Calling to Holbrook and me to follow him, the captain broke a trail towards the dogs, which were now racing around in the greatest excitement. We saw Captain Besley bend over and attempt to lift something from the snow, and the next minute we heard him shout, "There's a dead man here in the drift!"

With professional instinct, Holbrook immediately unslung his hand camera, and as the dogs and the captain bent over the still form the click of the shutter told us he had secured what would no doubt be one of the most unusual pictures ever taken.

We brushed the snow from the unfortunate man, who was as stiff and cold as if *rigor mortis* had already set in. At first we were afraid that he had in reality crossed the Great Divide, as well as that of the Andes, but a draught of neat brandy trickled through his clenched teeth made him gasp. Slowly his rigid form relaxed, and he opened his eyes. Like a man awakening from the effects of an anæsthetic, he gazed around for a moment, and then, as his brain cleared, the horrors through which he had passed were reflected in his face, and he gasped, "Thank God you are English! Don't leave me here."

With the knowledge that he was saved came strength, and presently, supported by Captain Besley and myself, he was able to reach the trail. From then on to Las Cuevas our task was rendered doubly difficult, but at last we reached the small mountain village which is the summit of the pass. Had it not been for our guide, we should, however, have passed it by. Francisco, sweeping his staff around, remarked laconically, "Las Cuevas," but all that could be seen were some uneven ridges of snow not unlike the sand dunes in a desert. These subsequently proved to be the railway offices, hotel, and the outpost quarters of the Argentine police force that patrols the mountain borders. Hampered by the weight of the almost dead man, we floundered down a bank and found ourselves at the entrance of a small tunnel in the snow, about three feet in diameter. This the guide, with the stoical calm of his race, informed us was the entrance to the hotel. Through it, for fully thirty yards, on our hands and knees, we pushed and pulled the victim of the snow-storm, and then, the tunnel widening out, we came upon three living rooms—all that remained of the Las Cuevas Hotel.

Evidence of the severe winter through which they were passing was fully demonstrated at this summit township. A refreshment-car of the Transandine Railway had been left in May to come out with the next train, and there it still remained, just one of the snow dunes. Situated so that it caught the force of the storm from both sides of the Andes, Las Cuevas was to all intents and purposes completely wiped out. The hotel had been wrecked and then snowed under. The railway offices, groaning under tons of snow, were, like the hotel, reached through a tunnel, and the policemen, as they beat their way to and from their posts, resembled Eskimos returning from a reindeer hunt.

Restoratives in plenty were applied to our "snow man," as we had come to call him, and that evening, when he had sufficiently recovered, he told us of his dreadful experience and what led to his lonely journey over the Andes.

Captain Besley calls a halt.

A native of Butte, Montana, and a mining engineer by profession, William Carr, for such was his name, had but a few months previously arrived in Argentina on a prospecting tour. From the moment of setting foot in the Southern capital he had been pursued by bad luck. Success had not attended his efforts to interest the Eastern capitalists in financing his expedition, and coming to his last few cents, in desperation he had set out to cross the Andes into Chile, from where he hoped to make his way up the west coast to the mines at Antofagasta or oquique. Of the length If time he had lain in the snow he had no idea whatever. He remembered losing the trail the previous day in a blizzard, and for hours trying to fight his way through the storm. The awful loneliness and the terror of the drifts had at last gripped him, and, suffering from cold and weakened by hunger, his reason had given way. In his delirium he must have discarded what heavy clothing he possessed, and then, overtaken by the irresistible desire to sleep, had lain down in the drift. A shudder swept his frame as he described the agonies he had suffered—the gnawing pangs of hunger, the intense cold that froze him to the bone, and the utter hopelessness of his position. All thoughts of rescue had been abandoned, and, although he was aware that Las Cuevas was near, he had, like all people who lose their sense of direction, been travelling in a circle. Drawn and haggard, unkempt in appearance, and with his nerves completely shattered, he was an awful example of the frailty of mere humans when opposed to the strongest elements of Nature.

Late that night the whole party of Indian *cargadores* turned up one by one, completely exhausted. They had encountered the same storm that had swept over us, but by forming a shelter with their packs had escaped the worst of its effects and had come through scathless.

By arrangement with the native hotel manager and his wife, we made our beds on the tables in the one available room, and were soon fast asleep. The following morning broke fine and clear, and the captain, after an observation of the weather from the tunnel mouth, decided that we would make our crossing over the Cumbre Pass, where, on the border line, stands a huge statue of Jesus Christ, as an indestructible sign that peace shall ever prevail between the Argentine and Chilean nations. The figure, as we learnt, also serves other and more grim purposes. Discussing the undesirable characters who make the mountain fastnesses their home, when they flee from justice in the cities, an Argentine official of high standing described to me the drastic measures that are necessary to cope with these outlaws. He detailed the punishment meted out to minor offenders without reference to any court of justice, and then, when I asked concerning those guilty of graver offences, he shrugged his shoulders and made reply, "What more can a man desire than to die in his own country and in the shadow of Christ?"

It was to view this spot, where summary justice is frequently dispensed, that we started after an early breakfast, the captain leaving instructions that the pack Indians were to follow in two hours' time. From Las Cuevas the boundary line is some five kilometres, and we had not covered a quarter of the distance when directly ahead we saw the ominous signs of a coming storm. Quickly we turned in our tracks, and made for the shelter of the hotel where we had spent the night, but before we reached the tunnel we experienced the full force of the wind-driven snow, which fortunately, however, was at our backs. The journey over the Cumbre had, therefore, to be abandoned, and our leader decided to pass through the famous Transandine tunnel which, cut through the mountains, connects the two republics.

As the storm showed no signs of abating by noon, and the conveniences of the hotel were not such as to induce a lengthy stay, we determined to make a dash for the tunnel, which was only three kilometres away and on the down grade. When the order was passed for the *cargadores* to adjust their packs, they stared in amazement. Surely, they said, these "Ingleses" were "loco" (mad) to attempt such a thing, and they flatly refused to move. Argument and peaceful persuasion proved of no avail, so, with the aid of the resident police-officer, other means were adopted, and finally they crept through the opening and faced the blizzard. We had not proceeded far before we appreciated their motives for refusing to take the trail; they floundered around in the snow like animals in a swamp. Frequently they would sink to their waists, and as they struggled to lift themselves out of the soft snow they would overbalance, and packs and Indians would disappear bodily in the drift. This undoubtedly was the hardest, if not the most dangerous, part of the journey yet made. With our snow-glasses firmly fixed, and our heads completely covered with the woollen mufflers, we struggled on, our eyes fixed on the boots of the man in front. Our one aim was to place our feet in the deep impressions made by his. Ahead we could not look, and had those footsteps led over a precipice we must have followed. The actual journey was less than two miles before we reached the tunnel mouth, and yet it took more than the same number of hours to accomplish it. At last the cries of joy from our Indians announced that they had gained shelter, and in the rock-hewn passage they took a well-earned breathing spell and readjusted their loads. From then on, for two miles of Stygian darkness, we travelled in comparative comfort. A huge block of ice or a culvert, occasionally met with, were the only things that caused annoyance, and late in the afternoon we caught our first sight of the Chilean snow-field.

Our hopes that the storm would have abated on this side of the mountains were doomed to disappointment. From the small opening left by the drifting snow we saw that the blizzard was raging, if anything, with greater force. Caracoles, the last station on the Chilean Transandine Railway, is fortunately situated close to the tunnel, and, as the Indians were obviously suffering from the effects of the initial stage of the journey, the captain decided to camp for the night. A brief struggle landed the whole of the party on the substantial station veranda, and a courteous telegraph operator, the only official in charge, made us welcome while he plied us with questions regarding our trip. In this haven of rest we spent the remainder of the afternoon and the night. The officials of the Chilean Railway had been advised of our coming by their colleagues on the eastern side, and when the operator sent through the news of our safe arrival, a message was returned that hand-cars would be sent from Rio Blanco to meet us at Juncal. Only twelve kilometres more to go, and then civilized travel once again, and our purpose effected.

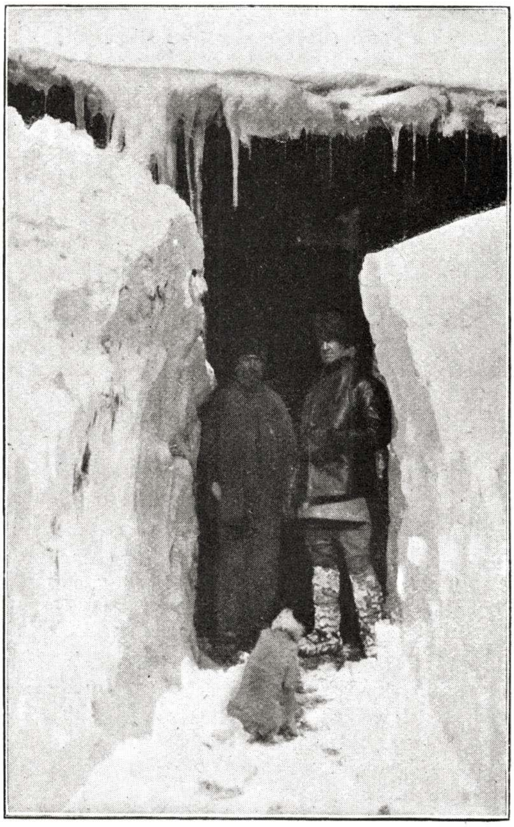
That night, when Holbrook heard the news, he stated his intention of requesting that another response should be added to the Litany.

From the operator we learnt of the severe conditions existing on the west coast side of the Andes. Owing to the sharp angle at which the mountains rise from sea-level, avalanches are more frequent than on the Argentine slopes. For the same reason, although the trail now was a downward one, and our climb was finished, he warned us of the dangers to be met with between his station and Juncal.

Bright and clear broke the morning for the last stage of our mountain journey on foot, and before the sun had thrown its rays over Los Tres Dadoes—the mountain of the Three Fingers—we were well on our way. The Indians, pleased to think that their arduous work was nearing completion, sang and joked as they strung out down the trail. By noon we had reached Portillia, and here, at the invitation of the *capataz,* we lunched in his snow-covered station.

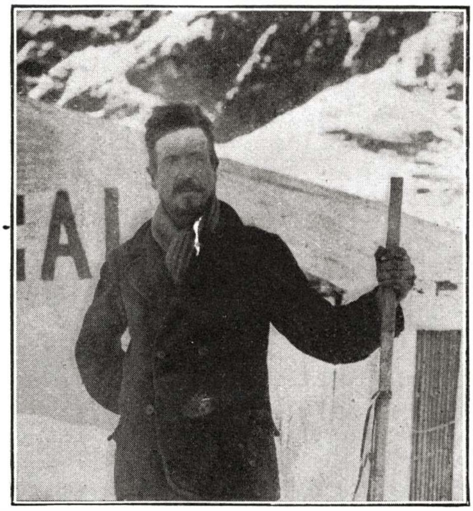
Straying a little from our course, to enable us to obtain a view of Lake Inca, we travelled rapidly until within sight of Mount Lloron, when the trail running along the slope of the hills became more difficult and dangerous. On our left was the mountain wall, and directly under our feet as we looked to our right was a sheer drop of over two thousand feet. Away down below, looking like a huge reel of cotton that had become unwound from the spool, ran the Aconcagua

River, winding in and out through the valley, the swiftly-running water showing up in sharp contrast to the snow-covered banks. With their alpenstocks the Indians poled themselves along the mountain-side, slowly, but with the most perfect *sang-froid*. Weighed as they were with the surveying and other scientific instruments, it needed but a mis-step to the right, or a slip of the pole on a snow-covered rock, and a horrible death would have been their portion. But they are a hardy race, these *cargadores* of the Andes, and now and again, when one made an error of judgment and frantically recovered himself, his companions would greet his fault with derision and chaff him for his mistake.


The snow-bound railway station at Portillia.

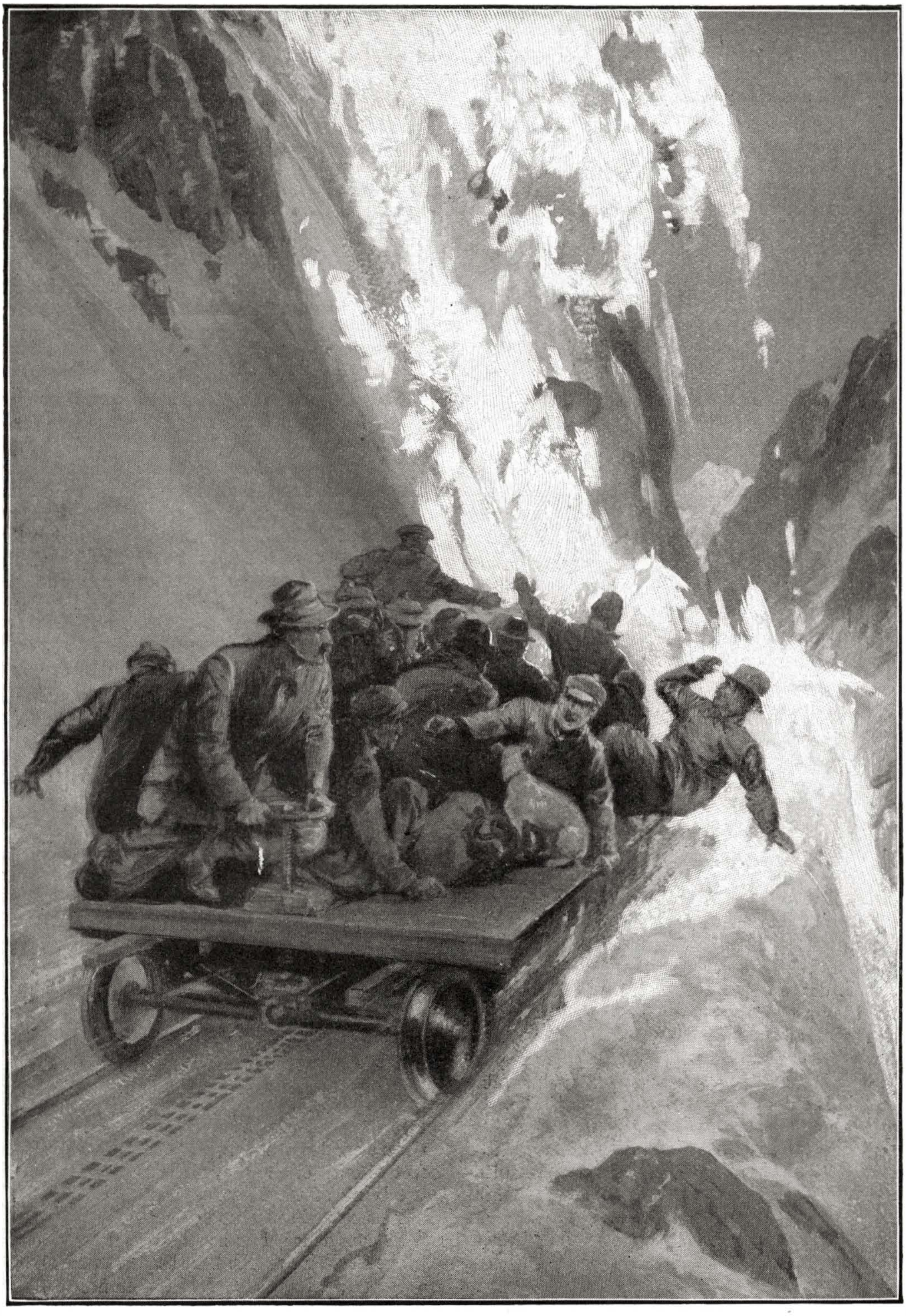
By three o'clock in the afternoon we had reached the summit of Mount Lloron, and here the party halted. The guides, after a consultation, approached Captain Besley and told him that by sliding down the mountain-side we could save a wearisome journey of over five kilometres. They pointed away to the left, where, far down in the valley, the roofs of some iron buildings could be seen, and named it for Juncal.

I viewed the terrific toboggan slide they suggested with considerable misgiving, but the captain, who had experienced the novelty of the snow-shoots in Norway, seemed pleased with the prospect and laughed at my fears. Seated on their raw-hide pack-covers, the Indians, in pairs, prepared for the descent. Firmly grasping their sharp-pointed staffs, which they placed between their legs, with a laughing "*Adios*" they let themselves go. The soft snow flew away from their feet, stretched out in front, and swiftly they went down the mountain-side until they appeared like two black dots in the valley below. Another couple safely negotiated the slide, travelling with even greater rapidity, owing to the passage cleared for them; but disaster overtook the third pair. These had our suit-cases, which were comparatively light. Skylarking as they pushed off down the declivity, they cannoned into each other, and the next moment were rolling down the mountain, gathering impetus as they went. For some distance the thongs that held the cases stood the strain; then they gave way. The next instant our property was bounding down the slope ahead of the Indians, who, relieved of their packs, were able to right themselves. Down, down, those cases went, one moment huge balls, as they gathered the snow, and the next shooting into the air as they struck a rock. For a minute they were lost to view, and then, within a few feet of each other, they rolled into the valley at the brink of the river.


William Carr as he appeared after his recovery.

This episode was not calculated to inspire us with confidence, but by the frequent use of our brake-sticks we reached the bottom safely, having accomplished a slide of fifteen hundred feet at an angle of about fifty degrees.

At the Juncal railway station Sectional



"A few yards ahead of us the mountain-side above the line seemed to shake itself loose and came tumbling down."

Engineer Lance was awaiting us with the glad news that the snow rotary with the hand-cars would arrive next day. The same kindness and courtesy that had been extended to us by the Argentine Railway officials was also in evidence here. We accepted the mountain engineer's hospitality for the night, and heard with interest of the grim fight that he and his colleagues are engaged in while combating the elements in an attempt to keep railway communication open.

The now familiar sound of the rotary, as it revolved its way through the snow-banks, awoke us early next morning, and in a short time our baggage was aboard the two rear cars, the fore one being reserved for ourselves and Engineer Roper, of Rio Blanco, who was to see us safely over his division. About ten-thirty on Sunday morning we climbed aboard the "Besley Express," the sole driving power of which was gravity. From Juncal to Los Andes, a distance of fifty kilometres, the grade in most parts is a seven per cent. one, and with a push from the station hands we were off. "Hold tight!" shouted the engineer who controlled the front brake, and his warning was no idle one. Ahead lay the shining metal track, with snow-banks on either side, and as we gathered speed they seemed to leap at us. Around sharp curves and bends we flew; then, with a straight run along the mountain-side, we literally tore along at over forty miles an hour.

"Hold her!" bellowed Engineer Roper to his assistant at the rear brake, and our pace slackened as we approached a tunnel cut through the solid rock. It was well indeed we had taken the precaution. "Avalanches," replied the engineer, briefly, when I could get my breath to ask a question; and as if in answer to his words there was a rumbling noise, and but a few yards ahead of us the mountain-side above the line seemed to shake itself loose and came tumbling down. The screw brakes creaked as they twirled around, gripped by strong hands, but the cars had too much speed on to stop in time. As the wheels of the first one struck the *débris* on the rails it stopped short, and wher the second one hit it in the rear it turned completely over, shooting the captain, Holbrook, and myself on to the rocks that covered the track. Winded and partly stunned by the fall, for a moment we could not move, and before we could gain the shelter of the overturned car another avalanche of stones came tumbling down among us. Huge boulders weighing over two tons, torn loose by the weight of the smaller ones above falling on them, bounced over us and rolled away down the gulch. A flying piece of rock struck the captain on the cheek and gashed his face.

For fully five minutes the car gang waited, in case there came another slide, and then they hurriedly cleared the line and righted the car. Not till we were about to take our seats did we notice that one of our companions, our faithful little wire-haired fox-terrier, Swanky, had met his doom. He lay alongside the outer rail of the track, his head smashed by one of the gigantic boulders.

It was a more sober-minded party that reseated itself on the front of the car, for it was borne in upon us that poor Swanky's end might well have been our own. From then on until we were clear of the snow-line we proceeded with greater caution. The mountainous country opened up rapidly, and vegetation took the place of rocky cliffs. Swiftly we flashed through the small mountain stations, and at 1.50 p.m. the cars came to a halt at Los Andes platform.

We had completed our mountain journey, despite many difficulties and dangers. It was an experience one would not wish for more than once in a lifetime. We had attained that which had been described as impossible; we had succeeded in crossing the Andes on foot.

The "Besley Express" which was wrecked by an avalanche—Ill-fated little Swanky is seen in front.

Mr. Frank W. Northern at the present day.
Photo. by Rembrandt Studio, San Diego.

Adventures of an Outlaw-Hunter.

By DAVID A. PIATT, of San Diego, California.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WRIGHT.

For twenty-six years Sergeant Frank W. Northern, the hero of this narrative, waged a relentless war against criminals in the oldest city in California, facing death scores of times in the discharge of his duty. Mr. Piatt sets forth some of the veteran officer's most exciting experiences.

WHEN, in the 'eighties, San Diego, California, was a reckless border town infested with desperadoes who backed up their defiance of law with knife and six-shooter, there came to the Pacific Coast from Indiana a muscular, red-headed man who was destined to prove a potent factor in establishing law and order.

Courage and moral stamina were the chief requisites of men selected to cope with the conditions which prevailed in those wild days, when robberies occurred daily and murder was regarded as a pastime. These attributes were possessed in a marked degree by Frank W. Northern, who left his native city—Lawrenceburg, Indiana—and came West, not to grow up with the country, but to help the country grow. Through his relentless conflict with crime San Diego, from a hotbed of lawlessness and crime, gradually evolved into a peaceful, prosperous city.

Northern's introduction to San Diego would have daunted one less courageous. As he stepped from a railway-train he beheld a Mexican gambler stab a constable dead, then saunter nonchalantly away from the scene of his crime. Unterrified by this typical tragedy, however, the new-comer set about looking for work.

At that time the Santa Fé Railway Company was beginning the construction of a huge wharf on the water-front, and skill as a bridge carpenter, acquired in the East, enabled Northern to obtain employment. He proved to be so efficient that within a short time he was made foreman of a gang. Almost immediately after his promotion he attracted the attention of the police department.

Criminals among the men engaged in building the wharf were a source of continual trouble to their employers and the authorities. One man, caught attempting to rob a fellow-workman and turned over to the police by Northern, proved to be the most notorious pickpocket on the Pacific Coast. Shortly after this important capture was made a desperado attempted to murder an *employé* in Northern's gang. During a duel with knives the assailed man was knocked off the wharf into the bay, and a carpenter who attempted to rescue him was seriously wounded. At this juncture the foreman arrived, struck the knife from the desperado's hand, and, after a long struggle, captured him and handed him over to the authorities. Not long after this exploit Northern was appointed to the police-force.

At the time he became a patrolman it was not uncommon for bands of Indians, cowboys, or *vaqueros* to "shoot up" towns, regardless of life or property; drunken sailors from the ships were a terror to law-abiding citizens; gambling was rampant, and male and female criminals from the four quarters of the globe chose San Diego as a place wherein to ply their evil trade. The *plaza*, or public square, was the scene of numerous sanguinary duels over differences which to-day would be deemed trivial.

Northern was assigned to the most perilous "beat" in the town, where it was necessary for him to carry his revolver ready for instant use as the only adequate safeguard against sudden death. He engaged in six pitched battles and made seventeen arrests the first night! Patrol-wagons were unknown, and it was necessary for policemen to march, drag, or carry their prisoners to the lock-up. These proceedings were usually attended by a storm of bullets fired by friends of men under arrest.

Northern's reminiscences of early days in the oldest city of California form a thrilling chapter in the history of the Golden State. During the year in which he was appointed to the police force San Diego was invaded by a band of safe-crackers and "thugs" from San Francisco. The "Terrible Fifteen," as they were called in police circles, terrorized the town for months, working so systematically as to render capture practically impossible. As many as eight safes were "blown" in one night by this enterprising gang.

The chief of police determined to eliminate the crooks by capture or extermination. Northern, owing to his peculiar fitness for the work, was detailed to lead a campaign against them. Unflinching courage, quick wit, and a thorough knowledge of criminals, their methods, and their haunts were required for the successful performance of this task. The officer, however, undertook the commission with few misgivings.

On the night following a store in the heart of the town was entered, and merchandise valued at fifteen thousand dollars stolen.

The officer immediately took the trail of two men whom he suspected of participation in the robbery. He shadowed them to a respectable lodging-house in the residential quarter, and through his acquaintance with the proprietor gained access to their apartment. There, concealed beneath a bed, he found some of the stolen goods.

Elated by this discovery, the officer lay in wait for the pair. On the third night they returned, bearing fresh plunder. One of them lighted a lamp, which was extinguished the moment the trapped miscreants beheld the intruder. Almost simultaneously both men opened fire. Northern, anticipating this, dropped to the floor, and the bullets sped harmlessly over his head.

Ascertaining their position, the officer grappled with the safe-crackers, threw them to the floor, and, after a struggle, handcuffed them. One of the prisoners proved to be the leader of the band.

The captured robbers fought conviction to the last. They were ably defended by the first woman to practise law in California, but both were sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary at San Quentin. The leader, however, escaped from a deputy-sheriff who was taking him to prison.

As a result of this capture Northern was made sergeant of police. But he had become a marked man, and it was not long before the hand of vengeance fell upon him.

The members of the "Terrible Fifteen" were quiet for some time after the downfall of their chief. Finally, however, they began operations again.

A wholesale house was chosen as the scene of fresh depredations. A member of the band sought a secluded spot some distance from the locality and fired a number of shots, which attracted the attention of a dozen police-officers, who rushed to the scene of the fusillade, leaving the wholesale district, as the burglars thought, practically unguarded.

Gleefully the safe-crackers entered the marked building and blew open the strong-box.

Northern, who had remained on his beat, which led past the warehouse, was attracted by the noise of the explosion. Instantly comprehending the game that was being played, the officer dashed to the rear of the building, where he was confronted by two masked men, one of whom thrust the muzzle of a six-shooter into his face. The second struck the revolver from the officer's hand.

Northern's fist shot out, striking the safe-cracker between the eyes and laying him low. At this juncture three other men rounded a corner of the building and attacked the policeman. Drawing a wicked-looking knife, the leader struck at the officer's heart.

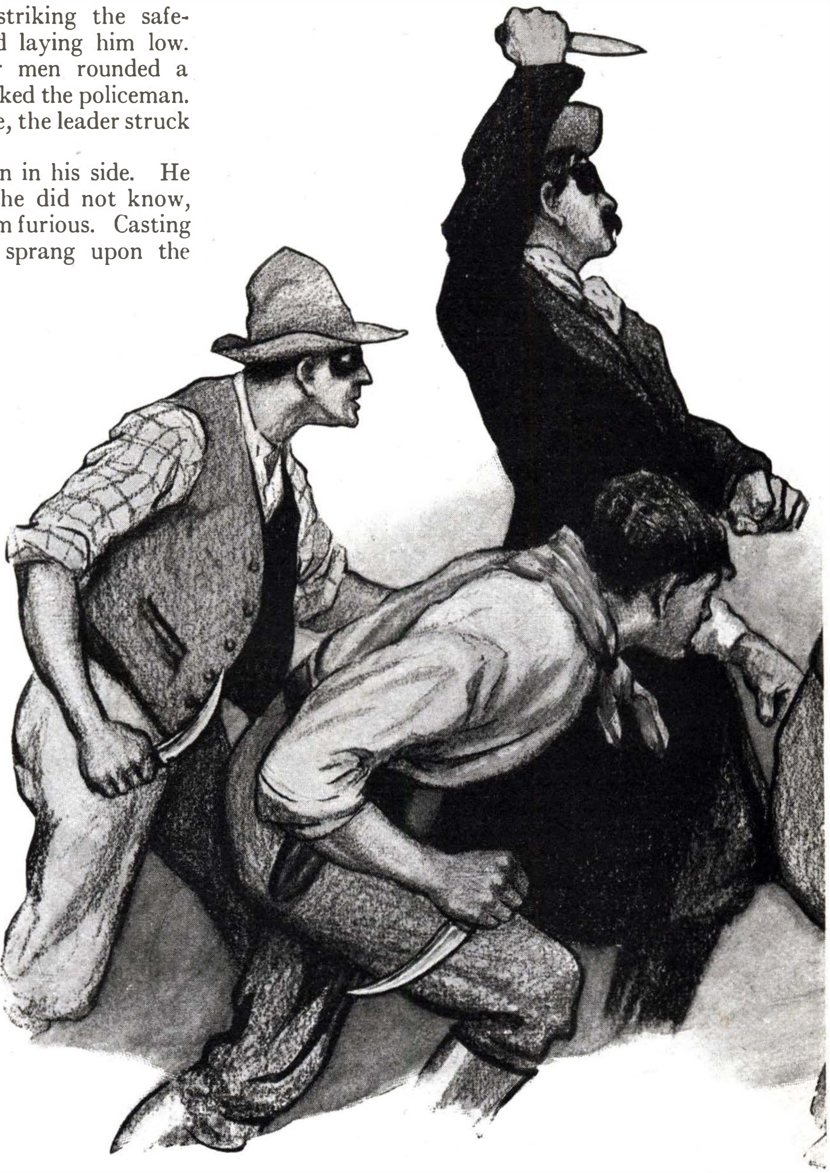
Northern felt a stinging pain in his side. He had been cut, how seriously he did not know, but the knowledge rendered him furious. Casting discretion to the winds, he sprang upon the desperado and bore him to the earth. The knife was sent spinning several yards away.

A blow on the head from another of the miscreants apprised the officer that his safest plan lay in holding the doorway, where not more than one assailant could reach him at a time. Releasing the would-be knife-user, therefore, he placed his back to the door and stood at bay.

The moment that followed was freighted with suspense. The safe-crackers stood irresolute, measuring the strength and strategic position of the sergeant. Then they made a concerted rush, brandishing their knives.

Northern beat back his assailants with powerful blows, but soon another bite of the knife apprised him how narrow his escape had been.

The sergeant set up a lusty shouting. Immediately afterwards he was sorry that he had raised an alarm, for around another corner streamed a number of villainous-looking "thugs," who rushed to the aid of their confederates.



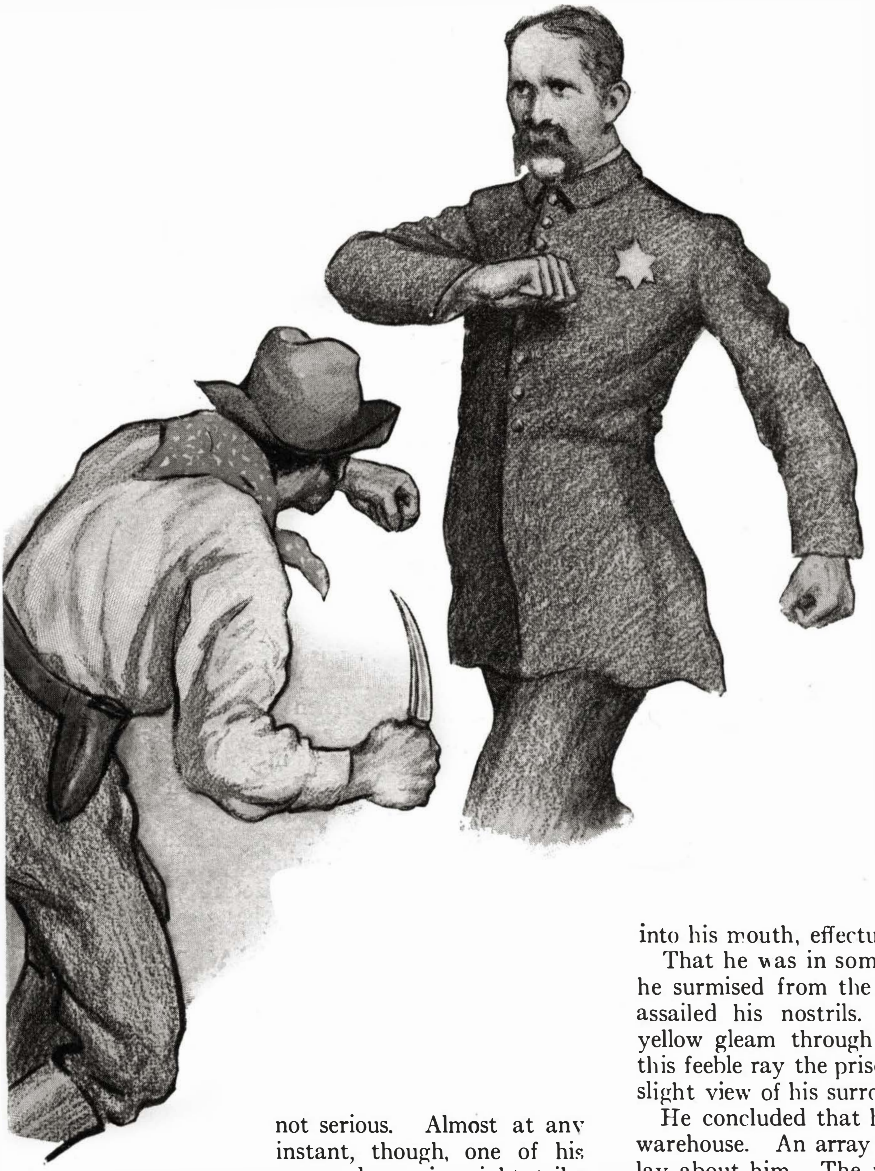
"Then they made a concerted rush, brandishing their knives."

A knife hurtled from somewhere in the crowd. It came so near that had he not dodged it would have buried itself in his head, instead of in the door-casing.

With a shout of defiance Northern jerked the quivering blade from the wood and faced his foes, brandishing a weapon as good as their own. The leader of the onslaught, who had taken advantage of the moment to dash forward, reeled back with a cry of pain.

At this demonstration of the officer's prowess the mob withdrew and held an angry consultation. In a short time, however, they returned to the attack.

Northern had but a confused idea of what followed. He was conscious of dealing and receiving heavy blows, of seeing men go down before his flying fists, and of feeling the sting of a blade more than once. But his undiminished strength told him that the wounds were



not serious. Almost at any instant, though, one of his many adversaries might strike a vital spot and end his life. As yet he had not been dislodged from the doorway.

No firearms had been used, but Northern was rendered uneasy by the feeling that at any moment the struggle might be terminated with a single shot. He hoped that the villains might be restrained from such a course through fear of arousing other officers. This possibility had evidently deterred them since the beginning of the struggle.

As he fought the officer cast about for some avenue of escape, but none presented itself. The space behind the building seemed filled with evil-looking men who hemmed him in on every side. It would have been suicidal to try a rush for safety.

Again Northern set up a loud outcry, and to his joy it was answered by a police-whistle. In that instant of dawning safety, however, the door behind him was jerked open, a stunning blow fell upon the officer's head, and consciousness left him.

When Northern regained his senses his first physical sensation was one of nausea. His head was swimming, his limbs felt numb, and his jaws ached as from protracted strain. He attempted to raise his hands to his face, but those useful members were bound together. His feet, he found, were secured in a like manner. A piece of cloth had been forced into his mouth, effectually gagging him.

That he was in some underground apartment he surmised from the damp, musty odour that assailed his nostrils. A lamp outside sent a yellow gleam through a grating overhead. By this feeble ray the prisoner was enabled to gain a slight view of his surroundings.

He concluded that he was in the cellar of the warehouse. An array of boxes and other *débris* lay about him. The walls were festooned with cobwebs, as was the ceiling. Earth comprised the floor.

The gravity of his position impressed itself forcibly upon Northern's mind. He faced a lingering death from starvation. The thought was horrifying. To perish slowly amid wretched surroundings, bound hand and foot, was too grisly a fate to accept without a struggle.

Furiously the officer fought against his bonds, but his efforts served only to tighten them more firmly, causing excruciating pain to rack his body, rendering him faint and dizzy. Exhausted, he abandoned the task and sank into a semi-stupor. How long he lay in this state he never knew. Probably it was not more than ten minutes, but to him it seemed an age.

He was aroused by footfalls and voices on the sidewalk above. The beat of a policeman's night-stick sounded out. Then the voices and steps passed.

With a groan Northern again strained at his bonds—madly, furiously, like a maniac seeking to break down restraining walls. For the nonce reason was subordinated to a wild desire for freedom.

Failing once more, he relinquished physical effort and gave his mind over to devising some way out of his desperate predicament.

In seeking some means whereby to free himself, his eager eyes fell upon a cask not ten feet away. One of the hoops that girdled it was broken, and a portion of the metal stuck out. If he could only reach this Northern felt that he could sever the bonds which confined his hands, after which the task of removing the gag and freeing his feet would be comparatively easy.

Once free, he believed that he could effect his escape from the cellar. In any event, he reasoned, with his hands and feet unfettered, he would stand a fighting chance. Moreover, he could shout through the grating for assistance. Numerous footfalls along the sidewalk above told him that pedestrians were constantly passing and repassing his prison. Their character, however, was doubtful. Experience told him that it was more than likely his cries would only summon some of the men who had incarcerated him. His position then would be more desperate than ever.

Between the officer and the cask lay numerous bits of *débris*. How to get past them was a problem the solution of which was remote. But he determined to make the effort.

Bracing himself against the nearest object, he propelled his body several feet, coming to a stop against a box, the corner of which bruised him cruelly. The movement, too, set up a cloud of dust which filled his eyes and nostrils, causing him intense suffering.

Resting for a few moments in order that the pain might subside, he managed to progress a few feet farther. This advance was made with less hardship, and Northern's hopes rose. After another interval of rest he moved closer and closer, and at last reached the barrel.

The cask lay upon its side, the hoop protruding at an angle of several degrees. Lying upon his back, the officer hooked his wrists over the bit of metal and began drawing the ropes backward and forward along the jagged edge.

It must have been an hour before the first strand was cut through, but after that the work was easier. Strand after strand parted, until at length the bonds dropped from his bleeding wrists. Then he tore the gag from his mouth and severed the cords which confined his ankles. Gradually he restored circulation to his cramped limbs. Finally he was able to reach the grating and peer out into the thoroughfare.

There was not a policeman in sight, or, for that matter, anyone else to whom he felt safe in applying for aid.

Depressed, Northern withdrew to the centre of the cellar and cast about for something with which to batter down the door. Nothing that would prove effective could be found.

At this moment the door opened, admitting three men, who immediately sprang upon the prisoner. In his weakened state poor Northern fell an easy victim to their strength and numbers, and after a brief struggle he found himself trussed up more tightly than ever.

The trio bore into the cellar a coffin-like box. Into this suggestive-looking receptacle the police-officer was unceremoniously dumped. The lid was put in place, and the men began nailing it down.

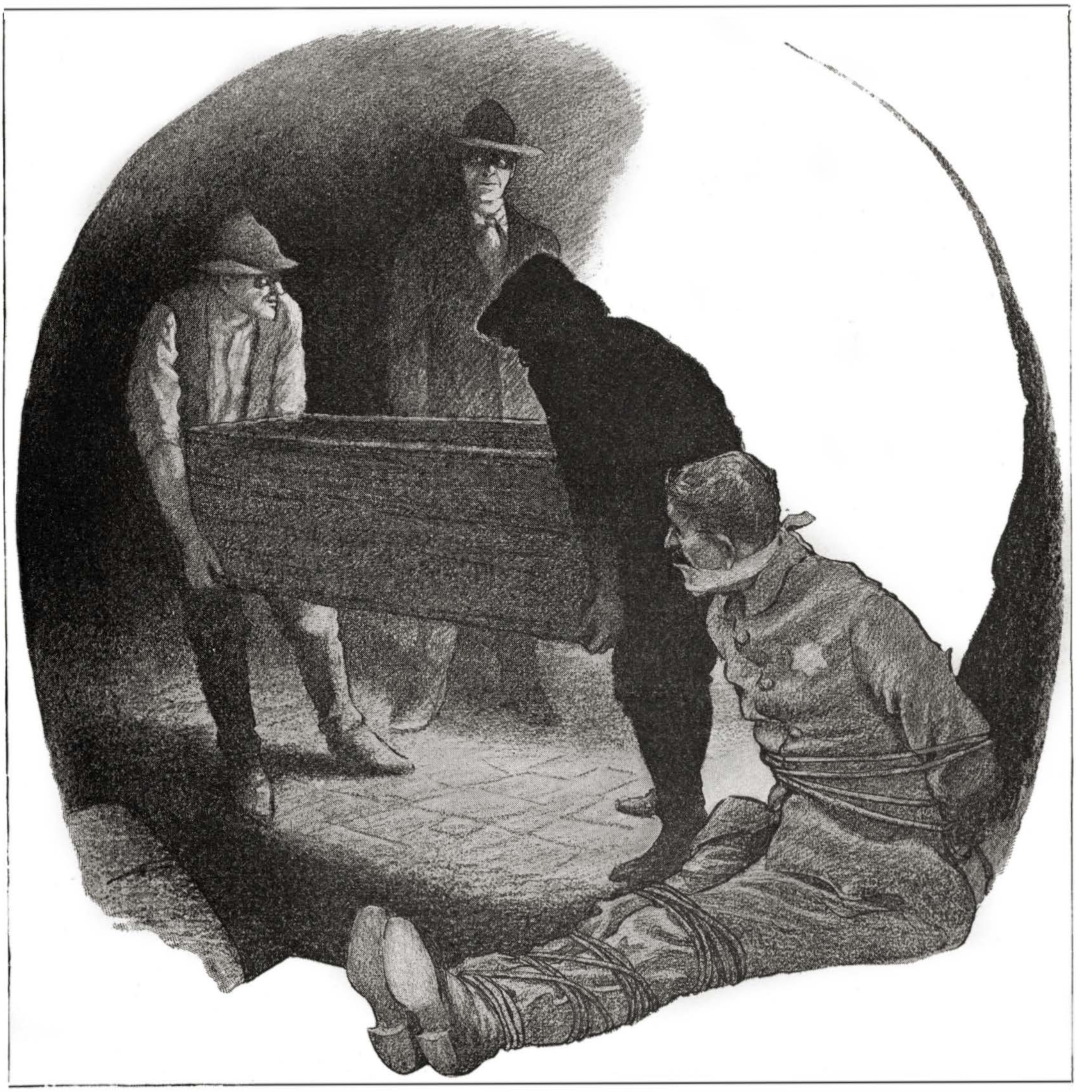
When the last nail was driven home the box was lifted and Northern felt himself being borne up a flight of stairs. Then the box was shoved along an elevated surface. The sound of pawing hoofs told him that he was in a wagon, and the next minute the vehicle was driven rapidly away.

The initial sensation of fear which had assailed the unfortunate officer returned with renewed force. He found himself conjecturing what his fate would be. Did the wretches mean to convey the box to the bay and sink it in the dark waters? The thought was horrifying. Northern remembered his wife and babies awaiting him at home, and his courage almost forsook him.

The gruesome ride seemed interminable. His cramped position and the reopened wounds on his body made each moment a period of increased torture. After a time, however, the pace of the horses was moderated. This, together with sounds which drifted to him from without, led the officer to infer that the outskirts of the town had been reached.

At length the wagon stopped, and the box was jerked to the ground with a thud which made Northern thankful for the gag which held his teeth apart.

Almost immediately his narrow prison was lifted and carried a few paces, after which Northern felt himself being lowered. In a moment the box came to a stop and soon afterwards clods of earth began falling upon the boards above his face.



"They bore into the cellar a coffin-like box."

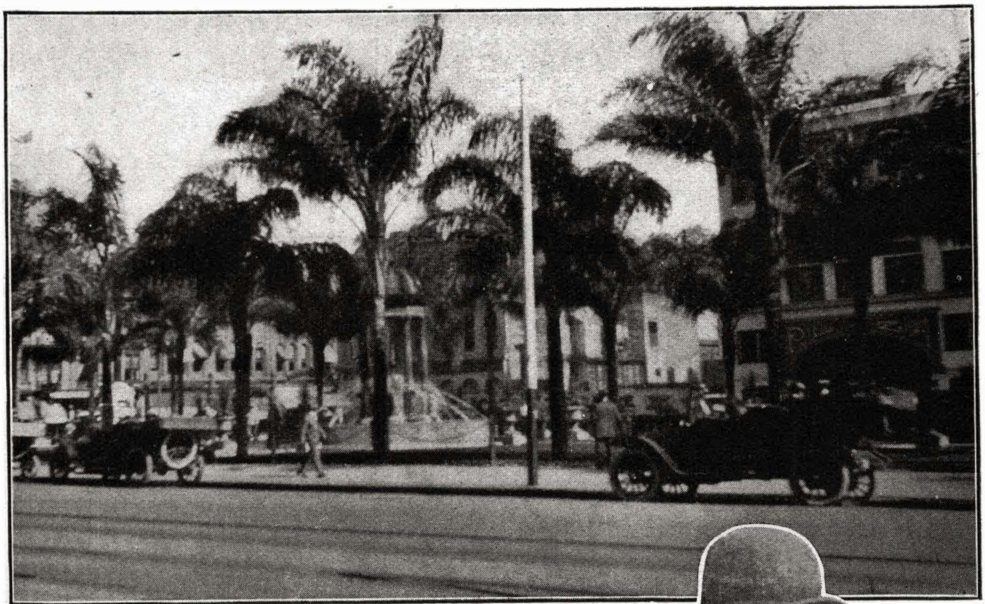
The fiends were burying him alive!

A shudder of horror convulsed Northern's frame. In that moment he surrendered all hope.

Then came the music of wild shouts. The thudding of horses' hoofs, shots, and cries of pain awoke the night. Earth ceased to fall upon the improvised coffin, and after a time the policeman felt himself drawn from the grave. In another moment the lid was torn from the box and he beheld the friendly countenances of several cowboys.

The men, riding out of San Diego after a "spree," had seen Northern's captors at their fiendish task, suspected mischief, and had come near to investigate, when the criminals opened fire and fled. The cowboys' anger at hearing the officer's story was intense, and the entire band immediately scattered in pursuit of the miscreants, who one by one were shot down or made captive. Among the former was the chief of the "Terrible Fifteen," the man who had previously escaped. The surviving safe-crackers were given prison sentences commensurate with their crimes.

Northern's next notable adventure was with a band of criminals known as "Back-breakers." The rendezvous of this organization was a notorious resort in San Diego's underworld known as the "Tub of Blood." Victims were grasped from behind by one of the "Back-breakers," who placed



The Plaza, San Diego—Here, in the early days of the West, scores of sanguinary affrays took place.

a knee to the small of the back and a hand beneath the chin, holding the subject in chancery, so to speak, while a confederate secured his valuables. Several men suffered broken backs through the activities of these miscreants—hence their name. The proprietor of the saloon aided the "crooks," and it was well-nigh impossible to fasten their crimes upon them. Northern, however, determined to end their reign of terror.

A favourite plan of the "Back-breakers" was to attack intoxicated men in the rear of one or the other of the resorts which lined streets of the more lawless quarter. Sailors who imbibed more liquor than was good for them were wont to frequent these places until late hours. The villainous proprietors would invariably insist that they should depart by rear entrances in order to avoid arrest. Usually the men complied, when they were promptly "back-broken" and robbed.

Aware of this scheme, Northern lay in wait in the rear of the "Tub of Blood," after having seen in the place a big Swede with a roll of money and a surplus of whisky.

Promptly at midnight the intended victim was steered solicitously through the rear doorway of the place, and as he staggered across the yard two of the "Back-breakers" assailed him, securing his money and leaving him groaning and helpless on the ground.

Northern felled one of the assailants with a blow from the butt of his revolver, but the other, having the money in his possession,

Mr. Northern as he appeared in the first uniform worn by the San Diego police.

dashed into the saloon and upstairs. Northern followed, overtaking the fugitive, a huge negro, on the second landing of the stairway, where a desperate struggle took place. It ended in the negro finding himself manacled. He served fifteen years in the State prison.

As a strange sequel to the half-forgotten horrors connected with the "Tub of Blood," its former proprietor, well-known on the Pacific Coast as "King of the Stingaree,"* was arrested recently by Federal officers in what appeared to be a respectable hotel. In his apartments were found a complete opium-smoking "lay-out" and almost every conceivable gambling device. He had operated this den, unsuspected by the police, for several years. Customs inspectors, connecting him with smuggling operations, brought about his downfall.

Northern had another narrow escape from death one night when he attempted to arrest a drink-crazed Mexican who ran amok in a theatre, driving the patrons in terrified flight to the street before a long-bladed knife which he wielded viciously. The officer was passing the playhouse when the desperado emerged, slashing madly at everyone within reach, and sought to disarm him. The fight that followed was the most desperate single-handed encounter in which Northern ever participated. His uniform was cut to ribbons and he sustained several severe wounds. This, however, did not deter him from conquering the Mexican and bearing him in triumph to jail.

A search for three footpads, wanted by the police on the charge of having robbed a wealthy merchant, led Northern into desperate peril. He trailed the trio to the Santa Fé freight-yards, coming upon one of them near the end of a car which stood on a siding. The ruffian struck him a heavy blow on the shoulder with a sand-bag, causing his revolver to fly from his hand. Ere he could recover, the other, who had been concealed behind the car, sprang upon him. He was being worsted when, by a lucky chance, he tripped one of his assailants, who, in falling, upset a companion, leaving Northern for the moment with but one adversary to face. This brief respite enabled the policeman to recover his six-shooter and become master of the situation.

Aided by a fellow-roundsman, Northern captured twenty "bad men" who were engaged in demolishing the interior of a saloon. The battle was raging furiously when the officers appeared. Without hesitation they plunged into the *mêlée*, wielding their heavy night-sticks. During the fight that followed Northern came near losing his life.

While an unerring marksman, the thought of taking human life always repelled Northern, and many times he has been near death through failure to shoot to kill.

Upon one occasion a negro footpad assailed and robbed a man almost under the eyes of Northern and his partner on the "beat," afterwards bolting up a dark alleyway. Chase proved futile, and, chagrined by the clever and daring manner in which they had been outwitted, the officers determined to make an example of the impudent rascal. Early on the following morning Northern succeeded in capturing him as he skulked from his lair in a disreputable part of the town. Emboldened by his former success, the black dashed for liberty. Unable to overtake the fleet-footed fugitive Northern fired, the bullet grazing the negro's skull and bringing him to earth.

The officer has saved scores of human lives through his ability to place a bullet practically at will. One night, while passing a piece of ground on which a quantity of lumber had been stacked, he heard a cry of pain, the sound of a blow, and a fall. Dashing into the semi-gloom of the place, Northern beheld a man bending over the prostrate form of a woman with knife poised for a death-thrust. Too far away to reach the scene of the impending tragedy, Northern fired, the bullet from his long Colt's six-shooter breaking the blade.

Among Northern's prized possessions is a pair of chain-nippers, or "come-alongs," as they are known in police parlance. These were broken many times by desperadoes whom the officer had occasion to arrest. One of these instances is worth relating.

During the earlier years when Northern was a police-officer, California—and, in fact, the entire West and South-West—held men of disconcerting marksmanship and scant regard for human life, known as "sheriff-killers." These individuals were addicted to strong drink, accompanied by an irresistible impulse to "shoot up" the particular town they selected as the scene of their orgies. Objection to their particular brand of diversion usually took the form of attempts at arrest by indiscreet sheriffs, who immediately thereafter became objects of mortuary expense to relatives or friends. In the back country of San Diego county there lived a notable example of this type known as "Frenchy."

It had for years been the habit of this individual to tear through the principal thoroughfares of San Diego, shooting out lights, snipping heels and buttons off his victims' boots and clothes, and in other ways deporting himself after accepted traditions of the "Wild West" as established by a brand of lurid fiction popular among boys. "Frenchy" had all the officers on the force intimidated when Northern became patrolman. Shortly thereafter, however, his pride received a salutary shock.

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* The most lawless quarter of San Diego.

Northern had been a member of the police-force only three weeks when "Frenchy," astride a tough little bronco, came racing through town, following a trail of bullets emanating from two six-shooters which he was operating after the "double-roll" system. He headed for the worst district in San Diego, dismounted in the centre of a court, and proceeded to enliven the quarter with lurid language and expert gun-play.

Patrolman Northern was summoned. He arrived to find "Frenchy" brandishing a "gun" in either hand and hurling profane defiance at the majesty of the law as represented by one Frank W. Northern.

"*Sacre!*" he shouted. "I'm thirsty for blood! I come in San Diego to git me new, fresh policeman!"

Northern's reply was neither elegant nor conciliatory. Keeping up a running fire of violent conversation with the desperado, he advanced to the centre of the court. Then, before he fully realized what was happening to him, "Frenchy" found himself gunless and manacled. The cold steel on his wrists speedily brought a comprehension of his plight, and he began to struggle. The half-hour battle which followed is a tradition in San Diego police circles.

Worn out, the baffled man finally permitted himself to be led jailward. On the way, however, he experienced a change of heart. With a lunge he snapped the nippers and fled.

Northern fired one shot, which snipped the heel from one of "Frenchy's" riding-boots and brought him to earth. This display of marksmanship convinced the chastened "sheriff-killer" that he had met his master, and he was locked up without further resistance.

Another "bad man" who succeeded "Frenchy" in San Diego was a quarrelsome rancher who periodically "shot up" the town and drove law-abiding citizens to cover under a fire of lead and profanity. He, too, fell before Northern.

The rancher drove into town one day, ran down a Mexican child, horse-whipped its mother because she remonstrated, and otherwise made himself obnoxious. Northern interrupted the horse-whipping exhibition and landed the man behind bars, after the prized nippers had again been broken.

Towards the latter part of Northern's period of service as an officer of the law an ordinance was passed by the city council of San Diego compelling all saloons to close at midnight. From that hour until six o'clock the following morning the city was an arid waste for thirsty pilgrims. To relieve this distress some enterprising individual opened a restaurant known as the Café Royale. His principal patronage, of course, came after midnight, and the brand of coffee he served became so popular that the place was nicknamed the "Coffee Royal." When Northern discovered that there was a strong "stick" of red liquor in each cup of the beverage the popularity was accounted for. He discovered at the same time that a faro game was run in connection with the place.

Frequenters of the *café* gave the police more trouble than all the other evil characters in town, and Northern resolved to close the establishment. Accompanied by a fellow-officer, he descended upon the restaurant one morning, captured thirty gamblers, and relieved them of exactly half a bushel of pistols and knives.

A class of law-breakers who infested San Diego for years were known as "Rollers." Their mode of operation was to rob intoxicated men and women whom they found lying in the streets and alleyways.

Northern, in an effort to break up this practice, induced a friend to feign intoxication near the mouth of an alley. While this friend lay apparently intoxicated, the officer concealed himself far up the alleyway at a point from which he could view everything that transpired on the sidewalk, himself remaining unseen. A pair of "Rollers" soon arrived upon the scene, "rolled" his friend, and removed a watch and wallet from his pockets. While this process of looting was under way Northern swooped down upon the twain and made them prisoners. One of the men subsequently confessed to having committed murder in a suburban town.

An instance of life in the old South-West which Northern narrates is especially gruesome. A *vaquero* and a cowboy became enamoured of the same Mexican *señorita*, and decided to fight a duel with bull-whips to decide the rivalry. They met on the *plaza*, and the battle which followed beggars description. It ended in the cowboy killing the *vaquero* with a well-directed blow from his heavy lash. The *señorita* duly married the cowboy, and still resides in San Diego, although the man who won her at such terrible cost is dead.

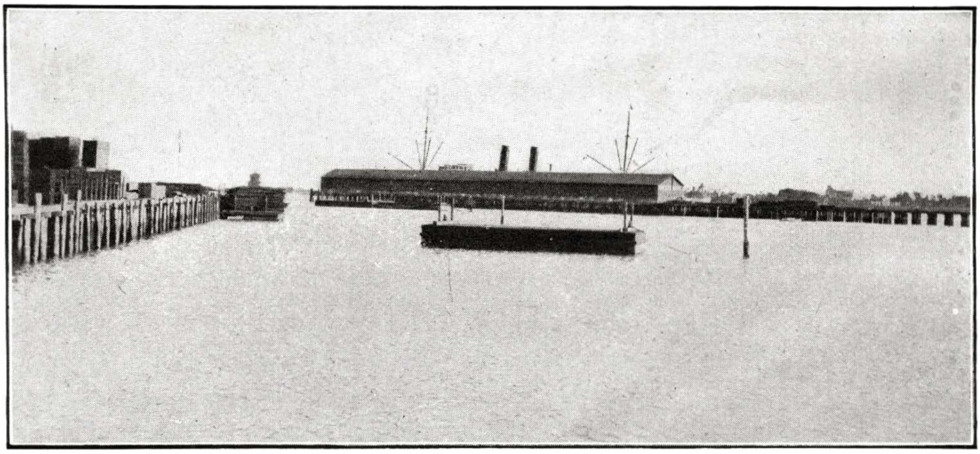
Gambling was rampant in San Diego during the 'eighties. Thousands of dollars changed hands over the gaming-tables. Lotteries and gambling games, with the chances all against the players, were to be found on every hand. The men who ran the establishments, when officers finally intruded upon their precincts, removed to less conspicuous quarters. What had been a brazen daylight iniquity became a skulking thing of the night.

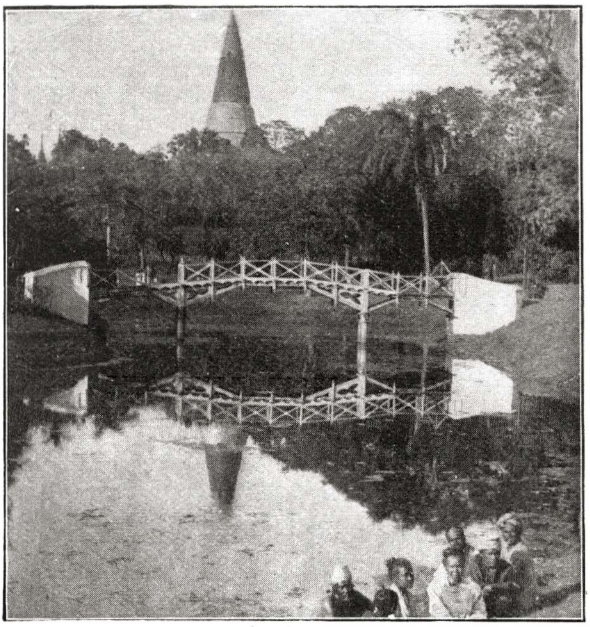
Failing to kill Northern, the lawless ones sought to bribe him. During a raid on a lottery-house the proprietor offered the officer five hundred dollars to release him. Bribe after bribe was offered and refused, and the propositions cost the gambler six months in jail. Another gambler, known as "Sure-Thing Johnny," offered Northern fifty dollars a week to warn him of contemplated raids. The result of this offer was the closing of "Johnny's" establishment.

Northern was appointed to the San Diego police-force in the spring of 1887. Later he was made sergeant and afterwards acting chief of police. During his period of service he passed through more thrilling and perilous experiences than falls to the lot of one man in a million. His close contact with the darker side of life, however, did not destroy his optimism, and, better still, did not weaken his sense of moral responsibility. He did more for the community than merely to bring about and maintain order. He made friends among wretched victims of the opium habit, and to-day there are scores of redeemed men and women who bless him for helping them to renounce the soul-sapping drug. Upon every occasion he demonstrated that he was absolutely uncorruptible.

A prominent jurist in San Diego is authority for the statement that had Northern been susceptible to bribes he could easily have accumulated a fortune. As it is, he owns a cosy home, some real estate from which he derives a modest income, has half-pay as a retired sergeant of police, a remunerative position as special officer for a large business concern, and—what counts for more—a clear conscience. With these rewards of a well-spent life he is quite content.

(Since the above was written the San Diego Police Department has presented Northern with a handsome gold badge of honour, suitably inscribed, as an appreciation of his many years of faithful service.)


The Santa Fé Wharf, San Diego, where Northern won his appointment to the police-force.



The fortress garden at Rangoon—The Shway Dagon Pagoda, the scene of this remarkable incident, is seen in the distance.

Photo. by Underwood & Underwood.

THE TALE OF A TIGER.

By D. DAVIDSON.

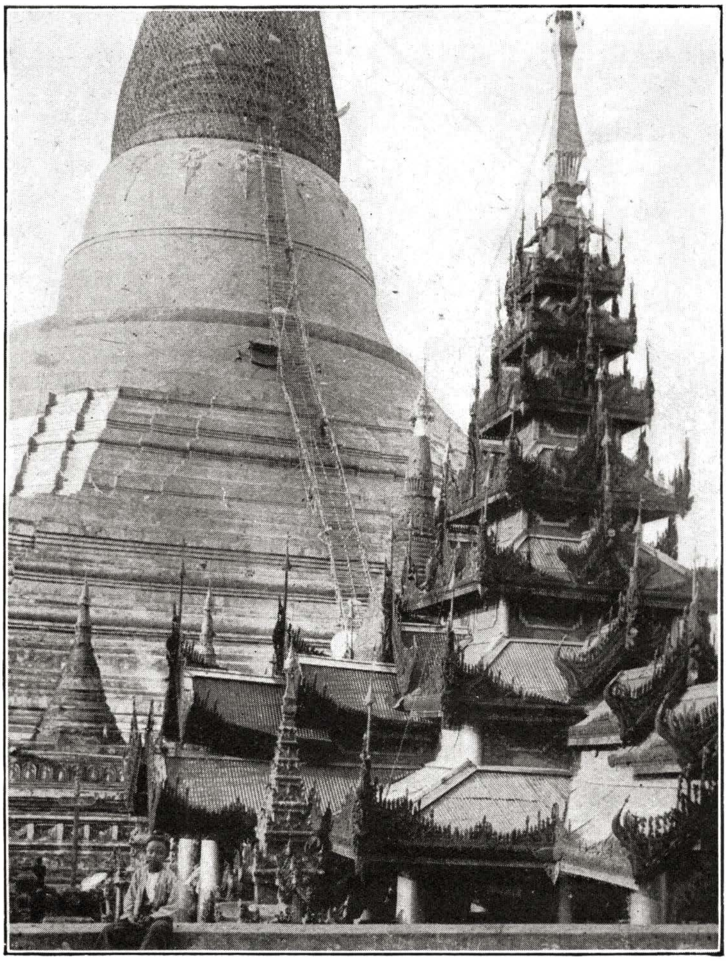
ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

The story of an extraordinary affair that happened at Rangoon, in Burma.

AN amazing incident, illustrating one of the most curious and unaccountable vagaries of wild animals that have ever taken place under the very eyes and to the certain knowledge of white men, occurred about twelve years or so ago in the far-off province of Burma. So extraordinary is it that some readers may be disinclined to believe the story. But I was in Burma at the time, was an eye-witness of some of the events here recorded, and can refer the incredulous to contemporary records in the newspapers of that part of the world.

Rangoon, the capital of Burma, a most progressive and wideawake city, has a population of something like half a million. The principal temple of the city, and the scene of this remarkable incident, is the great Shway Dagon Pagoda, one of the wonders of the world.

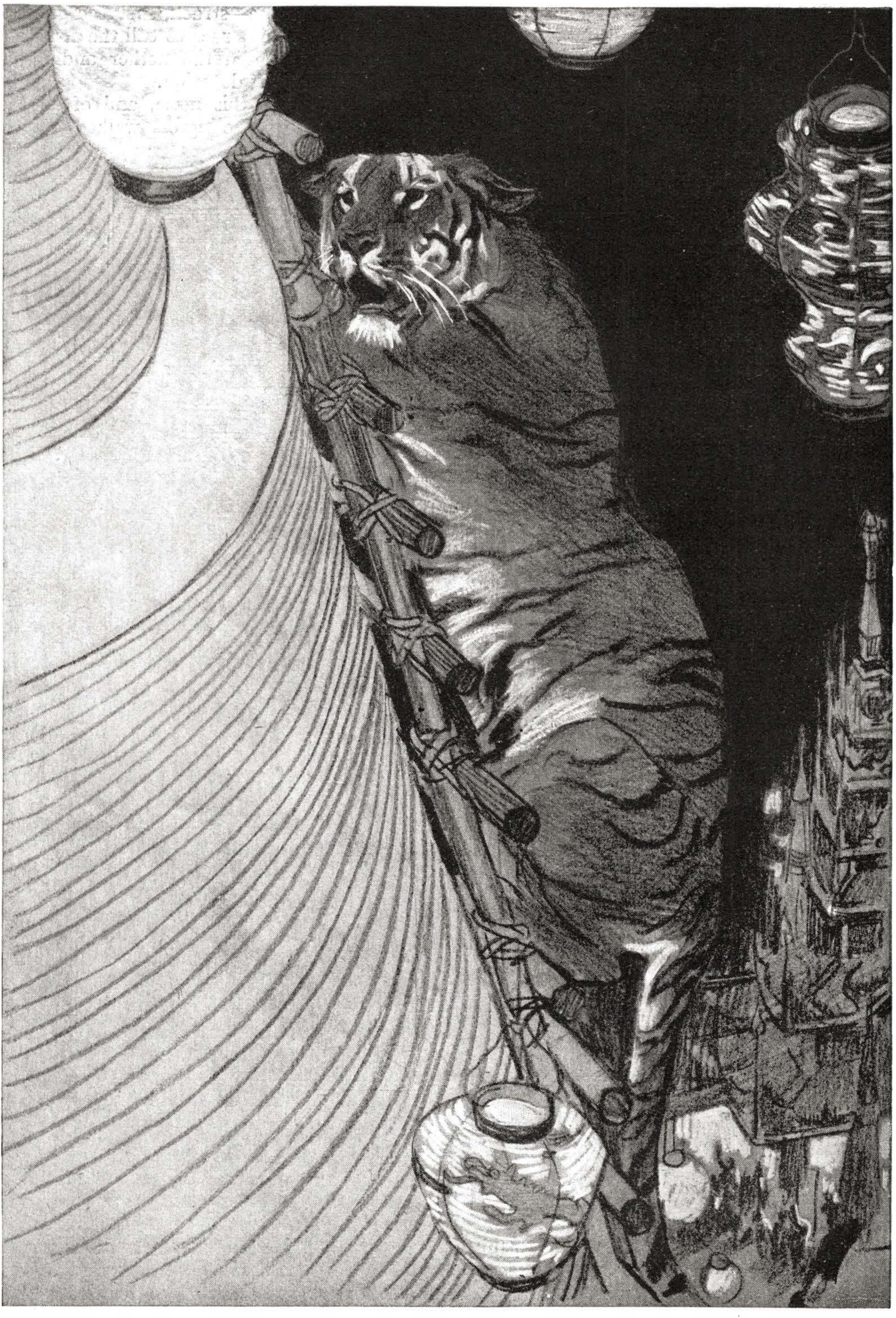
One fine night in February a large tigress entered the outskirts of the big town and wended her way, without turning to the right hand or the left, to this great pagoda. A deep dried-up moat surrounds the hill on the crest of which the pagoda stands, and as soon as the tigress reached it she leapt down into it without a moment's hesitation. After repeated failures, which meant each time a heavy fall back into the moat, she at last succeeded in jumping and scrambling up the farther side, perpendicular though it was, and faced with brick for nearly twenty feet. This in itself was no small achievement for such a heavy animal. She then walked quietly and deliberately through the temple precincts. The courtyard was at the time crowded with worshippers, in all sorts of gay costumes. It was also ablaze with many-coloured lights, and perfumed with incense and other less delightful odours; while every few moments some priest or layman walked up to one or other of the huge gongs or bells standing round the court of the temple and, taking down a stag's horn—hung near for the purpose—struck, first the ground, and then the gong, in order to call the attention of the spirits, both in the nether and upper worlds, to his acts of devotion.



The Shway Dagon Pagoda, showing the bamboo scaffolding by means of which the tiger ascended to his lofty perch.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Regardless of all this noise, and of all the throng and glitter, the tigress walked quietly through the crowd, and to the amazement of the terrified worshippers, who could hardly tell whether they were dreaming or whether visions were about, began to climb up an enormous bamboo scaffolding on which numberless Chinese lanterns were swinging. This scaffolding had been erected for the purpose of regilding the spire of the pagoda, and the lighted lanterns



"The tiger climbed up an enormous scaffolding, on which numberless Chinese lanterns were swinging."

swinging on it at night presented a striking and beautiful spectacle for many miles around. When the strange worshipper had ascended about two hundred feet, she sprang on to a ledge of the spire and calmly lay down to sleep!

A short description of the pagoda and its environment may give some idea of the extraordinary audacity of this proceeding. To start with, it is on the top of the only hill in Rangoon; it is approached by four great entrances—north, south, east, and west; and it is completely encircled by the moat or trench before mentioned. The pagoda proper—that is to say, the spire—is a huge structure of solid masonry, with a broad, deep base, the whole somewhat resembling a wine-decanter in shape.

A great niche in the base contains a statue of Buddha, while at the top of the spire is fixed a sacred *hptee*, or umbrella, shading a golden peacock studded with glittering jewels. Round the edge of the umbrella are little golden bells that can sometimes be heard tinkling faintly in the breeze. These sacred emblems are almost, if not quite, invisible from the ground, and no wonder, for some conception of the enormous height and magnificence of the whole edifice may be gathered from the fact that the *hptee* on the top is a hundred feet higher than the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. From top to bottom this enormous pile is thickly overlaid with gold-leaf, and in many places with solid gold plates. Flashing in the sunshine, it can be seen by ships out at sea long before any other part of the great city becomes visible. The whole temple, with its great courtyard and wonderful approaches, has been a world's wonder for more than fourteen centuries.

The long terraces and flights of steps leading to the courtyard of the pagoda are roofed in by tier after tier of small pagoda-shaped gables, made of beautifully-carved teak, and supported by pillars. Night and day the courtyard and all the approaches are thronged with priests in brilliant orange-hued robes, citron-robed bald-headed nuns, worshippers clad in silks of all colours of the rainbow, beggars, cripples, and sellers of fruit, toys, and trinkets; so it can be clearly seen how determined the tigress must have been to pay her devotions to the great Buddha when she dauntlessly faced such a tumult and such a gorgeous display of colour and light. Indeed, the whole incident created as much sensation among the religious Buddhist community of Rangoon as would the unheralded advent of a pterodactyl amongst a devout London congregation, supposing one were to flap up the aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral during Divine service and calmly survey the congregation from a perch upon the lectern.

In the Shway Dagon pagoda the only cool and unperturbed creature at the time appeared to be the tigress herself. The human worshippers fled in terror, and promptly sought the aid of the military to slay or evict the intruder. Only one officer, a major in the Indian Army, whose name, unfortunately, I cannot now recall, believed their seemingly incredible story, and, with a few sepoys, came early in the morning to the scene of the miracle. He climbed on to the roof of the nearest house and ordered the soldiers to fire a volley at the ledge on which the tigress was said to be lying asleep. They did so, and when she rose up the major shot her dead with his Express rifle.

Thus, save for one touch of truly Oriental colour, ends this short account of one of the most weird and curious things that ever happened in the animal world. A vagabond of a Hindu, knowing, perhaps, the Burmese religious cult and belief in spirits and in the transmigration of souls, had a sort of fit and fell down, exclaiming that the *nat*, or spirit of the departed soul which had dwelt in the body of the tigress, and had compelled her to go and worship in the pagoda, had now entered into *him!* He then squatted complacently under the nearest palm tree, folded his hands in true Buddhist fashion across his abdomen, and sat absorbed in thought.

The Burmese immediately considered him as thereby rendered supernatural, and inhabited by a *nat*—whether a bad one or a good one they knew not; but, in order to be on the safe side, they brought offerings of fruit, food, candles, and flowers, and laid them reverently before him. For all I know to the contrary, he may be living to this day—a silent object of veneration on the part of the Burmese, and of suspicion, perhaps even ridicule, on the part of the British rulers of the country.

THE WANDERINGS OF AN ENTERTAINER.

By ROBERT GANTHONY.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. GILL.

As an actor, entertainer, and humorist Mr. Robert Ganthony is known all over the world, either personally or through the medium of his numerous plays, books, and songs. In the following chatty narrative he relates some of his experiences—amusing, curious, and exciting—during an eventful tour, which covered the Bermudas, Canada, and British Columbia.

III.

AS we approached the Rockies the "moving pictures" seen through the large plate-glass windows of the dining-car of the train were no longer the familiar broad expanse of wheat-fields and prairie, but rugged, mountainous scenery of a decidedly Alpine character.

It was the beginning of spring when we neared the Pacific, and the water, held in the cold embrace of winter, was awakening and making desperate attempts to free itself, rushing under and over the ice in a boiling, seething current. In some places the logs of cut timber were still fixed fast in the ice; at others they were being tossed hither and thither.

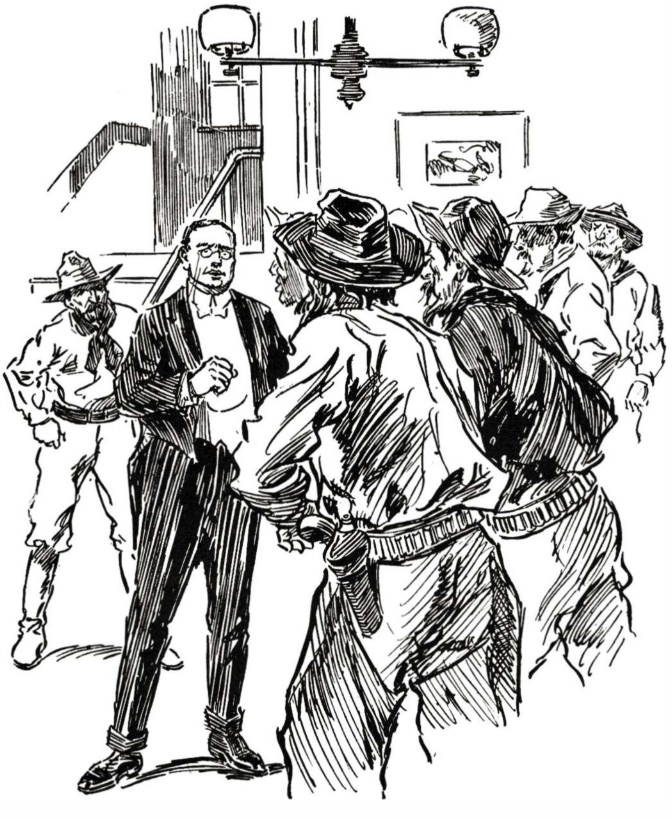
Just as the sun was setting one day we pulled up at a saw-mill to deliver food to the "lumber Jacks." It was a scene I shall not readily forget. The dark fir trees on the mountain slopes stood out boldly against the white snow, while the distant snow-covered peaks were suffused with a delicate pink. A mountain river wrestled with the ice-embedded trunks and tried to force them down to the mills, the boiling water catching the moonlight and looking for all the world like streaks of silver. An enormous bonfire of saw-dust and chips added a golden glow to the picture and emphasized the athletic figures of the working lumber-men. The scent of the pine-woods filled the air, and it seemed to us that these Rocky Mountain lumber camps must be the healthiest workshops in the world.

We found Cranbrook, our destination, a solidly-built and prosperous town with up-to-date hotels and a magnificent opera-house, where we had a capital reception. The next place, however, was one to which we should never have been sent. It was nothing more than a village consisting of dilapidated houses inhabited by a lot of ruffians who worked a silver mine that went under Lake Moyie, from which the place derived its name. Unfortunately, we arrived here on the Saturday, and had to entertain an audience that consisted for the most part of half-drunken miners. It is a curious fact that no one thinks he knows better what an entertainment should be like than the ignorant boor, and here was I landed in a town full of these creatures, with no possible means of escape, the position rendered the more delicate through the presence of ladies in the party.

Our first trouble was to secure accommodation. The ladies refused to go into the hotels, and took lodgings. My manager and his wife secured rooms at an "hotel," and experienced the time of their lives. The paper hung in strips from the walls of their bedroom, the food was uneatable, the attendance *nil*, and the hotel patrons decidedly hostile. I took refuge at a small hotel kept by a French-Canadian, and, though it was anything but luxurious, or even comfortable, it was the best accommodation I could secure.

The popular verdict on our performance was that we ought to be shot for swindling, and as an angry crowd waited outside the hall, presumably for that amiable purpose, things looked black. Acting on my advice, our manager got a body-guard together, and in this way the ladies, who had become genuinely frightened, were escorted to their temporary homes. I had my packing to do, and was left in the building alone. Having finished my work, I opened the stage door, prepared for an angry mob of half-drunken miners, but found the streets deserted, so I locked the door, lit a cigar, selected the middle of the road, and walked back to the hotel. Entering the vestibule, I found a crowd of those who disagreed with my notions of art. The mutterings and offensive language grew so loud that I turned and faced them, and, having no audience to consider, gave them a piece of my mind.

"You have no right," I said, "to blame me or insult the ladies because you are unable to understand or appreciate the entertainment. The people you should blame are those who, knowing the class of entertainment I give, booked me here. Where I play makes no difference to me financially, so I suffer in mind by coming here, and gain nothing in pocket. I didn't come here to be criticized, but to give you an opportunity of seeing a show that has met with the highest approval in your own cities of Ottawa, Montreal, and Toronto, in addition to such places as New York, London, and Paris. If one of the criticisms published is not accurate, you have a right to accuse me of fraud; but as they are exactly what the papers said you have no right to suggest misrepresentation or fraud, and you may take it from me that the fault is with you and your incapacity to appreciate what is good. Have you anything to say?"


"I gave them a piece of my mind."

They had nothing to say, so I went up to my bedroom tired and disgusted. As I got into bed something sharp stuck in my back, which, in my then excited state of mind, I thought must be a bomb; but as I did not feel myself being blown to atoms I got up, lit a candle, and, to my astonishment, discovered the object to be a well-cooked mutton chop. Next morning there was a scratching at my bedroom door, and when I opened it a large dog walked in, with an angry expression on his face. He sniffed around for a few seconds, and then seized on the chop, which I had placed on a chair, and left with a growl of discontent. My curiosity being aroused. I watched the animal enter a bedroom lower down the corridor, where he carefully buried the chop under the sheets of a newly-made bed.

When the train dumps you out at a place like Moyie you are at the mercy of its inhabitants till another train condescends to take you away, and for this we had to wait until Monday morning. A ragged urchin carried my bag across the road, and demanded a dollar for the service. This was a preposterous charge, but an ugly-looking gang had come with him, prepared to have a row on the platform, so I thought it wise to take the wind out of their sails by saying: "A dollar! A dollar is not enough. You have carried my bag right across the road. Here are two dollars, my lad, and thank you." I threw away about five shillings, but I think it was worth it, if only to see the amazed expression on the rascals' faces.

Our next objective was Nelson, on the other side of Lake Kootenay, which we reached by steamer. The lake was covered with drift ice, through which our boat had to push its way. The scenery was most impressive, great mountains, with peaks covered with snow, rising almost sheer out of the water. It was growing dark as we rounded a small peninsula and Nelson came into view, a blaze of light. It reminded us of Medicine Hat, where gas costs practically nothing; but here at Nelson they went one better, for the illuminant was electricity, the power being obtained from the Salmon River Falls, just above the town. I stumbled across several houses, within ear-shot of wolf-howls, that were not only lighted and heated by electricity, but employed this power for doing all the household work—cooking, washing, and driving the sewing-machine! We had a good time in Nelson, and it was with some reluctance that we had to hurry away by train for Slocum City, so that we could catch the steamer connection there for New Denver.

To judge by the reception given to visitors, all Slocum seemed to desire was that those who arrived by train should leave as soon as they could by boat and *vice versâ*. For some reason or other our steamer was not quite ready to start when we arrived from Nelson, so my manager and I inspected the city, which was soon done. I then offered to stand him a cocktail, and we went in search of this alluring drink. Two of the hotels didn't know how to make one, and on asking at the third, where we were told we could get one, we found that we had called on the wrong day, as the barman had gone off for a day's shooting!

The so-called hotels were little more than wooden shanties, being nothing but drinking saloons, which did not seem so unnatural in this wild region; but the town-hall made us regret we had no camera with us. Imagine a tumble-down cottage, with a front door partly off its hinges. In the door there was accommodation for two strips of glass, one of which remained but the other had gone, its place being taken by a piece of discarded red flannel shirt, held in position by a few nails. Over the door, in faded white letters roughly printed, was inscribed "Town-Hall." The windows were so dirty that blinds could be dispensed with, but one room—evidently that in which the city's business was transacted—had a blind made from the residue of the shirt that filled the unglazed pane of the door. This odd curtain hung from a piece of rope tied across the window, and was only discovered with difficulty, as the blind and window were about the same tint.

There may have been women residents in this city, but we did not notice them, although we saw practically the entire population when the boat started, as the people, apparently, have only one occupation—the arrival and departure of boat and train. This queer town was situated in ideal scenery, backed by mountains and facing the lake. To right and left were other mountains.

New Denver was larger than Slocum, but instead of being backed by precipitous mountains it was built on a peninsula with a small bay bitten out of it. The pier was at the point of the peninsula, from which a sidewalk of logs led to the city and its one hotel, behind which was a bunch of stores, at the back of which, in the only turning the city possessed, was the opera-house.

A couple of scene-painters had "done" Canada by painting act-drops for every hall they visited—and fearsome things they were. These travelling artists had studied the old masters, and imitated those pictures where there is a battle going on in one corner, some maidens dancing in another, a man ploughing in a third, and—space permitting—a man shooting deer, or fishing. They had followed this idea with Canadian environment. There were Indians in full war-paint, buffaloes, mountain sheep and deer being slaughtered, harvesting scenes, and other equally daring subjects. In every instance, however, the hall proprietor considered he had got value for money, so everybody was satisfied.

We gave our show at New Denver, and then hastened on westward to Revelstoke. It was raining when we arrived here, and, being late, we had to drive through it on sleighs to the opera-house. This was a handsome building, with dressing-rooms, and we much appreciated the wood fires by which they were heated. The manager came from Kennington, London, and his one ambition was to return. He had done well as a fruit-tree farmer, owned a lot of land, several houses, and the hall where we played, and was a person of importance in the place. He told me how he had worked up a business by growing and selling young fruit trees to the farmers of British Columbia. One season a hustling Yankee went ahead of him and undersold him everywhere. He thought his business was ruined until the spring came, when the farmers discovered that the American had sold them forest saplings, which they had, with much labour, planted out! After that there was only one man they bought trees from, and that was our Cockney friend, who ran the opera-house as an adjunct to arboriculture.

Just after midnight we strolled down to the railway depot, with the intention of taking the freight train to Sicamous Junction, where we were to join the ordinary train for Vernon. We understood that a Pullman car would be attached to the train, and you can imagine our disgust when we found that we had to make the journey in a caboose—a crude, evil-smelling van fitted with a stove. The brakesman showed us its appointments as though it were a London West-end flat. For sleeping, there were on each side two large painted boxes, from which he procured, with evident pride, a number of old horse-blankets, which, together with the boxes, were to be our beds. The smell of a motor-omnibus, a fried-fish shop, a collection of newly-tarred coal sacks, and the cabin of a Channel steamer during a rough passage—all these perfumes mingled in the odour exhaled by that caboose, which was hermetically sealed, as the night was cold.

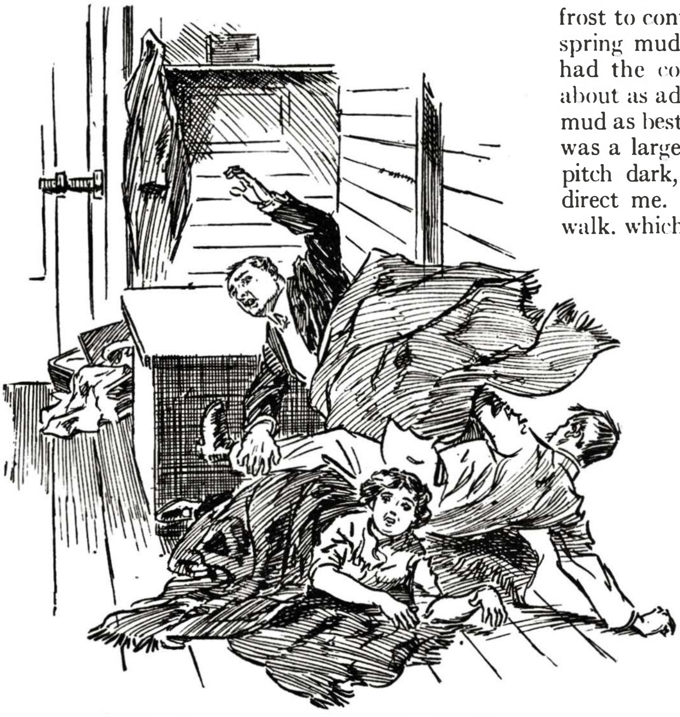
The brakesman suggested another lamp, and, thinking it would enable us to see one another, I agreed, whereupon a further odour of rancid oil was added to the atmosphere. Some more coke was added to the stove, and then the brakesman departed, taking with him the smell of a pipe that ought to have been thrown away the year previously.

The company now wrapped themselves in their blankets—which looked as though they had been made by the Government for the Indians and intercepted on their way to the reservation—and went to bed. The manager's wife lay on one box, her husband next to her, and I beside him, while the other ladies occupied the remaining box. Tired out, we were soon asleep, and no sooner were we asleep than the train started—

and started us at the same time by a series of crashes as the locomotive dragged the loosely-chained trucks into motion.

"What's that?" exclaimed the ladies, roused suddenly from slumber.

"We're off," replied my manager, drowsily, and the next moment we *were* off, for the engine suddenly stopped and the trucks closed up with a series of crashes until we collided with the vehicles in front with a force that flung us all off the slippery boxes on to the floor, where we alighted in a heap. I came down on top of the manager and his wife, and, as I weigh about fifteen stone, they had rather a bad time of it.



"I came down on top of the manager and his wife."

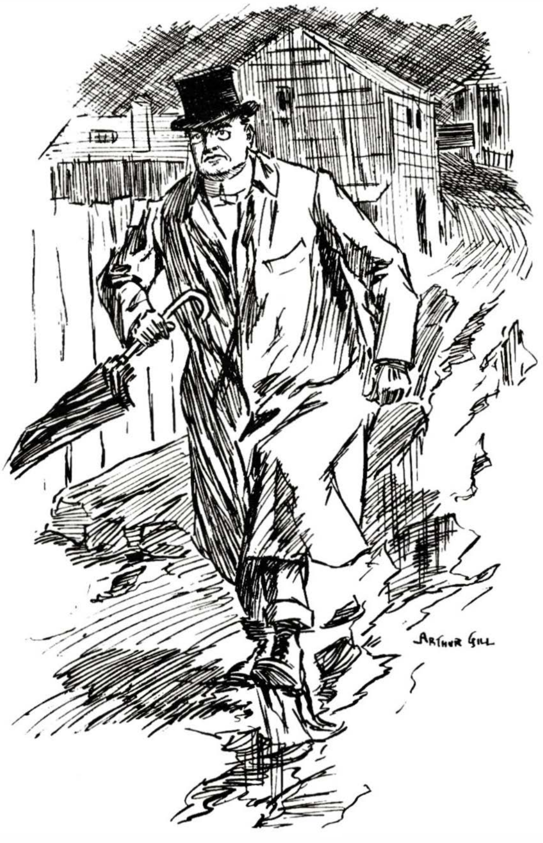
After we had extricated ourselves and got to bed again a new horror fastened itself on the rear of our caboose in the form of an enormous Canadian locomotive, which snorted and hissed and groaned like some gigantic monster in distress. Then men came running through into our compartment and began to make hasty changes of garments. Suddenly discovering us, they beat a retreat. Sleep became quite out of the question, for at every halt the trucks banged together like thunder, and at every start the locomotive behind us hissed and groaned and filled our van with its superfluous steam; so we sat disconsolate on our beds till we were bundled out at three o'clock in the morning at Sicamous, with the thermometer down again to thirty degrees below zero. We had travelled north and had struck winter again. Here we waited three hours, until our train came along, when we found ourselves once again in comfortable carriages, which we exchanged later again for equally cosy accommodation on one of the lake steamers.

The lake towns had not been booked in rotation, which, in a way, made the voyage the more interesting. On our way to Pentecton we called at Kelowna to deliver goods and embark and disembark passengers, and learnt that all the seats had been sold, and were now being resold at advanced prices. At Pentecton we reached our most southerly point, and instead of having frost to contend with we had what is far worse—spring mud. It was nearly two feet deep, and had the consistency of hot glue and was just about as adhesive. I made my way through the mud as best I could to the "opera-house," which was a large room over a grocery store. It was pitch dark, and there was not a soul about to direct me. I had been told to follow the sidewalk, which was of wooden logs and raised some feet from the ground, and as it did not cross the road I went flop into the mud when it terminated. The place was not worth visiting, and we found the audience very trying.

The depressing conditions at Pentecton were, fortunately, an exception, so far as the lakes were concerned. Indeed, most of the lake towns we visited were thriving and prosperous. We passed hydros full of visitors, reminding one of Matlock, Buxton, and Harrogate. At one point during the voyage we ran into a bay whose shores looked as if the feet of men had never trodden there, and deposited a keg of whisky on the bank. This promptly brought out two men, who, with great glee, shouldered the keg and made off with it, receiving a cheer from the passengers as the steamer backed out into the lake. If you build a house anywhere on the lake the steamer will call there by signal, so every encouragement is given to the settler. I was left behind at one place, but as soon as I was missed the captain returned for me—which was just as well, perhaps, as there was only one steamer a day, and we had to show that night.

We put in at Silvertown, and found it virtually deserted. Some time ago silver was discovered in the district, which resulted in a boom. Thousands rushed to the place, and hotels, stores, and many handsome villas sprang into being, not to mention a church, club-house, and opera-house. Then the supply of the white metal suddenly gave out, and to-day Silvertown is a deserted village. In order to justify its name a few miners tied a barge containing the ore to our steamer, which we towed to our next stopping-place, where it was transferred to the railway for further transit.

On the steamer, and also at many of the lake resorts, I heard complaints of men fishing with dynamite. My experience of fishing never included anything more explosive than a worm or an artificial fly, so I inquired about this new form of the piscatorial art, and learnt that when you fish with dynamite all you do is to explode the dynamite under water, when half the lake's finny inhabitants rise to the surface dead. The objection to this method of angling is that it has the effect of causing the fish to leave a neighbourhood subjected to explosions, which spoils the sport that makes the lakes attractive to summer visitors.



"I made my way through the mud as best I could."

At last we reached Golden, when we commenced the ascent of the Rocky Mountains, and scenery grander or more sublime it would be impossible to find anywhere. As we ascended winter returned, and the thaw caused by the winds was followed by a frost which dressed the trees in silver and froze the mists into lace curtains of gossamer quality that hung in the air until the sun dissolved them. If such an effect were put on canvas it would be called unnatural. The winds from the Pacific had thawed the frozen cascades, which the frost had refrozen, and made the jutting rocks look like giant heads with snow-white beards. As the warmer wind made the snow sink, it rested for a space on the tops of the felled tree-trunks in perfect circles, looking like enormous mushrooms.

To lessen the gradient, the train encircled the mountains, climbing ever upwards until we arrived at Field, where we left the train, having been booked to show at Mount Stevens House, one of the many fine hotels to be found in the Rockies. We had, however, to show under disadvantage, as there was no proper stage. We came through all right, however, and after spending the week-end amid the snows, indulging in all kinds of winter sports, took train to Calgary, the home of our *entrepreneur*, who had a large theatre there known as the Lyric, where we scored a great success. The audience not only gave us unstinted applause, but did what was peculiarly Canadian. They came round to the stage door and pitched into the manager, not because the show was bad, but because we were only performing once! The arguments were fierce, and amused me greatly, as this was an indirect compliment with a vengeance.

At this juncture our pianist, who had now made up her quarrel with her lover, was eager to return to New York, where he was, and our vocalist wanted to accompany her. The upshot of the affair was that I had to find the greater portion of their fares, and, through losing their services, was unable to go on to Vancouver, where we should have scored a success. It brought the tour to an end so far as the Calgary directorship was concerned, and I had to get back as best I could on what is called "wild-cat" touring—that is, chancing one's luck at places of which I knew nothing. Furthermore, it was now the worst time of the year for the show business, travelling in the spring being very difficult in Canada.

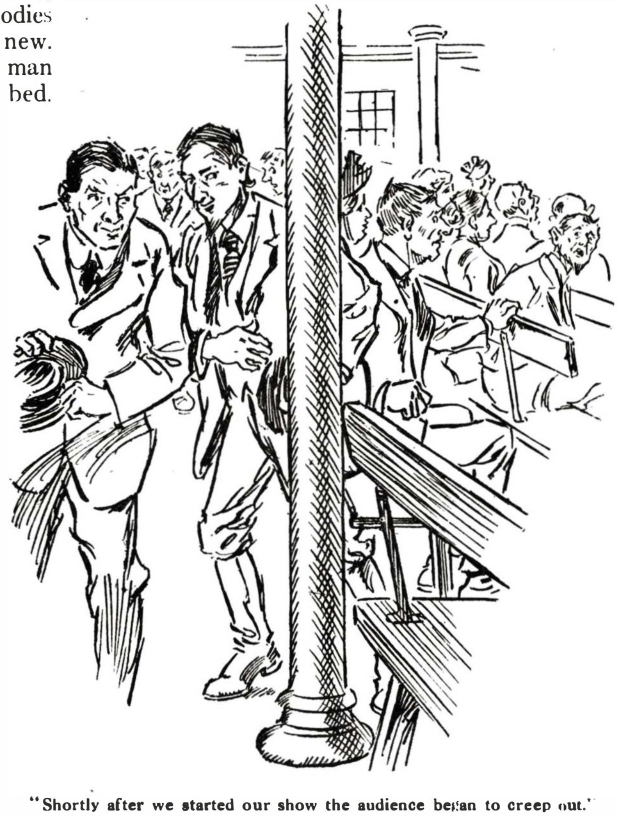
After the ladies had left I got together a scratch crew and started for Northern Alberta. For the most part the towns were poor. The local representatives would come to the hotel, drink at my expense, and make addresses of welcome, and then disappear, never coming near the show at night, which course of conduct I found both disappointing and expensive. Some of the so-called towns only boasted of two or three wooden shanties. Many of them, too, had started too ambitiously. One had a restaurant in which hay was stored in the windows, and notices that meals were served there made many a hungry horse pause as he passed. At one town they had had no entertainment for years, and, so far as I am concerned, it will be years before they have another.

When I entered the dressing-room at one hall I was pleased at the number of nails on the wall, and was proceeding to hang my coat on one of them when it dropped to the ground. The nail had disappeared, but I couldn't see it on the floor, nor had I heard it fall. I tried another, with the same result, and a moment later all the nails left the wall. They were some kind of bluebottle fly which the wood fires had revived, and were resting on the white wall, their bodies glistening like blued-iron nails when new. During our performance at another hall a man cleared one of the dressing-rooms, erected a bed, and stacked the shelves with tinned provisions. He was opening there with a picture show, and for reasons of economy decided to live on the premises. He explained his odd behaviour — I had booked the hall and paid for it—by saying that he had been travelling every day for seven years, and the idea of remaining in one place appealed to him. A new town every night for seven years! When I heard that I not only forgave him, but congratulated him on being alive.

In the prairie towns the waitresses are apparently the leaders of society. They are the best-dressed women in the place, wear gold-rimmed pince-nez, and do their hair very smartly. They chat on equal terms with the men who live or dine at the hotels, and have a great idea of their own importance. Though they have emigrated to get married, they usually remain single, because marriage to a farmer means isolation from society and much hard work. The cooks are nearly all Chinese, and a French menu written by a Chinaman is a thing of joy and bewilderment. When I inquired of one hotel proprietor why he employed Chinese cooks, he replied, "Because they never quarrel, and women always do."

After visiting Strathcona we went to Edmonton, where I engaged a pretty French-Canadian pianist, a baritone, and a soprano. Although they were capital artistes, I did not meet with the success anticipated, and it was not until we had been out on the road some time that I discovered the reasons. The harvest had been a very poor one and the farmers had no money to spare for entertainments, while the season of the year was also against us. It was spring, and the roads, as soon as the frost disappears, become rivers of mud, so deep and sticky that traffic is rendered difficult.

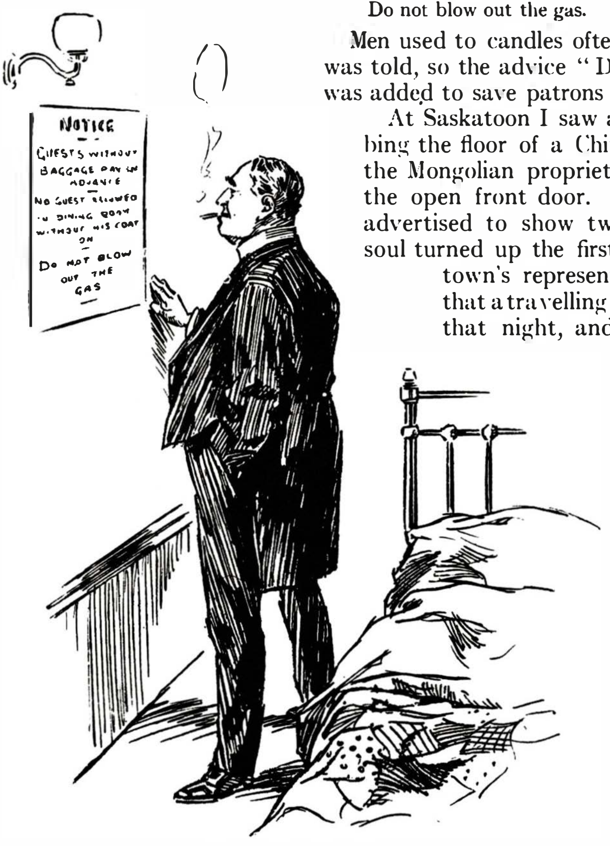
At Lloydminster I lost our manager, who decided to settle on the land. Shortly after we started our show at this place the audience began to creep out, which caused me to say: "Don't go out till you have seen some more," whereupon a lady in the front row, whose husband had bolted out, said: "The fire-bell rang, Mr. Ganthony." The people returned a little later, some of them in the uniform of the local fire-brigade. They had put out the fire and come back to see the finish of the entertainment.


"Shortly after we started our show the audience began to creep out."

At Battleford we saw emigrants arriving from Germany, and also from the United States. Those who come from the States to farm have none of the bucolic appearance we associate with agricultural pursuits. They would drive rapidly through the town, buy a few agricultural implements, deposit money in the bank, and start away across the prairie smoking big cigars. I went down the railway line to see the Germans who had just arrived. It was a lovely day, with a cloudless sky and a touch of spring in the air. Trek wagons had been hauled near the line, to which the emigrants' belongings were being transferred. Rough tents had been erected to shelter the women and children, and they were cooking and washing outside. Poultry, pigs, and cattle were enjoying the change from the railway trucks, and some lovely little calves at once captivated the ladies. The scene was something between an up-river picnic and a gipsy encampment.

Our next destination was North Battleford, and it was a case of either reaching it by crossing the frozen river or going the longer way round by train. We decided on the former route, and early in the morning we left the town in a buggy and descended the steep bank through deep mud to the ice, but the horses refused to cross. The instinct of the Canadian horses is wonderful, and the drivers allow them to choose their own path. We drove along the edge of the ice for some distance; then the horses suddenly swung round to effect a crossing. But the ice was getting rotten, and as we passed the "blow-holes" the water poured through them as it does through a bursted water-main. Instantly the horses swung off to another place, with their eyes watching everywhere and their ears going like signal-flags. Then we heard a crack, and instantly the driver was out of the buggy, up to his knees in water, but his action had the desired effect. Relieved of his weight, the carriage righted itself and the ice became level again.

We dashed back to the shore, the ladies becoming genuinely frightened, as well they might, seeing that the river was both wide and deep. A few minutes later the horses essayed another attempt, only to return defeated. Thus we travelled for several miles up the Saskatchewan, every now and then cautiously venturing out on to the ice. At last we succeeded in reaching the middle of the river, when our horses dashed forward at full gallop towards the steep, muddy bank, the ice cracking like a series of pistol-shots as we passed swiftly over it. The momentum carried us partly up the bank, and, although the wheels sank deep into the mud, as did the horses, they dragged us up on to the turf of the prairie that lay between us and North Battleford. No sooner did the horses stop than we all jumped out of the buggy and patted them. They were in a great state of excitement, tossing their heads and snorting, for they knew as well as we did the danger we had all passed through. We were the last to cross the river that season.


NOTICE
GUESTS WITHOUT BAGGAGE PAY IN ADVANCE
NO GUEST ALLOWED IN DINING ROOM WITHOUT HIS COAT ON
DO NOT BLOW OUT THE GAS

"The notices were amusing reading."

When the animals were rested we drove across the prairie till we struck the road for North Battleford, and arriving there went to our hotel. The printed notices in the bedrooms were amusing reading:—

> Guests without baggage pay in advance.
> No guest allowed in dining-room without his coat on.
> Do not blow out the gas.

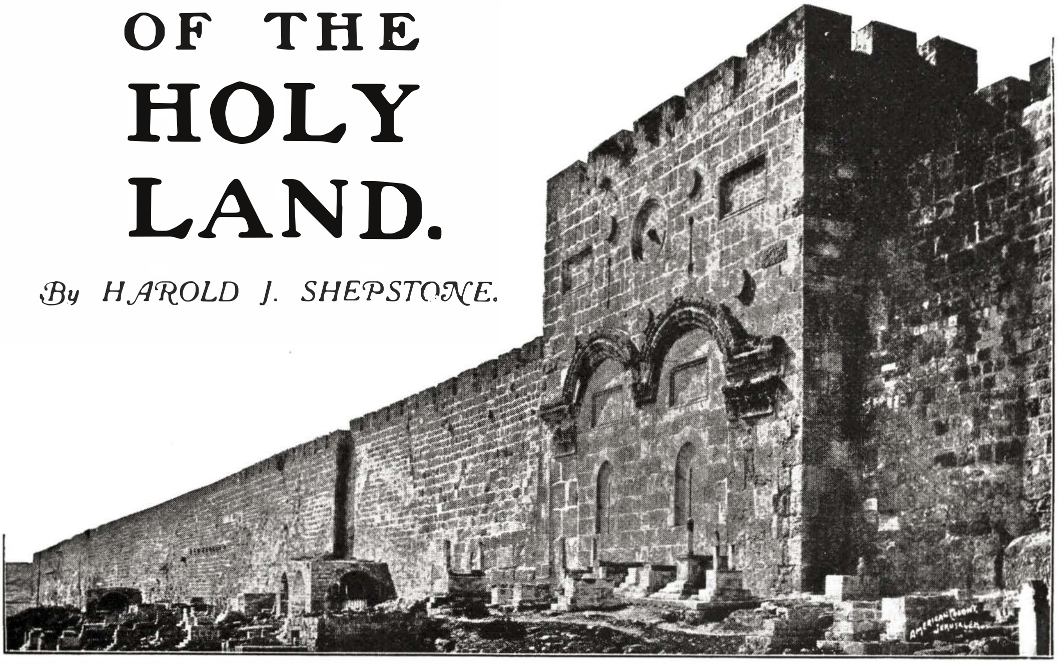
Men used to candles often blow out the gas, I was told, so the advice "Don't close your door" was added to save patrons being asphyxiated.

At Saskatoon I saw an Englishman scrubbing the floor of a Chinese restaurant while the Mongolian proprietor smoked a cigar at the open front door. At Prince Albert we advertised to show two nights, but not a soul turned up the first evening except the town's representative, who explained that a travelling preacher was lecturing that night, and everyone had gone to hear him, but that they would come to me on the second evening, which they did in full force.

After playing at several more towns with varying degrees of success, I returned to Winnipeg, where the tour came to an end. Although it did not turn out to be so profitable as I had hoped, it had at least been full of varied and remarkable experiences.

CURIOSITIES OF THE HOLY LAND.

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.



The eastern wall of Jerusalem, showing the Golden Gate—The Moslems believed that if a Christian Power conquered Jerusalem the soldiers would enter by this gate, so it was walled up.

An interesting description of peasant life in Palestine, showing how the native to-day still retains his old-world manners and customs, many of which were in vogue in Bible times. These picturesque habits of an ancient people are graphically described, while added interest is given to the article by the striking photographs that accompany it.

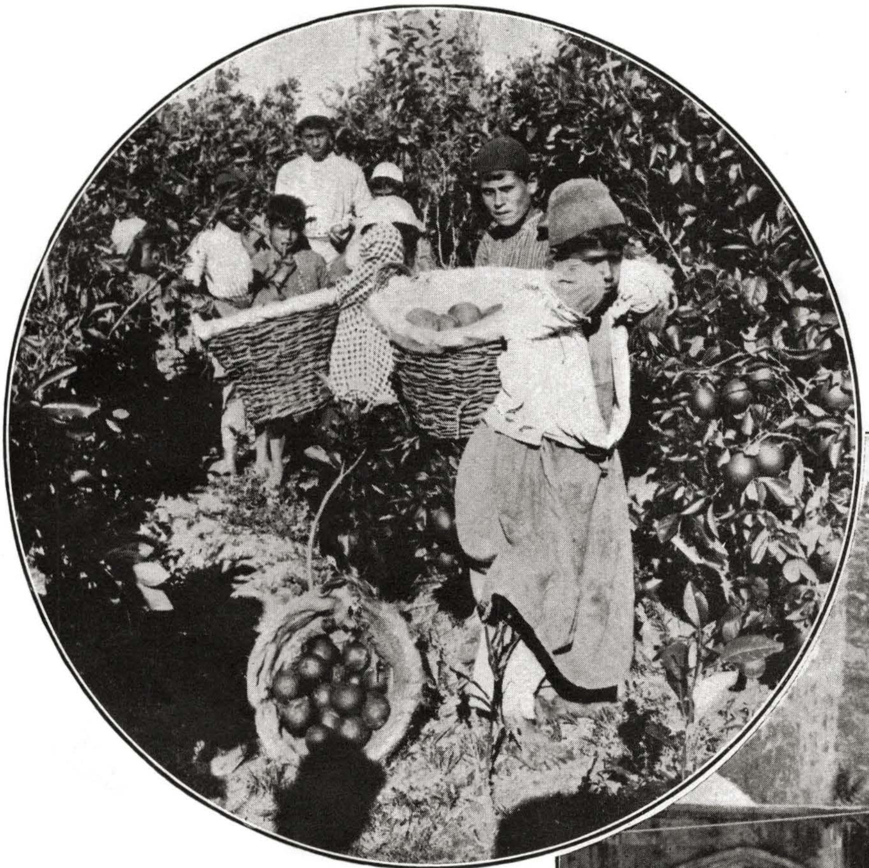
From Photographs by American Colony, Jerusalem.

II.

IT has been rightly said that the great charm of the Holy Land is its antiquity. To this might be added its infinite variety, for every town and hamlet has a charm of its own—something that singles it out for special notice and attention and makes it different from its neighbours. For instance, Jaffa, the gateway of the Holy Land, is famed the world over for its delicious oranges, and, incidentally, for its honey and wine. Joshua described the country as a land flowing with milk and honey. Substitute wine for milk, and the ancient pronouncement is still applicable.

It is Palestine's unique geographical position that enables her to produce such fine honey. Here the flora of three different continents meet, and this fact, coupled with other circumstances, has made the conditions in Palestine ideal for honey culture. Some time ago two brothers in Jaffa ran an apiary on novel lines. They conceived the ingenious idea of furnishing the bees with material for honey-making purposes throughout eight months of the year. Camping first at a low altitude, they waited until the flowers of that locality were over, and then conveyed the hives on camel-back to a higher place, thus following up the consecutive blossoming of different flowers. They were even able to separate the produce of these overworked bees into "orange-blossom honey," "thyme honey," and so on, with each succeeding flower. By using modern extraction machinery and replacing the combs, one hundred hives were made to yield no less than six tons of honey in the year. This is nearly three times as much honey per hive as the maximum yield on the great honey farms of Australia and America.

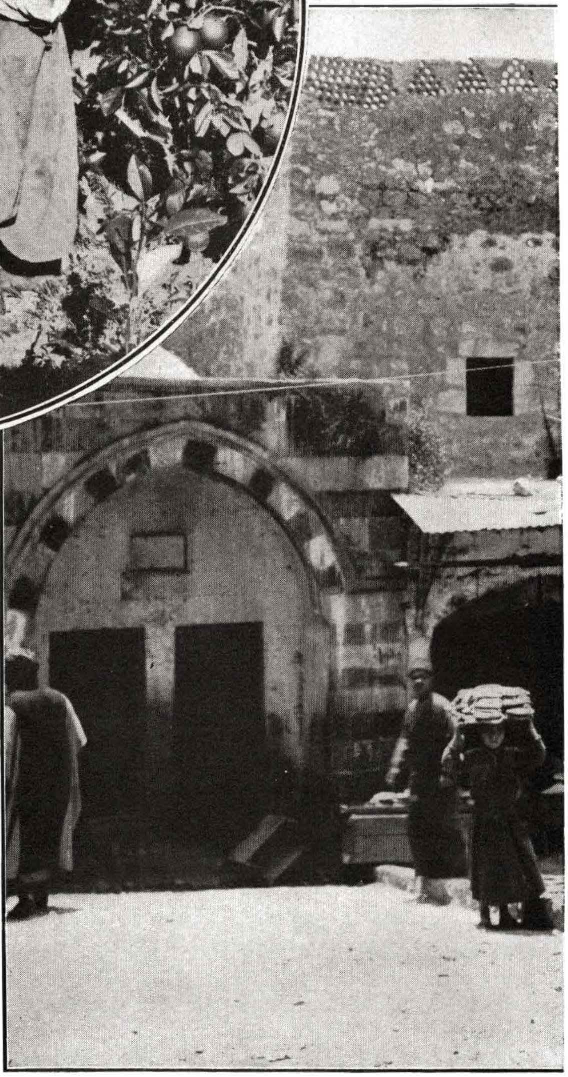
A visit to the orange groves which fringe the ancient town of Jaffa on all sides except seaward is a memorable experience. In the time of the orange blossoms the air is heavy with their



Picking oranges at Jaffa—The city is also noted for its honey and wine.

perfume, which reaches far out to sea and envelops passing steamers. When the fruit is ready for picking the groves ring with the laughter and song of happy children and young women, who pick the oranges and carry them away in baskets to the packing-houses, where the still unripe fruit is wrapped in tissue-paper and packed ready for shipment. Last year Jaffa exported over a million and a half cases of oranges, for which she received three hundred thousand pounds, while the bill for the wine she sent away amounted to over sixty thousand pounds.

Jaffa is the port of Jerusalem, which lies some fifty-five miles away by rail. The journey, however, occupies three hours and forty minutes, and not infrequently travellers are five or six hours upon the road. Progress is so slow that it requires only a moderate amount of activity to jump out, pick the flowers along the line, and rejoin the train as it laboriously climbs up the steep incline, for it is an uphill journey all the way. When you step out of the railway station and catch a glimpse of the walls of the ancient city as you traverse the Bethlehem Road, you realize at once that here is a town unlike any other. The walls and towers that enclose the old city are bold and majestic, a fit setting for the world's most sacred site. The circuit



of these wonderful old walls, which have a height in some places of nearly forty feet, is about three miles in length, enclosing about two hundred and nine acres—one-sixth of this extent being devoted to the Temple area, which contains thirty-five acres.

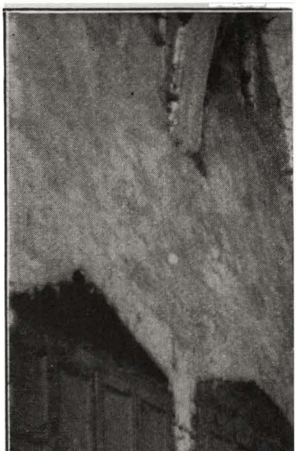
Until a generation or so ago there were no buildings beyond these old walls, and at sundown (as also at noon, during the Mohammedan prayers, on Friday) the gates, some eight in number, were all closed, and it was as much as a man's life was worth to arrive after they were shut. When the Jews began to return in large numbers to the city of their forefathers, however, and old Jerusalem could not hold them, people ventured to build and live outside—first with a good deal of apprehension and considerable danger, but later in larger numbers and with ever-increasing boldness. Then one of the gates was left open all night, and presently a second, and so on, until now none of them are ever closed—in fact, two of them have no doors to close. Our photograph showing a portion of the eastern wall of this ancient city depicts the sealed-up Golden Gate, concerning which there is an interesting legend. The Mohammedans believe that, should a Christian conqueror ever enter Jerusalem, it will be by this gate; hence, many years ago, the entrance was walled up, and has been jealously kept closed ever since. This gate gives direct access to the Temple area. It is a

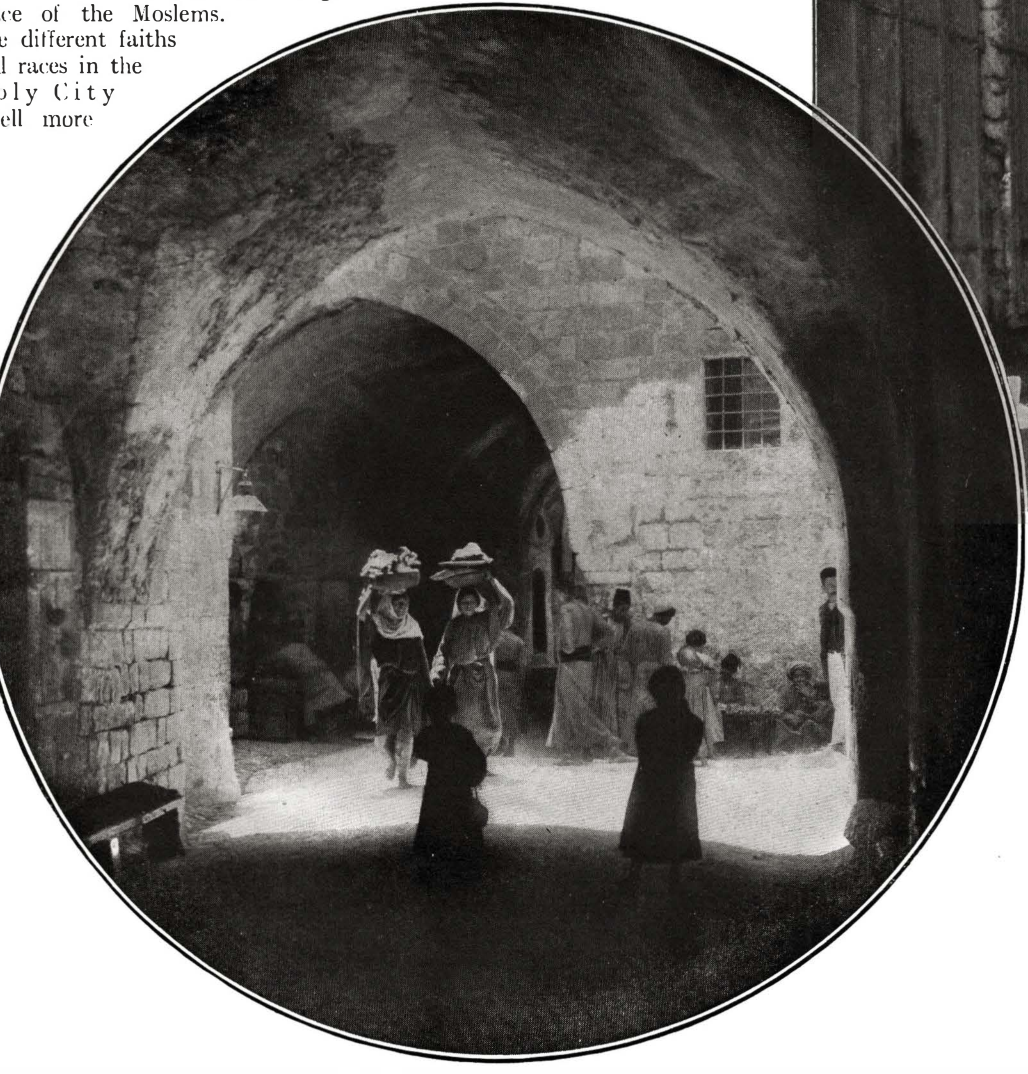
A street market in Jerusalem.

wonderful old structure, and it is said that the pillars were a present from the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon.

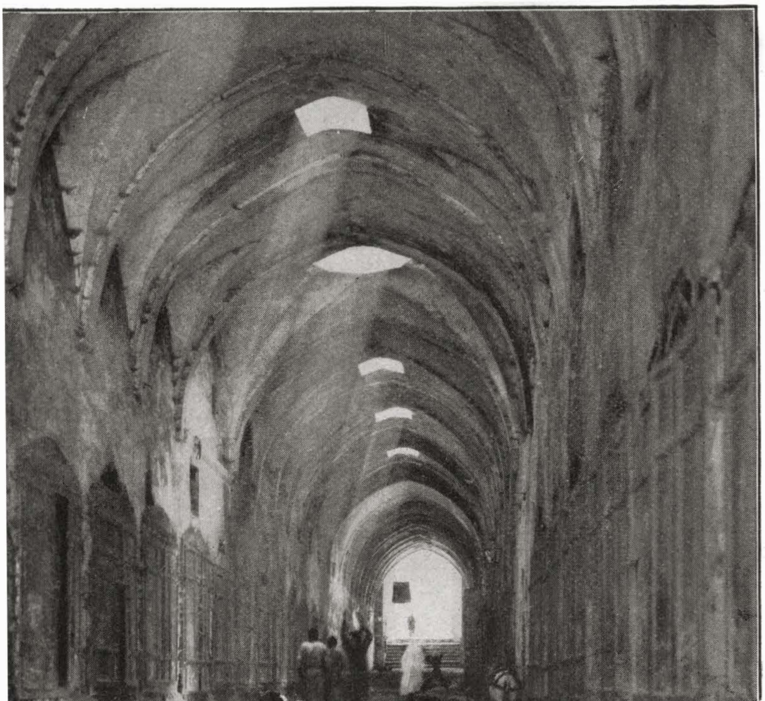
So far as Jerusalem itself is concerned, that portion within the walls is one of the strangest as well as one of the most cosmopolitan cities imaginable. It is full of sacred sites and holy places, to which pilgrims from all the nations of the earth have flocked for ages for worship and prayer. Its streets are narrow and crooked, and full of picturesque life. Every nationality may be seen in them, and every tongue heard. We have only to enter the Damascus Gate, which gives access to the city on the north, to remind us that Jerusalem, although it will shortly boast of its trams and electric light, has not lost its Oriental character. This is the marketing place of the Moslems. The different faiths and races in the Holy City dwell more or less apart, and each patronizes separate markets.

One could write at great length on the picturesque character of the streets. For the most part they are very narrow; in some we have iron-barred windows, and in others delightful balconies. Some, particularly the Via Dolorosa, are spanned by numerous arches, and the rise in





One of the curious semi-subterranean streets of Jerusalem.

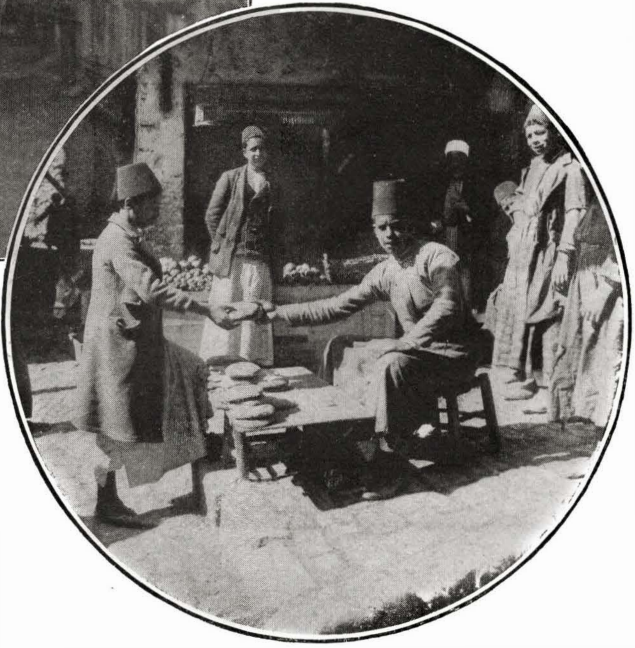


The old Cotton Market at Jerusalem.

the ground is got over by a series of steps. Others are dark and gloomy, yet full of life and bustle. One of the busiest streets is that known as the "Bab-el-Habis," shown in one of our photographs. This is an Arabic word meaning "Door to the Prison," the thoroughfare leading to the native jail, a dirty courtyard, with numerous pens—they are nothing more—where the prisoners are confined.

Near here is a curious covered way, several hundred feet in length, known as the Cotton Bazaar. It is now deserted, but in olden times was a busy place, crowded with native shops, where the cotton merchants displayed their wares. The only light admitted into this market is from the small openings in the arches which span the road. The idea of blotting out the sun in this fashion was to prevent the colours in the cotton goods deteriorating through the effects of the sun's rays, while it also kept the market cool. The bazaar gives access to the grounds of the Mosque of Omar, and here Mohammedan pilgrims visiting the sacred shrine quarter their donkeys and mules. It is also a favourite resting-place of the Moslems of the district during the heat of the day.

On every hand one sees quaint pictures of Oriental life. The native shops are often little more than a hole in the wall, in which the merchant sits among his wares, with everything within his reach without his rising from his place. The customers stand in the street. Then there are the street venders of fruit, bread, meat, and drinks. These men have recognized "pitches," where they are always to be found, their stands or stalls consisting of a crude table made by placing a board across a stool, or a few old packing-cases. A typical street baker, with his display of flat loaves, is seen in the above illustration, while another photograph depicts a meat seller. The latter runs a kind of street restaurant, for he sells



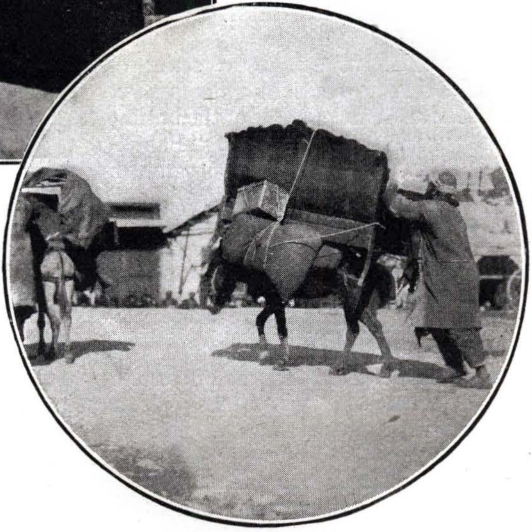
A Jerusalem bread-seller.

A street restaurant.

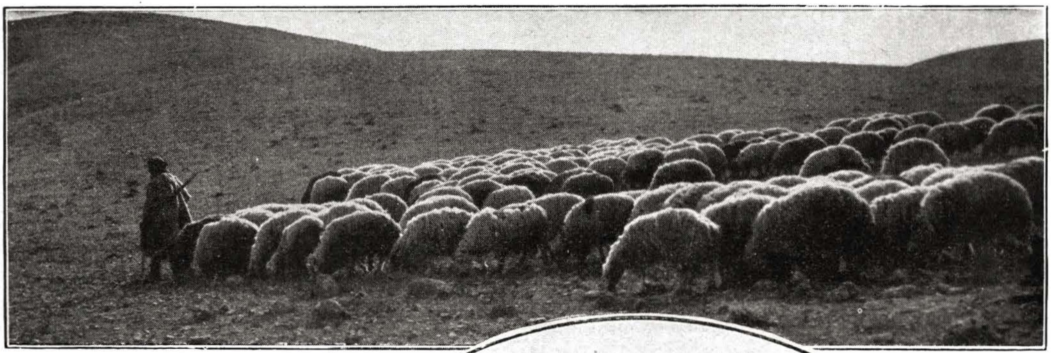
bread as well as meat. He is shown in the act of roasting meat on iron spits over a tiny fire of charcoal. During the whole operation he is busily smoking his water-pipe, or *narghile.*

Our next picture shows one of the quaint scenes which may often be witnessed in Palestine towns at the beginning of the month of Moharram. This is the first month of the Mohammedan year, and is spent by all good Moslems in fasting and mourning. For a period of forty days they abstain from taking food during the day, only eating a single meal at night, after the setting of the sun. The fast is held in commemoration of the martyrdom of Husean and Hoesin, nephews of the Prophet. As the period of the fasting approaches, Moslems living in the towns will pack up all their worldly possessions on the backs of mules and donkeys and quietly steal away to the city of their birth or to rendezvous where certain festivities in connection with the fast are indulged in. These are usually wild and exciting affairs, and vary according to the locality. In some places fires are lit every evening in pits, across which the faithful fence with sticks or swords, now and then leaping across or even through the fire, crying out as they do so the names of their saints. In some places a kind of passion play is held in commemoration of the event, during which the more fanatical cut themselves with swords. At the end of the fast there is much rejoicing, followed by sword play and the firing of weapons.

The primitive way in



The beginning of the month of Moharram is always "moving day" in Palestine.

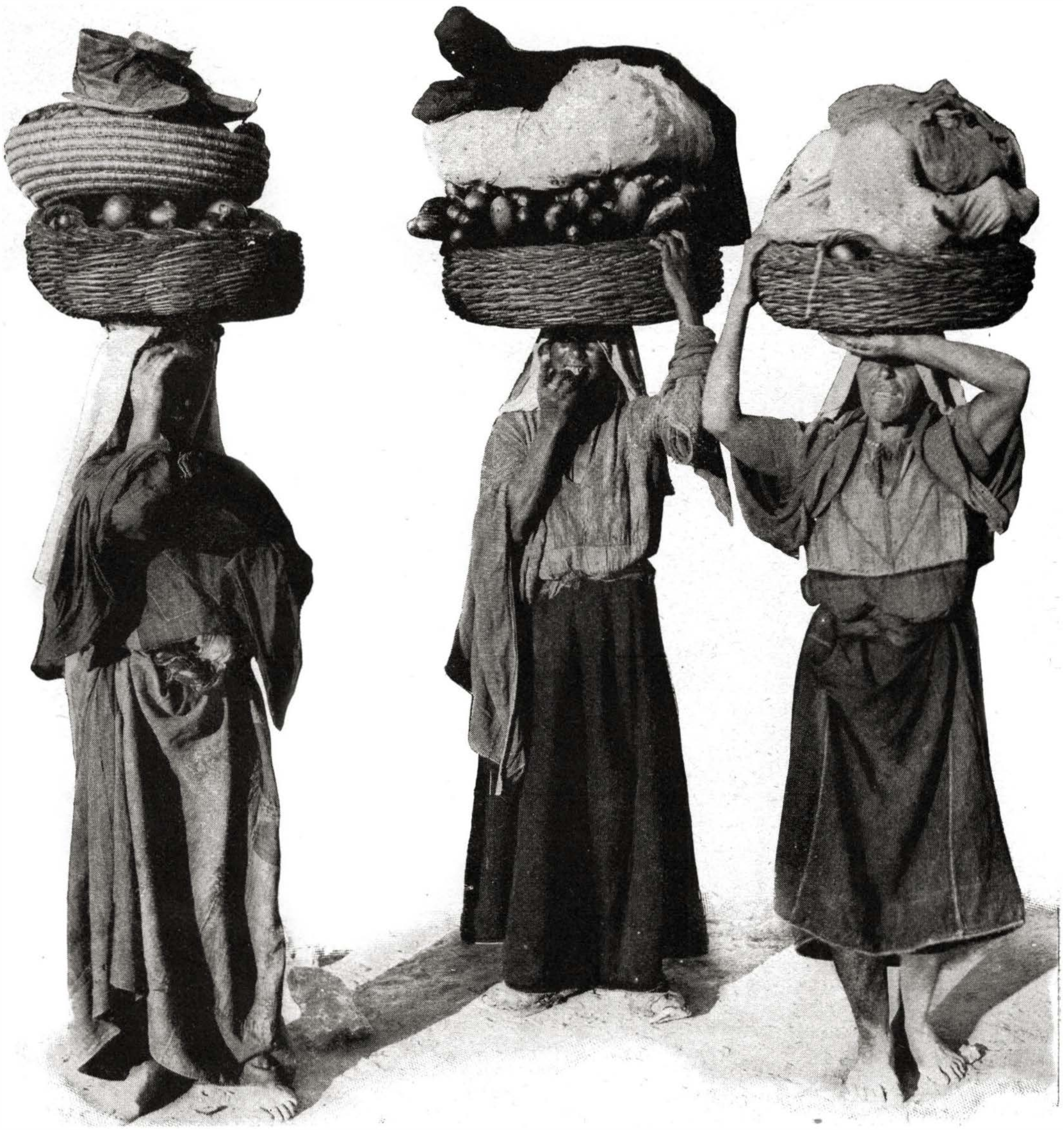


A Palestine shepherd leading his flock.

which the people of this historic land live and go about their avocations is remarkable when one comes to remember the thousands of tourists who visit it every year and what has been done in opening up the country by the building of roads and railways. One has only to take a journey to the Sea of Galilee from the Holy City by way of Nazareth to obtain a glimpse of town and peasant life that has not greatly changed since the days of the Patriarchs. The seed is still scattered over the land

Weighing fish on the shores of the Lake of Galilee.

A typical fishing-boat on the Lake of Galilee.



Native women on their way to market.

by hand and then ploughed in by primitive ploughs hauled by oxen. On the roads, particularly in the early morning, you encounter the women carrying their produce to market. It is a common custom with them, if the roads are at all rough, to take off their shoes and place them on the top of their baskets. The woman on the left of our photograph is practising this form of economy, while her companion on the right is trying to hide her features from the camera.

Washing-day the world over is always a busy and important affair in the eyes of the housewife, and it is none the less so in the Holy Land. Here the women gather at some well or spring, where they rub the clothes with wood ashes or clay in place of soap, and then beat the well-soaked garments with a heavy piece of wood, and so, between beating and rubbing, drive the dirt out. An interesting snapshot taken in Nazareth is that of the native butcher. These men travel from house to house with their wares dangling from a pole carried across the shoulder, selling portions of meat here and there as they go. The way they handle their wares would horrify our health inspectors.

Perhaps the most picturesque individuals in

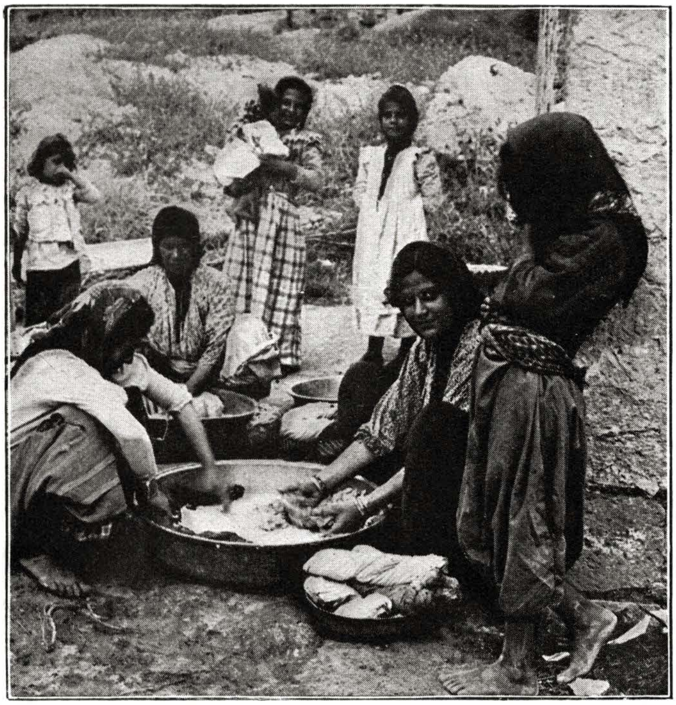
this land of novel sights and scenes are the fishermen of Galilee and the shepherds. The waters of the historic Sea of Galilee abound with excellent fish, some of them being species only found in the tropics. Two methods are resorted to for catching the fish—from boats, and by hand-nets operated from the shore.

The boats are decidedly primitive, being manned by four to six men, and boasting of a single sail. They leave Tiberias, the only town upon the lake, at sunset, returning at dawn with their catches. Along the shores, too, one may see in the early morning or late afternoon the fishermen who work by themselves. These men possess a circular net of fine twine, small in the mesh and weighted with pieces of lead around its edges.

To the centre of the net a long cord is fastened. The fisherman holds the net over his left arm and wades waist-deep into the water as the waves roll on to the beach. Soon he marks a shoal of fish swimming about. Stooping down so that he may not be seen, he creeps towards them, or waits till they approach him. Then, with a swift, dexterous cast, he flings the circular net over the fish. The leaden weights sink swiftly and draw the net over the fish. The fisherman pulls the rope, and the leaden weights are drawn together, shutting the fish in the bag of the net. These shore fishermen dispose of their catches in the near-by villages.

A butcher of Nazareth.

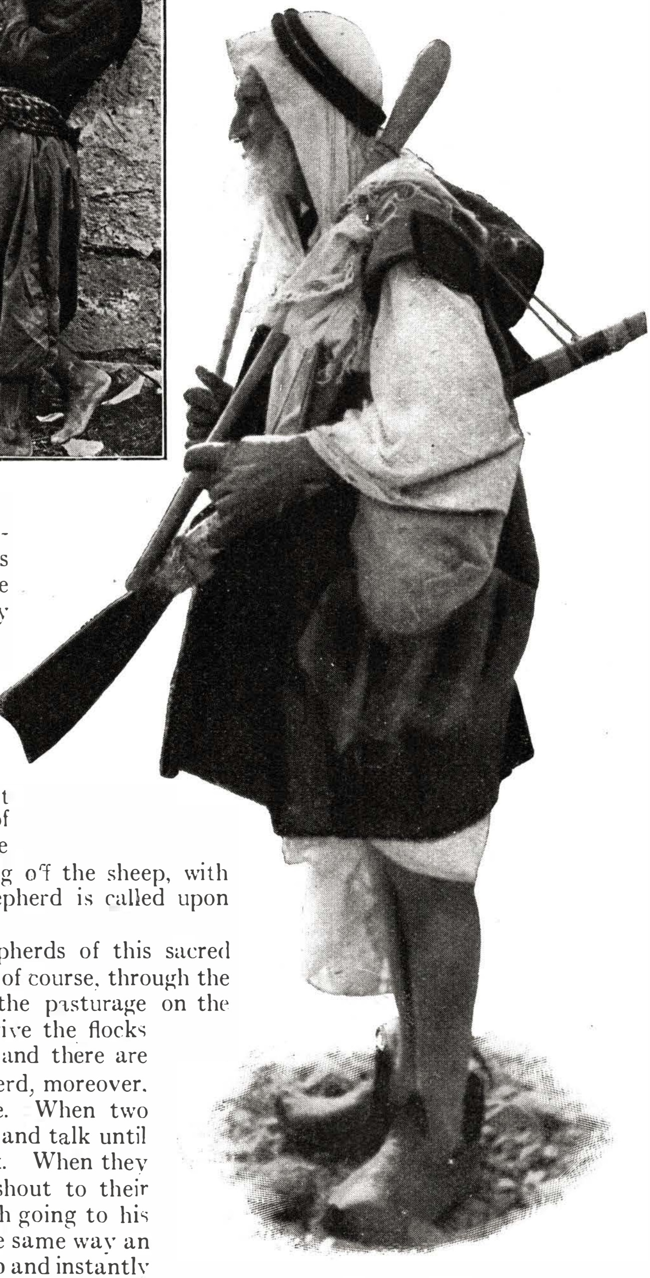
The shepherds have been styled the " modern Canaanites " of Palestine, being descendants of the Semitic race which the Egyptians found in



Washing day at Nazareth.

the country before the time of the Hebrew conquest. Their lives to-day are as primitive as were those of their ancestors, not only in the time of Christ, but in David's day. Their very dress, demeanour, and bearing bespeak their calling. Their shoes are of the roughest description, while they wear an outer garment of bright colours and carry a staff, not to mention a gun—usually of obsolete pattern. With these weapons they protect their flocks from wild beasts—leopards, panthers, and wolves. But their worst enemy, sad to relate, is not the wild animals of the country, but the roving Bedouin. These nomads are always making raids and carrying off the sheep, with the result that even to-day many a good shepherd is called upon to lay down his life for his flock.

Much has been made of the fact that the shepherds of this sacred land lead their sheep. This custom has arisen, of course, through the absence of roads and the scanty nature of the pasturage on the mountain sides. It would be impossible to drive the flocks from place to place unless dogs were employed, and there are no sheep-dogs in Eastern countries. The shepherd, moreover, knows his sheep, and the sheep know his voice. When two or three shepherds meet at a well they will sit and talk until all the sheep are mixed together in one flock. When they separate, each going his own way, the men shout to their sheep, and one by one the animals disperse, each going to his own master. There is never a mistake. In the same way an Eastern shepherd will enter a fold of mixed sheep and instantly pick out his own sheep. American farmers visiting the Holy Land have often put this to the test. Twenty sheep or so belonging to a shepherd have been driven into a field with a score or more of others. The shepherd has then entered and unhesitatingly pointed out his own sheep.



A Palestine shepherd.

SHORT STORIES.

THE MISSING BOATSWAIN.

Told by CAPTAIN W. SINKER, and set down by JOSEPH HEIGHTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY N. SOTHEBY PITCHER.

The story of a singular disappearance and the strange manner in which the mystery was cleared up.

SOME years ago I was second officer of the steamship *Warrigal*, trading to Australia. On one of our voyages the following extraordinary incidents occurred.

We had left London some three weeks when one day it was suddenly discovered that the cook had disappeared. Presumably he had jumped overboard, for no trace of him could be found anywhere on the ship. Another man was installed in his place, and the incident was gradually forgotten, although there were murmurings among the men about its being an unlucky trip. And so it seemed, for on our arrival at Adelaide the bo'sun, a great, burly fellow, was found dead on the floor of his cabin soon after the ship came to anchor.

It was decided to bury him ashore the following morning, and I was deputed by the captain to make the best arrangements I could with an undertaker as soon as we landed. As the men wished to see the last of "poor old Bill," they were ultimately given permission to go ashore to attend the funeral, the captain stipulating, however, that I should keep a sharp eye on them to see that they did not get drunk, for to some of them the funeral was merely an excuse to go on the spree.

But the day did not end without several of them getting locked up for being drunk and disorderly, and even after I had paid the fines I had the greatest difficulty in getting them back to the ship. I merely mention this incident because it seemed to me very curious at the time that the man who had been promoted to the bo'sun's position did not come ashore, and seemed, for some reason, to shun the company of the other men. I had noticed certain friction between the crew and the new bo'sun, but with the exception of a little unpleasantness everything went well until the return voyage.

We had called in at Cape Town, and left at midnight, the bo'sun being then on board. At 6 a.m. I sent one of the midshipmen to tell the bo'sun I wanted to speak to him. The lad was away some time, and then returned to say he could not find him.

"Oh, he must be somewhere about," I replied. "Have another look, and tell him I want to see him at once."

Again the middy departed on his errand, and after the lapse of about half an hour returned with the same story—he could not find the bo'sun anywhere.

By this time I was getting somewhat impatient, for I had various orders waiting for the bo'sun. Soundly rating the middy for what I thought was negligence on his part, I sent him away a third time and told him to find the bo'sun without fail. When he returned again, however, with the same story, that the bo'sun could not be found, I began to think something was amiss.

Going up to the first officer, I told him what had happened and that the bo'sun did not seem to be on board.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "He must be on board somewhere. You'd better search for him yourself."

I did so, but could find no trace of the man. The captain was duly informed, and at first refused to believe the story. The crew were promptly ordered to make a search of the vessel, and the passengers, getting wind of the affair, joined in; but, although we hunted high and low all over the ship for a day, no trace of the missing bo'sun could be found.

While the search was being made, however, I heard certain rumours of trouble between the bo'sun and the men, and on making further inquiries discovered that the crew had taken such a strong dislike to the man being promoted that when they had gone ashore at Cape Town they had threatened to "do for him" if he returned on board. That he did return was evident from the fact that the carpenter had talked with him in his cabin for more than an hour after we left Cape Town, and some other men had seen him also.

Then he had mysteriously disappeared.

I informed the captain of this. and he, after some plain talk to the men, made an entry in the log-book to the effect that the bo'sun appeared to have met his death by throwing himself overboard through fright. It was deemed advisable not to promote any other man in his place, and so we remained without a bo'sun.

The affair was being slowly forgotten when one night, seven days out from Cape Town, a startling incident occurred. I was on the bridge, between midnight and 4 a.m., when a middy came running to me to say that the refrigerating-engineer had fallen into one of the coal-bunkers and seemed badly injured.

I immediately sent for the doctor, and with the assistance of some of the crew the man was got up again. He was fearfully injured. His nose and one arm were broken, and the fall had injured his spine so badly that I believe he ultimately died of his injuries soon after our arrival in London. Indeed, he scarcely recovered consciousness, but now and again he would mutter :—

"The bo'sun pushed me down. The bo'sun pushed me down."

That was all we could get out of him. I naturally concluded that he was suffering from some hallucination, and took little notice of his mutterings. As it was, the affair cast quite a gloom over the crew and passengers, for it seemed as though the voyage was to be a chapter of accidents and mystery.

However, nothing more occurred to disturb us. We called in at Las Palmas, loaded up with bananas, and eventually reached London twenty-one days after the disappearance of the bo'sun. Everybody turned in as soon as the ship was berthed. Early the next morning I was aroused by a number of the sailors. When I opened the door of my cabin they imparted the startling news that the missing bo'sun was on board.

"Nonsense!" I said.

"But he *is*," they persisted. "Bill here has seen him."

"Bill" was one of the firemen, who said that he had seen the bo'sun hiding in one of the coal-bunkers.

"Absurd," I told them, angrily. "He can't possibly be on board. We should have found him."

They were so persistent, however, that I decided to investigate the story. I went to the chief officer and told him what the men had said. Together we went to one of the manholes and peered into the bunker, but could see nothing. The first officer thereupon suggested that we should go down and see if the man was really hiding there. Calling for a lamp, he held it while I descended the ladder. I was half-way down when, by some accident, he dropped the lamp to the bottom of the bunker, leaving me in total darkness. Feeling my way down the ladder, I reached the bottom and glanced around, but I could see and hear nothing.

A fresh lamp was quickly brought and the first officer descended with it. For a little while, although we searched carefully among the coal, we could discover nothing. Then, suddenly, we noticed what appeared to be two eyes, glaring at us from behind a great heap of coal.

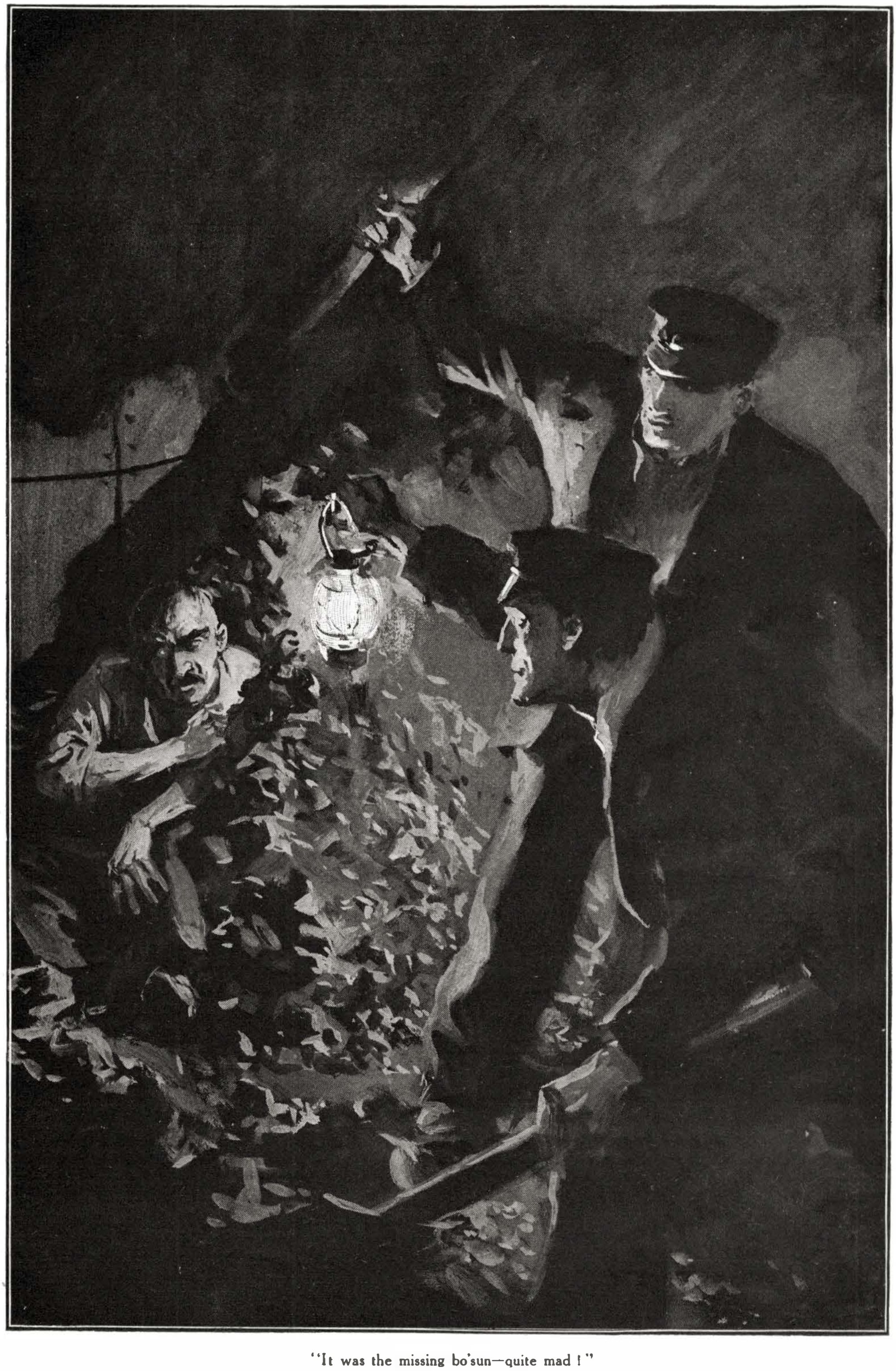
I must confess that at the moment I did not feel very comfortable; those two wildly-staring eyes didn't seem at all attractive. We called out, "Who is there?" but a moan was the only reply.

"Rather nerve-racking, this!" the chief officer remarked, and we ventured a little nearer to those eyes.

Pulling some of the coal away, we ultimately saw a figure, a most pitiable object, crouching down, moaning and crying. It was the missing bo'sun—quite mad!

Frightened at the men's threats, he had apparently hidden himself in the bunker to escape from them, thinking that he would thus be able to get safely back to London. Hunger and the darkness, however, had driven him crazy. How he had managed to keep alive at all was a mystery.

With great difficulty we got him on deck, and, after he had been attended to by the doctor, he was taken to the nearest hospital. In a short time he seemed to recover his senses, although his nerves were completely wrecked. It was then that he told us, bit by bit, his strange story. The crew, he said, had all threatened to kill him if he came aboard at Cape Town, and he became so frightened that he determined to hide himself during the voyage. He had crept on deck at night-time, like a stowaway, with the idea of picking up any scraps of food which might be lying about. It was on an occasion when he had ventured a little farther from the manhole than usual that he was seen by the refrigerating-engineer. In his fright he had rushed past the unfortunate engineer and accidentally knocked him into the bunker. This had so added to the bo'sun's terror that he had decided not to come up again, his intention being, when the ship reached the docks, to slip quietly away. In his madness, however, he had wandered too near the manhole, where he had been seen by several of the crew, whose discovery led to the solving of the mystery. It is a remarkable fact that, after the ship had been thoroughly searched all over, the man should have remained on board for twenty-one days without a soul knowing about it. He must have completely buried himself under the coal during the time he was being searched for.



"It was the missing bo'sun—quite mad!"

MY DURIAN.

By HOMER CROY.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. BUCHANAN.

A diverting little tale from Singapore, describing a traveller's first encounter with the redoubtable durian.

AS I was leaving Hong-Kong, on my way to Singapore, a friend whom I had known for a long time and trusted implicitly said: "Now, when you get to Singapore you must go out and get a durian. They often come down close to the city and make splendid eating. Don't forget the name—durian."

Then this alleged friend of mine moved off down the wharf. I have not seen him since, and it is just as well.

All the way down I kept thinking about a durian, and even when thrilled with the first sight of Singapore I looked toward the hills and wondered if the durians came from that direction. It was my first visit to Singapore and I was nearly taken off my feet by the bewildering *pot-pourri* of it, so I took a hasty glance at the city before I started out to bag my durian.

Singapore is just half-way between the Old World and the New. The ships part here and flow both ways. It's a door that swings in two directions—to the Old World and to the New. More odds and ends of humanity are thrown together in Singapore than in any other city in the world. In the streets they stream past—Tamils, Turks, Parsees, Armenians, Arabs, Malays, Mohammedans, Chinese, Siamese, Japanese, Javanese—as if made up for a procession, some almost without clothes, and some swathed in them. An Indian woman comes along so wrapped in garments that only the half-moon of an eye shows, and on her heel a Malay man goes past tastefully wearing a couple of stripes.

As soon as I had got settled in my hotel I went to the manager and said: "I beg your pardon, but can you tell me if there's any chance of getting a durian around here? A friend of mine in Hong-Kong advised me to get one."

"A friend?" he echoed, and looked at me keenly.

"Yes."

"Not in this hotel," he replied, curtly. Then his manner relaxed, and he asked me, more affably: "Have you ever had one before?"

"No."

This seemed to explain a great deal.

"While you are strolling towards the botanical gardens you might get one out there," he said; adding quickly, "And eat it there."

"Why, are they in the city limits?" I gasped.

"Unfortunately."

"I thought they were wild," I said, recovering.

"No, they're a tame fruit."

"*Fruit?* Why, I thought they—they roamed about! I must have been thinking of something else," I finished lamely, moving off.

On thinking it over it did seem strange that my Hong-Kong friend had not gone into particulars about the durian, but having known him a long time and trusting him implicitly, as already stated, I felt that he would not have mentioned it if there had not been something unusual about it. So later that day I bought one in the street for a shilling. It is about the size of a Cheddar cheese, and looks like a porcupine. I did not see anything suspicious about its cast of countenance, so I came proudly bearing it into the hotel. The manager sprang up from his desk and laid a trembling hand on the rail. "What—what are you going to do with that?" he demanded, excitedly.

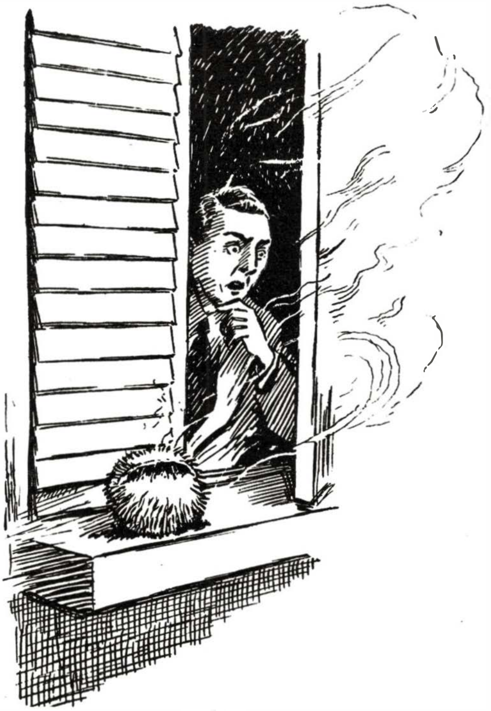
"Eat it," I answered, mildly, for I could see no occasion for this simple, harmless-looking fruit causing so much excitement.

Duty and politeness struggled on the manager's face; he must be courteous—and yet he was thinking of something else.

Presently his face lit up; he had thought of a solution of the problem that bothered him. "It's a long wait till dinner time," he explained, "so I'll just get a boy to bring you a plate and a knife, and you can open it in your room."

Curious to know why such a harmless fruit should stimulate such immediate interest—with such a pronounced strain of fear—I carried the durian to my room with just a touch of pride. The boy brought in the knife and plate, and before I could speak to him he was gone. He gave every evidence of being in a hurry. However, I thought nothing about this at the time.

I prepared to cut the durian. I wanted to make a ceremony of it, for, evidently, it was a very unusual fruit. Placing it on its back, I deftly opened it. It came open easily, revealing a white interior that looked something like a water-melon. The moment the durian parted I understood why they were all so anxious to be about their work—preferably on the far side of the building. Up came such an odour that I staggered back as if someone had thrown something at me. It rose in great volumes and clouds, as if erupted from a volcano. Running



"I could see people—passing by, without a care or a trouble—suddenly stop dead in their tracks."

to the window, I placed it on the sill, but it only seemed to gain strength in the fresh air. That smell followed me over into the corner and dogged me to the bathroom, while in the street I could see people—passing by, without a care or a trouble, lightheartedly chatting about the topics of the day—suddenly stop dead in their tracks. Then, as that odour rolled down on them, they would clap their hands to their faces and stagger away.

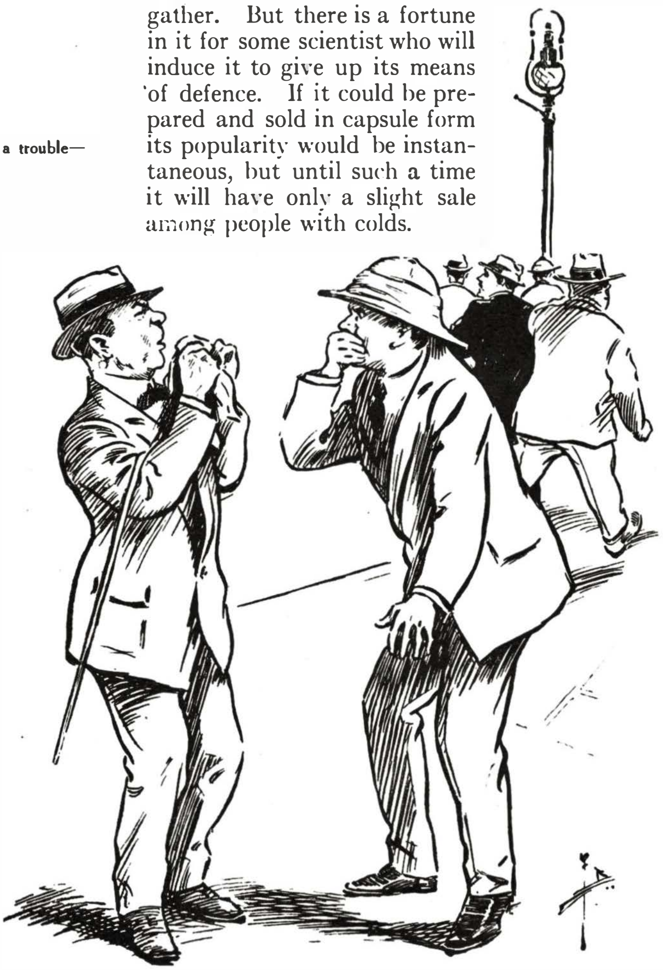
On the floor above there came a faint stirring. In a few moments there was a pounding on the ceiling, while I cowered in the corner wondering what would happen if the man came down and turned out to be a large, well-developed individual.

A durian smells like a rain-butt that has been left standing too long. When the first whiff breaks over your head you can't believe that it is just an odour; it is more as if something had broken loose and was heading straight for a plate-glass window.

At last, holding my breath, I crept up to it and cut a slice. Even though the odds were overwhelmingly against me I took a bite—and it was really delicious. It tasted something like a grape-fruit, with a certain strain of cantaloup running through it, and here and there a family resemblance to a peach. But I could eat only with one hand; the other had to look after my nose. So good was it that time after time I stole up to it, with my face close to the floor, until I had eaten nearly all of it. There was a haunting taste about it that I could not get rid of, and later, when I had packed my clothes, I found that it had another characteristic even harder to eradicate.

Having eaten all that I wanted I took the durian outside and left it—left it to its fate in the gutter. That evening, when I started to enter the dining-room, the head boy, whose back was turned, suddenly whirled round upon me and said that he could give me a seat in the open air that evening!

The durian is a splendid fruit, but unfortunately it is not suited to polite society. Its personal habits are such as to bar it from select circles. It will never become a favourite where light-hearted men and beautiful women gather. But there is a fortune in it for some scientist who will induce it to give up its means of defence. If it could be prepared and sold in capsule form its popularity would be instantaneous, but until such a time it will have only a slight sale among people with colds.



THE "HODAG."

By H. H. RYAN, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WRIGHT.

An account of an elaborate hoax that, after thirty years, is still remembered throughout the State of Wisconsin, U.S.A.

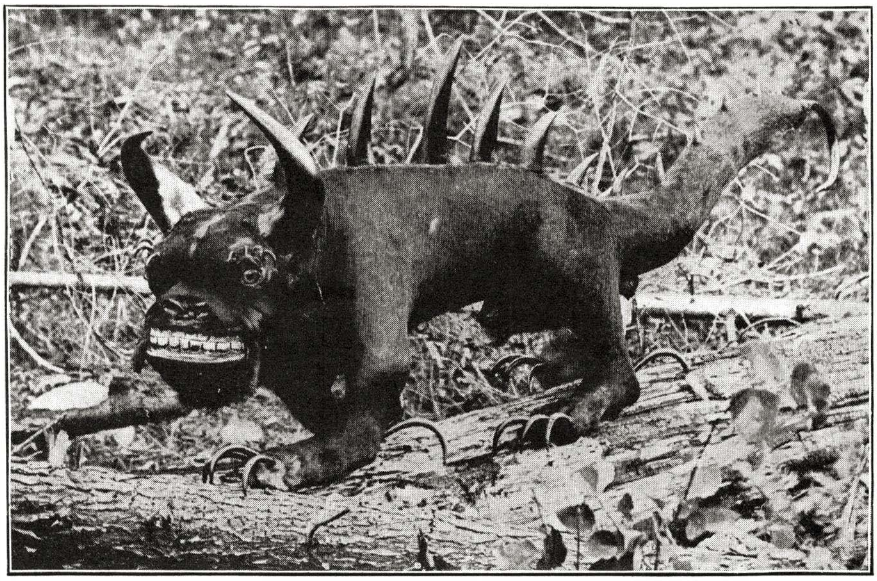
Mr. Shepard's residence at Rhinelander, Wisconsin—The "Den" is the building to the right.

AFTER the lapse of more than thirty years, Mr. E. S. Shepard, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, U.S.A., and his fellow-townsmen are still getting many a laugh out of the famous "Hodag" hoax, with which Shepard, in the early logging days, perpetrated one of the biggest practical jokes on record.

Thousands of persons from all points of the compass and nearly every State of the Union were at one time or another "taken in" by Shepard, the victims of his predilection for practical jokes including even noted scientists, who came all the way from Washington to what was then the thickly-timbered wilderness of Northern Wisconsin, attracted by the strange tales concerning the ferocious "Hodag."

The "Hodag" is no more—or, at least, if he still survives, he is well buried among the many curious articles that stack every room in the handsome stone "den" that Shepard has built adjoining his residence, The Pines, just outside the town of Rhinelander. But the "Hodag" stories still live, and wherever old settlers gather they are recounted, with many a laugh. Shepard told a lot of them himself to members of the Wisconsin bankers' party which toured Northern Wisconsin recently by special train.

Mr. E. S. Shepard is an early day "lumber cruiser" who is said to have made and lost



The "Hodag" as it appeared in the light of day.

Another view of Mr. Shepard's home.

several fortunes. Be that as it may, he has always had enough money to indulge to the limit his rather expensive taste for practical joking. and the "Hodag" was the most famous of his pranks.

As the photograph on the previous page shows. the "Hodag" was a most forbidding-looking beast, quite unlike anything hitherto discovered in the animal kingdom, yet bearing some slight resemblance to various others, as, for instance. its horns, which were much like those of the ordinary cow.

The discovery and capture of the "Hodag" by Mr. Shepard in the North Wisconsin forests was widely heralded in the Press, and straightway sightseers began to descend upon the Shepard homestead. Shepard discoursed to his visitors at length upon the terrible struggle that ended in the capture of the prize, described its great ferocity, and—after he had instilled a wholesome fear into the hearts of would-be spectators—led them out to a solidly-built shed on the premises and permitted them to peer at the great "man-eater" through a knot-hole that gave them a faint view of the dimly-lighted interior. The slightest movement in the vicinity of the shed seemed to arouse the animal to fury, and persons peeping through the knot-hole could see the strange shape, with the ridge of huge spurs along its back, swaying backwards and forwards to the accompaniment of rattling chains, while its great eyes glared in the darkness like those of a giant cat.

Mr. E. S. Shepard, the perpetrator of the famous "Hodag" hoax.

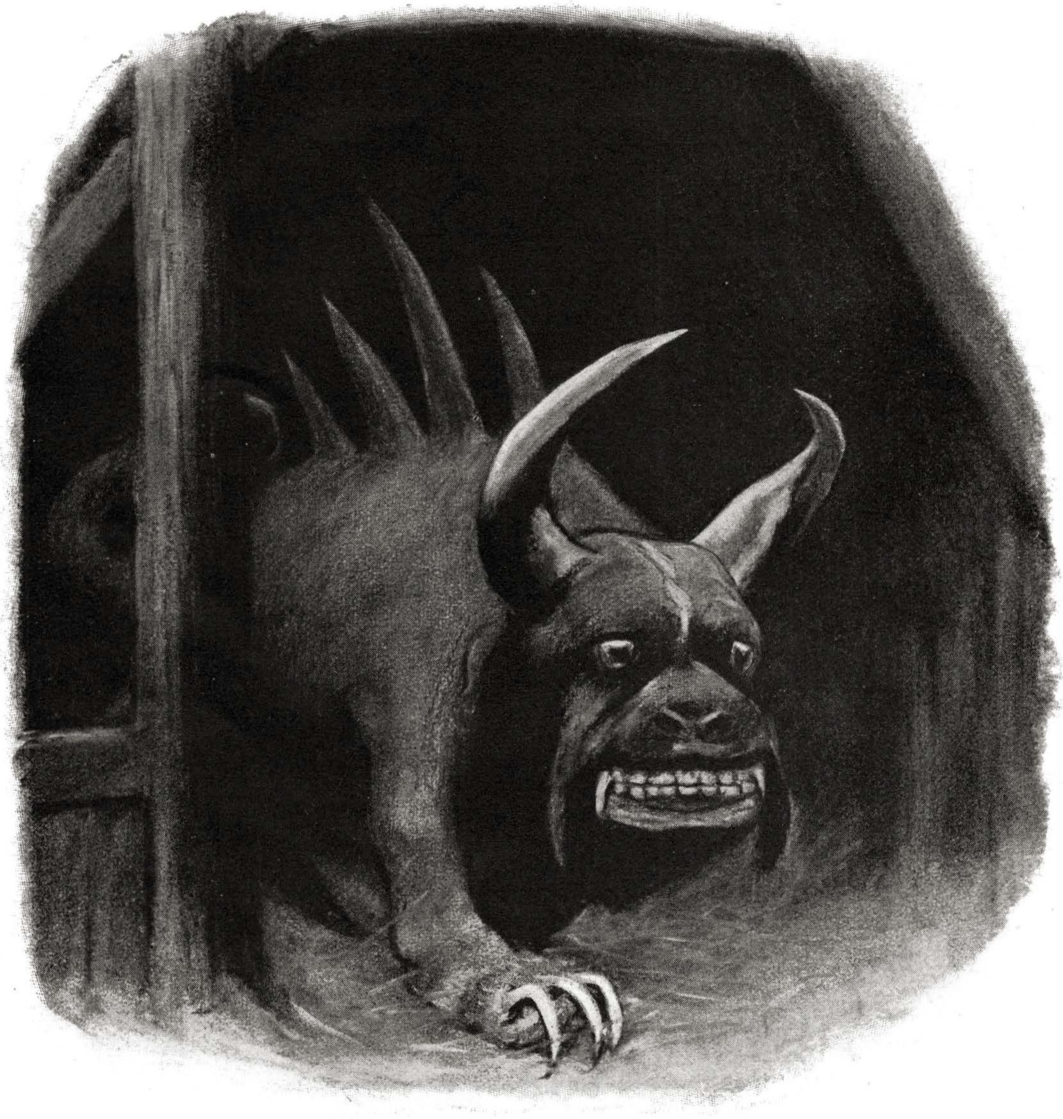
MINNEAPOLIS

Few people sought closer acquaintance with the fearsome beast, and those who did were promptly refused permission to enter the "cage," Shepard declaring he had no desire to see his visitors torn to pieces.

Finally came scientists and circus men, who insisted, in the interests of science, on getting a closer view of the beast.

Then the truth came out.

The "Hodag" was an inanimate thing carved from logs and decorated with luminous eyes, the horns of a deceased cow, formidable spines and claws, and various other things that aided in enhancing its fierce appearance. It had been "created" by Mr. Shepard himself. He had cunningly mounted the thing so that



"A strange shape, with a ridge of huge spurs along its back."

it could be made to sway by the manipulation of hidden ropes, and an ugly dog, chained in an invisible corner of the shed, furnished the growls and the clanking of chains necessary to complete the effect — the said dog responding readily to the prodding of a long pole in the hands of a small boy.

The "Hodag" made Shepard famous throughout the length and breadth of Wisconsin. The "beast" was exhibited at one of the early State fairs, and was a feature of many other public exhibitions, and the inhabitants of Northern Wisconsin never tire of recounting stories of Shepard and his "Hodag."

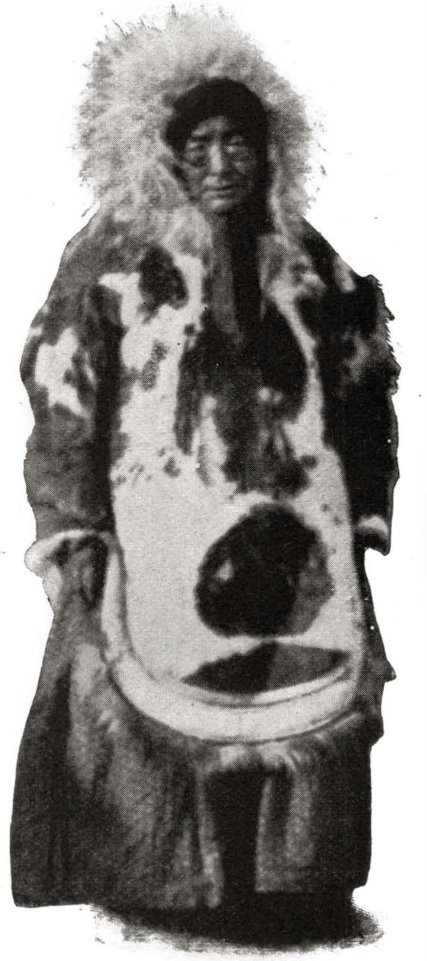
Another of Shepard's great hoaxes was his "discovery" of "scented moss" in the Wisconsin pineries. Hundreds of tourists were led to the scene of the "discovery" by Shepard and carried home big patches of the sweet-smelling moss as souvenirs before the story got out that Shepard bought by the gallon the perfume that gave the moss its delightful odour, sprinkling it over the moss-patches in the early morning hours in order that "the wonderful product of the Northern forests" might be in the best of working order when the tourists, led by their fun-loving guide, arrived on the scene.

"The Woman Who Never Came Back."

By *W. E. PRIESTLEY.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDRE GORDON.

An amusing account of the tricks of an old lady who has achieved widespread notoriety as a witch-doctress among the superstitious Indians of the Yukon. The good dame was well known to the Author, and this description of some of her doings may be taken as typical of the ways of Alaskan witch-doctors and medicine-men in general.



No-ha-de-lan, the astute old Alaskan witch-doctress whose doings are here described.

THE Indians of North America are essentially a superstitious race. Anything which savours of the mysterious they think must necessarily be connected with the supernatural. All the different phenomena of Nature are explained by them as being caused through the agency of spirits, good or bad as the case may be. Rain, thunder, wind, and lightning are each controlled by a particular spirit, and it is no wonder that they endeavour to appease and propitiate these spirits whenever the opportunity arises.

Where there is a demand for anything, there is generally a supply, and in the case of the Indians the appeasing of the spirits is done by the medicine-men. This is particularly the case in Alaska, where the natives are on a lower intellectual level than their *confrères* in more temperate zones. Among the Indians of America proper, the medicine-man is inferior and subservient to the tribal chief. This rule is reversed in Alaska, for the chief has comparatively no power over the tribe as compared with the medicine-man.

It has been my good fortune to be friendly with several medicine-men in different parts of the country, and as the Alaska medicine-man is in a class by himself, I will endeavour to describe him and show his manner of working.

The term "medicine-man" is somewhat of a misnomer, as the reader might be led to believe that a medicine-man is a man who dispenses medicine. This is quite wrong, for not only are they ignorant of medicine, but as likely as not the medicine "man" is a woman. As a matter of fact, the most celebrated medicine "man" in Alaska at the present time is a woman, and if I describe her *modus operandi* it will be a fair sample of the methods of procedure practised by medicine-men among the different tribes of North America.

The lady whom I have mentioned rejoices in the name of No-ha-de-lan. She has been referred to before in the pages of this magazine, in a story entitled "The Wooing of Olga,"* where she attempted to play a sinister, but fortunately unsuccessful, part. Her name, literally translated, means, "The woman who

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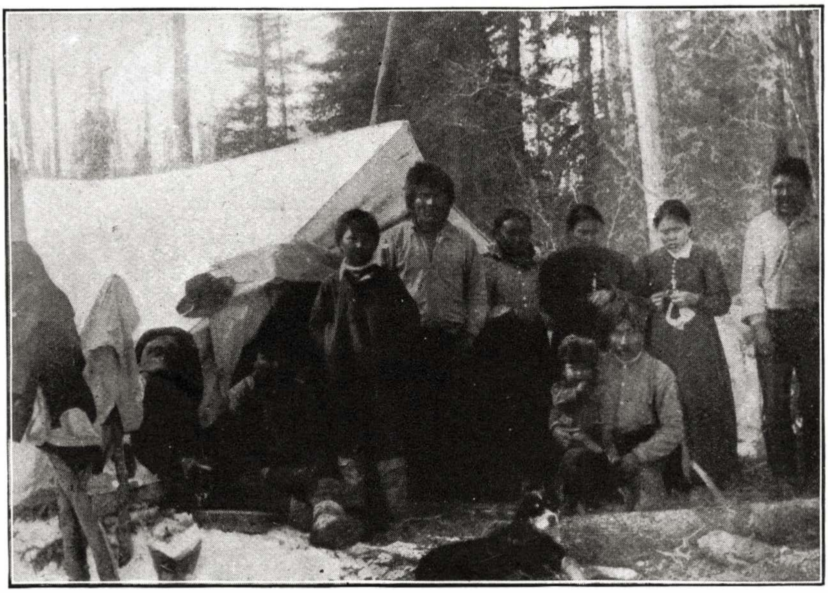
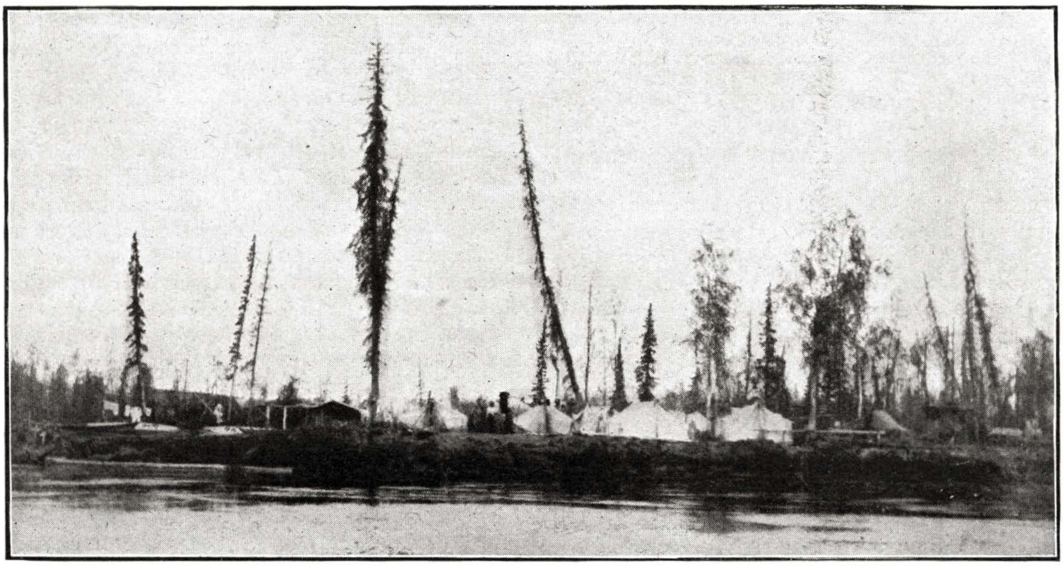
* See our issue for September, 1911.—Ed.



Typical Indians of No-ha-de-lan's tribe.

never came back." Where, or how she got this curious cognomen I was never able to learn, but the old lady is very proud of it.

No-ha-de-lan lives at the mouth of the Koyukuk River, a tributary of the Yukon, and has been the head of her tribe for many years. To obtain the post of witch-doctor it is necessary, according to tribal lore, that the applicant should have some peculiar physical or mental development. Hunchbacks are in great demand, and a childless woman is looked upon as a certain possessor of supernatural powers. Anyone afflicted with palsy or St. Vitus's dance also can obtain a first-class job. It would seem, however, from the view-point of an impartial observer, that the witch-doctors, besides these abnormalities, are generally the possessors of a few more brains than their compatriots. Relying upon a few old tricks and their own native intelligence, they manage to fool their neighbours and lead a nice easy life, accumulating for themselves a good supply of this world's riches as



The summer camp of the tribe.

the Indian understands them. It might be as well to explain, by the way, that the terms "witch-doctor" and "medicine-man" are synonymous. The Russian word "shaman" is often used in Alaska to describe a medicine-man, but the Indians themselves always address him by the reverent term "teynen," or, in the case of a female, "soltan teynen."

All over Alaska the name of No-ha-de-lan is heard with fear and trembling by the natives, and all other medicine-men acknowledge her supremacy. To be a successful medicine-man it is necessary to have a devil working for you—invisible, of course, but none the less potent. While other medicine-men are content to have one poor lone little devil at their beck and call, No-ha-de-lan claims to have *ten* working for her, all fierce, strong devils, and all most industrious! It seems that No-ha-de-lan was the first "teynen" in Alaska to introduce the idea of a plurality of devils, and her enterprise has been rewarded by the accumulation of many furs and a far-reaching notoriety.

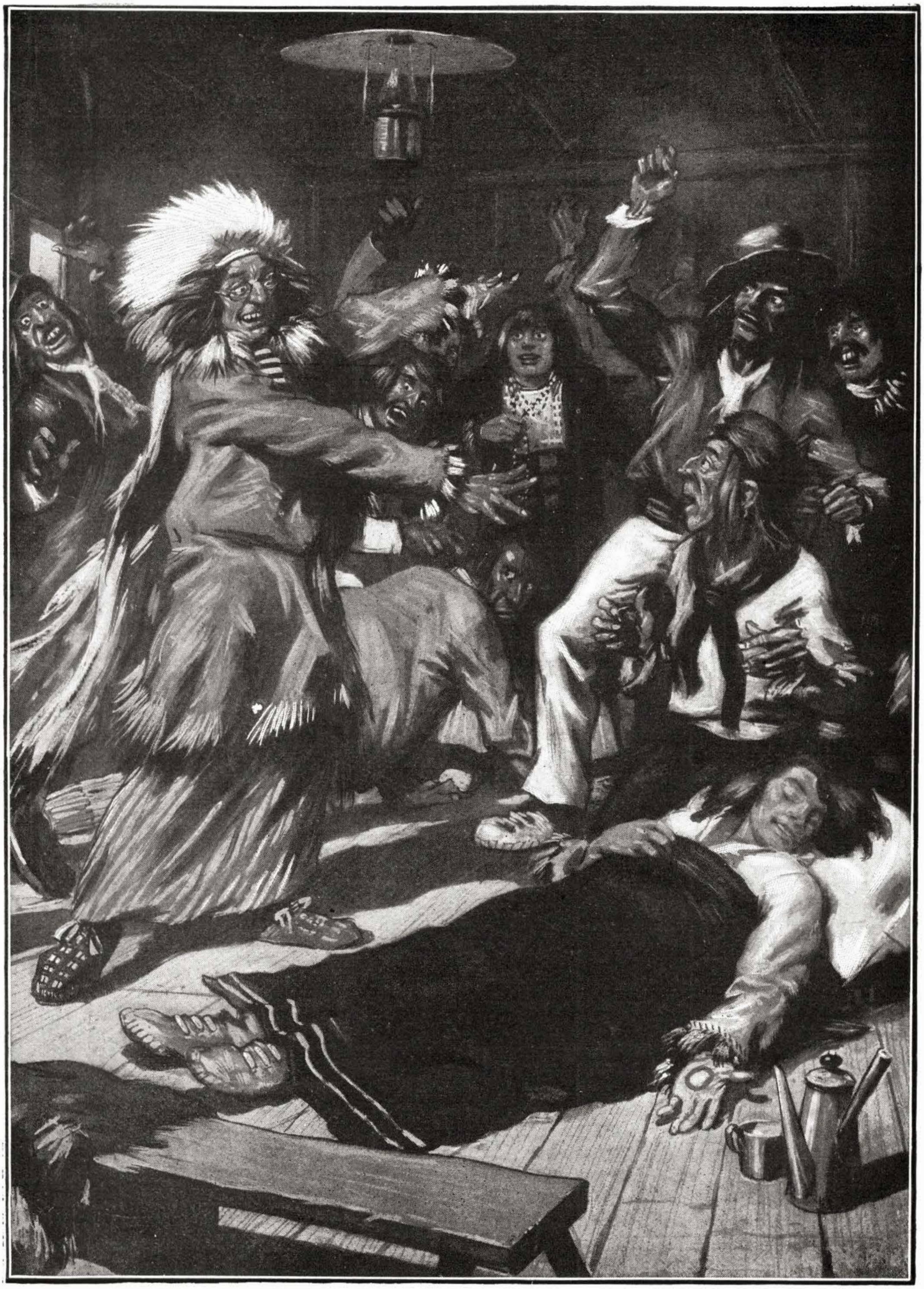
No-ha-de-lan is not pretty to look at, but rather striking in appearance. She is of moderate height, built without any attempt at curves or waist-line, and, like all the women of her race, is somewhat pigeon-toed. She is probably about eighty years of age, but judging by her wrinkles she looks considerably over a hundred, for her face is deeply seamed with the lines of age, which are considerably accentuated by dirt, and make her look older than she really is. The most striking feature of her face, and one that would impress even the most casual observer, is her eyes. They are at once shrewd, piercing, cunning, and at times baleful, though it must be added in justice that they can glint with the light of humour, even if it be sometimes of the Plutonic variety.

No-ha-de-lan, so far as I could judge, was always pleased to see me. I think this was largely due to the fact that accidentally I discovered just what pleased the old lady the most. The reader might guess a long time before getting anywhere near the truth, but as a matter of fact it was nothing more than condensed milk, thick, sticky, and sweet. Upon my arrival in camp I would send her a can of milk, and the old lady would bore two holes in the top of the can, lie down on her back, and allow the milk to run into her mouth. She would always finish a can of milk at one sitting, or perhaps it would be more correct to say one "lying." After finishing the gift, she always made herself presentable, and then I was summoned to her august presence, when a "talkfest" would be indulged in, largely through the medium of her maid, who acted as interpreter.

No-ha-de-lan has reduced matrimony to a science. She has already had four husbands, all of whom have died sudden and mysterious deaths. At the present time she has another one serving his apprenticeship. No-ha-de-lan is, of course, exempt from manual labour; it is necessary, in her case, that the usual work of an Indian woman should be transferred to other and baser shoulders. Not for her were meant the menial tasks of a squaw. Her exemption from labour is, of course, the reason for her matrimonial ventures, but whether this accounts for the unhappy and early demise of her husbands I do not know. Suffice it to say that their sphere of usefulness seems to end when they become dilatory in the performance of their household tasks. The last candidate is being initiated into the mysteries of cutting wood, drawing water, and attending to the fish-wheel, duties which are generally left to the squaws.

When he is proficient in this work, he will become the fifth husband of the old woman. When his life of usefulness is finished, or when No-ha-de-lan considers that a change would be beneficial to her, he will probably follow his predecessors to the little hill at the back of the village, where his grave will be decorated with figures of moose and caribou, as befits the resting-place of the husband of the most celebrated witch-doctor of the Yukon. It seems a pity that our modern system of divorce cannot be brought to the attention of the old lady. It should be added that, despite her various matrimonial ventures, she has never had any children, and this is one reason why supernatural powers are attributed to her.

And now let us see how she goes about her business, calling, or avocation. We will imagine her sitting in her cabin, counting her furs, or giving orders to her husband or her maid. A native walks in, and after making his obeisance lays a present in the corner of the cabin. This present may take the form of a skin, a bundle of fish, or even an article of clothing or furniture. In a roundabout way he will next inform the "old woman" that his wife is sick, and that he would be pleased if No-ha-de-lan would do something so that the lady may quickly recover, it being very inconvenient for him to chop wood and attend to the fish-wheel, especially as there are some very exciting gambling games in progress in various parts of the village. Should the present, in her opinion, be of sufficient value, No-ha-de-lan will promise to intercede on behalf of the sick woman, but if the gift does not meet with her approval she prophesies that the woman will die. The native at once rushes from the cabin, and soon returns with more presents, in order that the "old woman" may propitiate



"Having made all preparations for the ejection of the devil, the witch-doctress commences to dance."

the devil who is the cause of his wife's sickness. Having received what she considers enough for her services, No-ha-de-lan proceeds to where her client lives and, donning her ceremonial costume, calls the inhabitants together and orders a dance. This may take place either in the open air or in the " kedjim," a large cabin devoted to dances and social affairs. The sick woman is placed on the ground, while the awestruck natives form a ring, No-ha-de-lan standing by the side of the patient. The " old woman " then informs the Indians that a devil has entered into the body of the sick woman, but because of the great love she bears towards the patient she will do her best to drive him out. Then with some kind of herbal stain she paints a ring on the palm of the woman's left hand. When the devil issues from the patient, it is very desirable to know just where he will make his appearance, so the ring is placed on that particular spot, so that he can make no mistake.

Having made all preparations for the ejection of the devil, the witch-doctress commences to dance, at the same time calling on her own particular devils to catch hold of the demon who is causing all the trouble, and to drag him out through the ring on the woman's left palm. While she is dancing, the natives are of course following suit, and a good deal of excitement is the natural result.

No-ha-de-lan may dance in this manner for two or three hours, if the occasion demands, the natives all this time assisting her until they are worked up into a kind of frenzy.

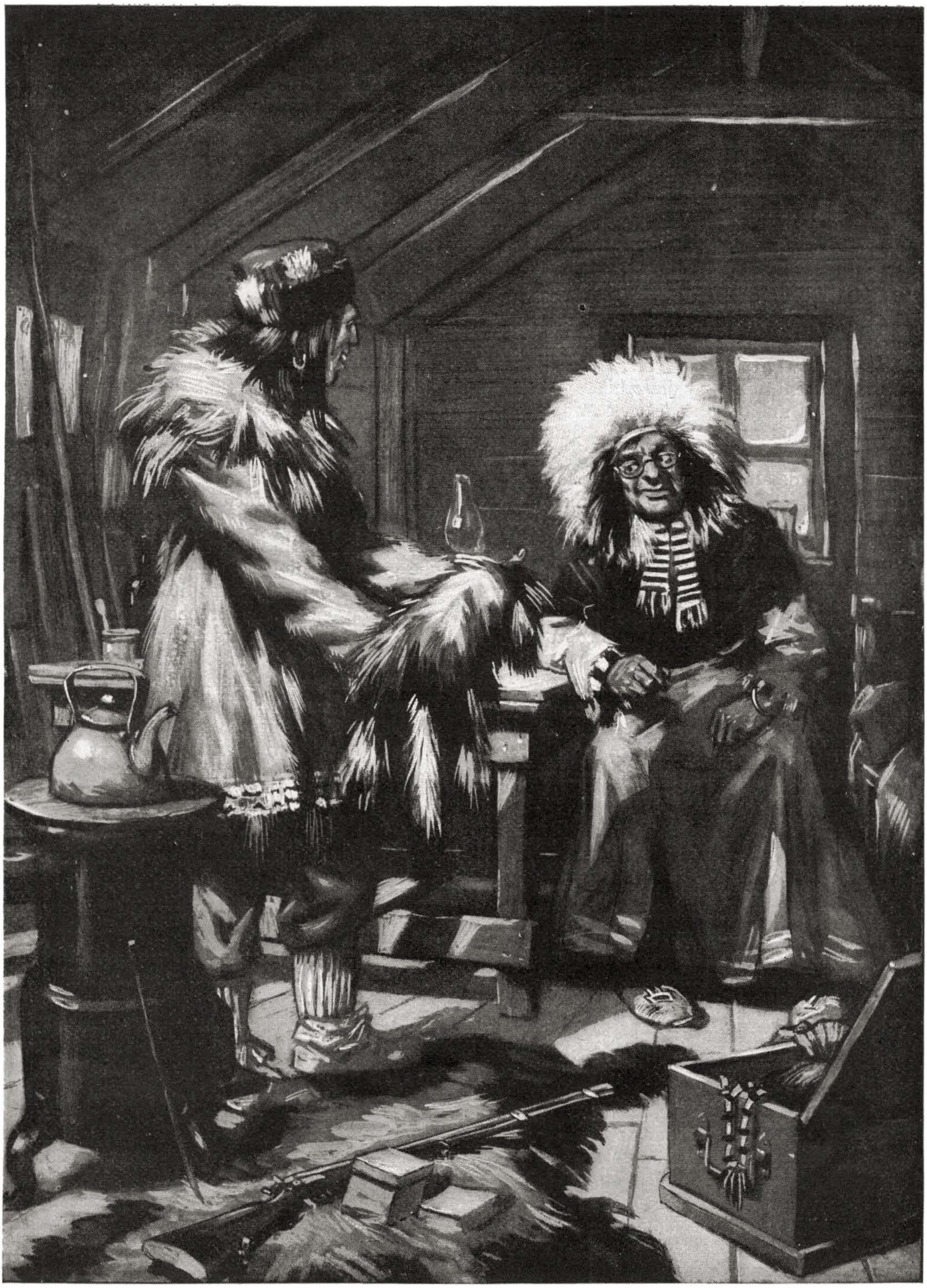
After having completed her dance, the witch-doctress commences to pull at the body of the patient, beginning at the feet, and gradually working up to the painted ring on the woman's hand. Having reached this point, with a triumphant yell she snatches at an imaginary object, and informs the natives that she has the devil in her clasped hands, and asks who will be brave enough to receive the devil into his own body, so that the woman may be cured. As no one is brave enough to swallow the devil, No-ha-de-lan very magnanimously swallows the demon herself, a courageous act that never fails to rouse the wonder and admiration of her audience.

The witch-doctress having thus neatly disposed of the malignant spirit, it only remains for the patient to recover and add to the prestige of the " old woman." This always happens if the patient is not too sick and has sufficient faith in the treatment. Should it so happen that the patient dies, however, no blame attaches to the " teynen." It is explained that the devil in the body was stronger than the devil—or ten devils, as the case may be—under the control of the witch-doctor. Nevertheless, native etiquette demands that all presents paid to the witch-doctor shall be returned ; the Indians evidently believe in the " no cure, no pay " system. This idea is heartily recommended by the writer to members of the medical profession who follow their calling in more civilized communities.

No-ha-de-lan does not believe in the commandment which forbids covetousness. It often happens that, in the course of her travels, she sees some article in the cabin of a native which she at once desires. She then informs the native—with extreme sorrow, of course—that she has just received information from one of her private devils that he (the native) will die in a month. This is bad news for the Indian, and he at once begins making up his mind what he shall give in order that the calamity may be averted. He offers all kinds of things, No-ha-de-lan sitting with a deep expression of gloom on her face until the article she desires is produced. Then, and not till then, does her expression change, and she graciously intimates that she will do her best. If the native does not die within the month, it is taken as another proof of the greatness of No-ha-de-lan. If, however, he does die, from any cause, it is looked upon as another proof of the prophetic abilities of the " old woman." Of course, if he dies the present is at once returned to the sorrowing members of his family, to be eventually returned to the " teynen " when she repeats the trick upon some other relative. This little subterfuge, in fact, seems to be of the " heads I win, tails you lose " variety.

In the spring, when the ordinary young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, the Indian begins to think of his empty larder and his summer's catch of salmon. Should the salmon fail to appear, it is a matter of life and death to the natives, and No-ha-de-lan, realizing this, takes advantage of their fears and fills her caches with the resultant tribute.

About a month before the ice goes out of the river, rumours begin to circulate among the Indians that, for some reason or other, the salmon will not come up the Yukon that year, but will visit some other river a long distance away. No one knows where the story commences, but as a matter of fact it can always be traced to No-ha-de-lan herself. After a good deal of talk and discussion, the natives finally arrive at the conclusion that the only thing to be done is to appeal to the " old woman " to use her powers. They agree to give her a share of the catch if she will only persuade the salmon to come up from the sea after the ice has left the river. Of course, she graciously consents to do her best, and a night is finally arranged upon which the " charming " of the salmon will take place. A large hole

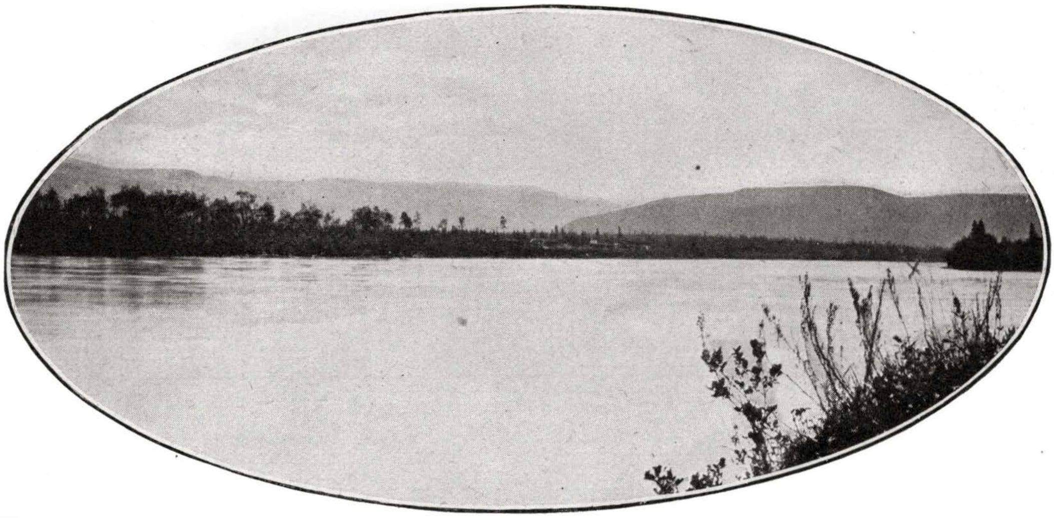


"He offers all kinds of things, No-ha-de-lan sitting with a deep expression of gloom on her face until the article she desires is produced."

is cut in the ice in the centre of the river, and as darkness begins to settle over the country the witch-doctress arrays herself from head to foot in a waterproof suit made from the intestines of salmon. Bidding good-bye to the Indians, she orders them to stay in their cabins and not to venture out, under penalty of death, until she returns. Needless to state, so potent is the fear of her ten devils that the village resembles a graveyard all that night.

In the morning No-ha-de-lan returns to the village, apparently tired out, and covered with ice from head to foot. She informs the natives that she went into the hole and travelled under the ice all night, till she reached salt water. Here she had a long interview with " kalth " (salmon), and as a result of her pleading the salmon have finally consented to come up the river and allow themselves to be killed for the benefit of the Indians.

In the fall of the year the wily No-ha-de-lan tells the natives that her chief devil has just informed her that the Eskimos are coming up the river, with the avowed intention of wiping out the Indians. The Indians are almost as fearful of the Eskimos as they are of the " old woman's " ten devils. Years ago the Eskimos were in the habit of periodically raiding the Indians, but this is now a thing of the past. No-ha-de-lan, however, will not allow them to forget their ancient enemies, and as she tells her story the Indians become greatly alarmed. Rifles are cleaned and all preparations made to resist the invader, but as the specified time draws near their courage disappears, and the timid ones take to the tall timber, while the more courageous form themselves into a delegation and ask No-ha-de-lan to do something in the matter, as they are no match for the bloodthirsty Eskimos. After having received a goodly supply of presents, the witch-doctress retires to her cabin, and as the awestruck natives gather round they hear the most blood-curdling screams and yells issuing from the cabin, as No-ha-de-lan begs and pleads with her ten devils to turn back the Eskimos. Needless to say, she succeeds, for the Eskimos to-day are a peace-loving people, and have no desire to go to war. In addition to that there are always soldiers in Alaska to put down any attempts at tribal warfare.

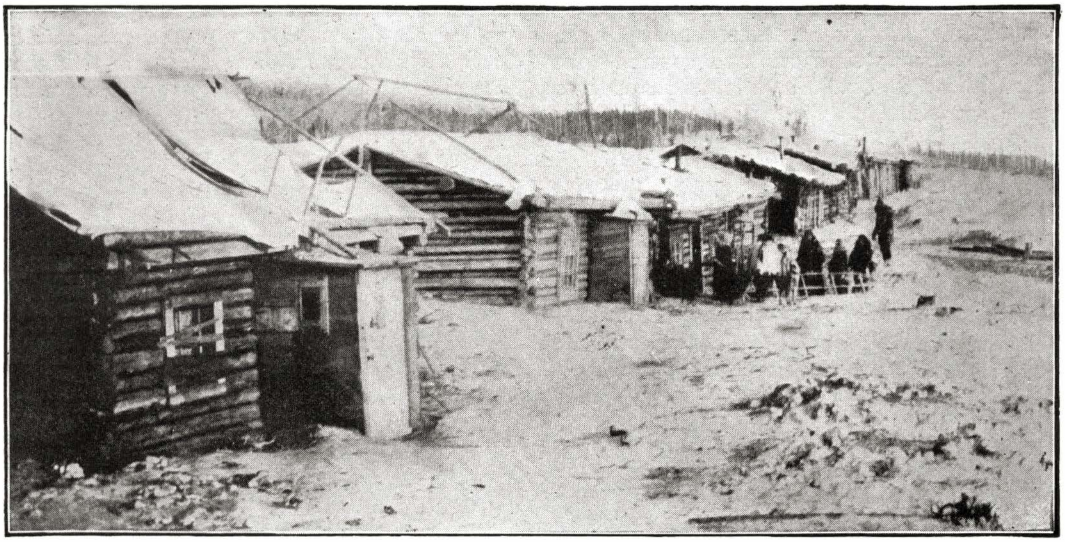


The Yukon River—The cross to the right indicates the place where No-ha-de-lan "dug" the canal.

It is known that the " old woman " has practised this trick on the natives for a number of years, and, despite the warnings of the missionaries, it is still successful. It will easily be seen from this article that some of her dodges are so transparent that, were it not for the extreme credulity of the natives, she would long ago have lost her power.

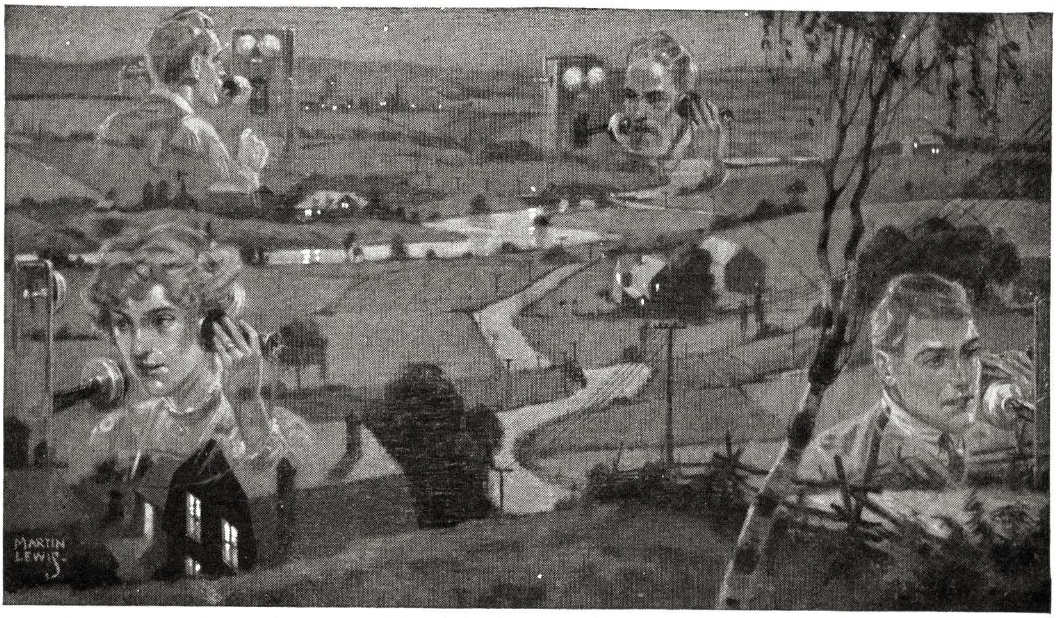
To show how the witch-doctress can take advantage of an unusual position, I cannot do better than relate the following incident. Some little distance below the home of No-ha-de-lan the Yukon River forms a tremendous horseshoe curve about five miles in length, finally doubling back on itself until there is only a short portage, about three hundred yards across, between the two bends. Instead of paddling round the five miles, the natives would carry everything across the portage, thus saving considerable time. One spring, after the ice had gone out, the " old woman " was wandering down the bank of the Yukon, intent on her meditations, when she arrived at the portage. What was her astonishment to see that the ice-pack had been forced across the narrow neck of land, and had ploughed out a little channel, growing wider every hour, through which the water was rushing fiercely. She at once returned to the village and called all the natives to a council. She informed them that for a certain consideration she would perform a miracle for them. In other words, she would get her ten devils to work, and at Nara-dotilten (" the place where we carry the canoes ") she would cause them to dig a canal, so that the Indians would no longer have to carry their goods and chattels across. In a spirit of fairness, she told them she would consent to " no results, no pay."

The bargain was soon struck, and once more the wailing and yelling issued from her cabin. Presently she informed them that the job was done, and they paddled off in haste in their canoes to see the wonder. Sure enough, there it was, and there it is to this day, a proof of the mighty power of No-ha-de-lan, the " woman who never came back."



No-ha-de-lan's winter quarters.

In these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the " old woman " of the Yukon holds such power over the unsophisticated Indians, and that the other witch-doctors acknowledge her supremacy. I have sometimes wondered what sphere the wily old lady would have filled had she been born in a civilized community.



Neighborizing the Farmer

One of the most significant facts of our telephone progress is that one-fourth of the 9,000,000 telephones in the Bell System are rural.

In the days when the telepnone was merely a "city convenience," the farms of the country were so many separated units, far removed from the centers of population, and isolated by distance and lack of facilities for communication.

But, as the telephone reached out beyond cities and towns, it completely transformed farm life. It created new rural neighborhoods here, there and everywhere.

Stretching to the farthest corners of the states, it brought the remotest villages and isolated places into direct contact with the larger communities.

Today, the American farmer enjoys the same facilities for instant, direct communication as the city dweller. Though distances between farms are reckoned in miles as the crow flies, the telephone brings every one as close as next door. Though it be half a day's journey to the village, the farmer is but a telephone call away.

Aside from its neighborhood value, the telephone keeps the farmer in touch with the city and abreast of the times.

The Bell System has always recognized rural telephone development as an essential factor of Universal Service. It has co-operated with the farmer to achieve this aim.

The result is that the Bell System reaches more places than there are post offices and includes as many rural telephones as there are telephones of all kinds in Great Britain, France and Germany combined.

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One Policy **One System** **Universal Service**

ODDS AND ENDS.

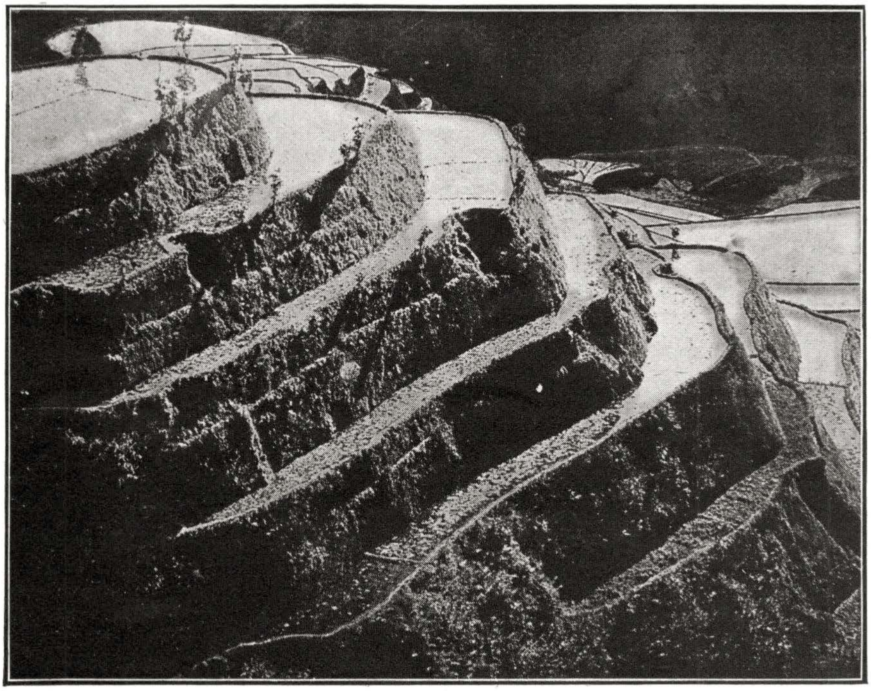
Wonderful Rice-field Terraces—A Sunless Town—Kashmiri Rafts, etc., etc.

THE hardy little pony seen in the annexed photograph is one of two left by an Antarctic expedition which called in at South Georgia about three years ago. Although the country is covered with vast snow-drifts for eight months of the year, this little animal has managed to survive two winters in these terribly bleak regions. The ponies are pets of the whalers, but sometimes disappear for long periods in the snows on the mountains, where they manage to maintain themselves in some mysterious fashion, even in the roughest weather.

This little pony lives out of doors all the year round in the Antarctic wastes of South Georgia.

Photo. by Stammwitz.

Although among the most primitive of the inhabitants of the Philippine Archipelago, the Igorots of the mountain provinces of Luzon have constructed wonderful rice-field terraces, which surpass in extent and solidity anything of the kind in India, Japan, and even China. The walls of the terraces shown in the following illustration are all of fitted stone, and the manner in which the water has been led, in the first place, from the streams to the topmost terraces, and from these on down to the lower levels, has awakened the admiration and amazement of every engineer who has studied them. The terraces here shown are in the province of Benguet, and when one thinks of the limited appliances at the disposal of the people one realizes what a great achievement their construction represents.



One of the wonderful rice-field terraces made by the primitive Igorots of the Philippine Islands—The water is led from terrace to terrace so that not a drop is wasted.

River Portal, Colorado, U.S.A., a little town of five hundred inhabitants, has only twenty minutes

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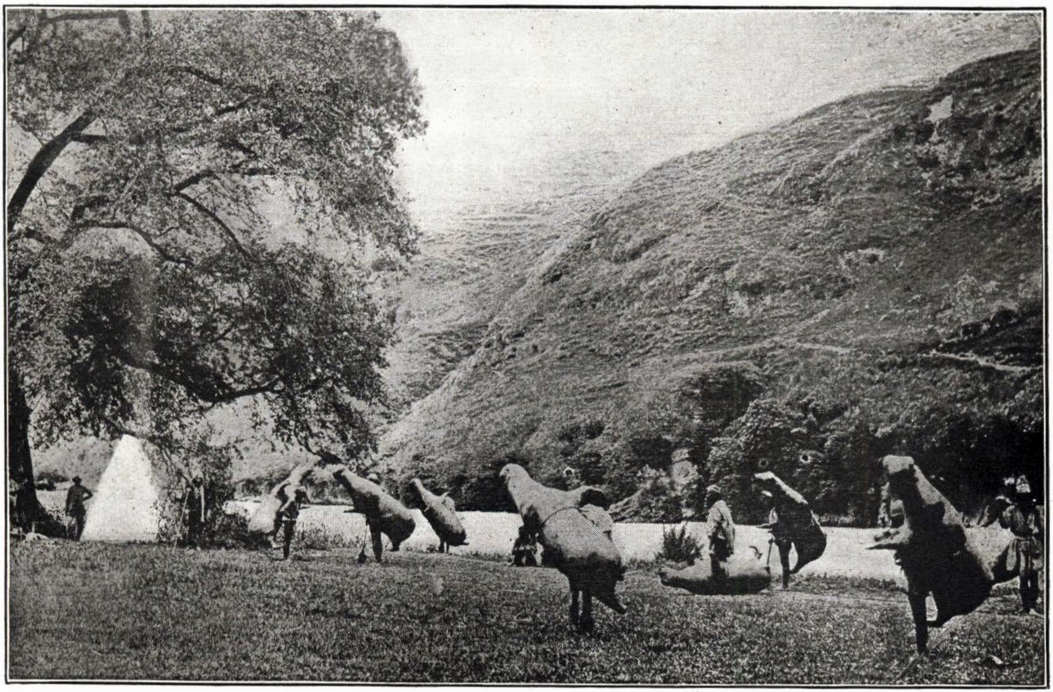
A town that only gets twenty minutes' sunshine a day.

of sunshine daily. It is located in Gunnison Canyon, the sides of which are very steep and high and shut out the rays of the sun. There is a brief period — between 11.20 and 11.40 in the morning — when Old Sol peeps over the bluff on one side of the stream; soon after its rays are cut off by the high cliffs on the other side. This all-too-short span of sunshine is all the inhabitants get, year in and year out. Artificial light bills run high at River Portal, and one cannot imagine it a very cheerful place to dwell in.

In all parts of Central Asia the inflated skins of animals are used for making rafts and buoys. The blown-up skin of the sheep or goat is a startling enough figure, but where, as in Kashmir, the hides of cattle are occasionally used, the effect is striking in the extreme. The impossible-looking figures in the accompanying photograph are not prehistoric monsters, as might be supposed at first glance, but the inflated skins of cows which are to be used in ferrying the camping-outfit of a couple of hunters across the river. The practice of leaving the legs, and even the neck and head of the animal attached to the hide is responsible for some remarkable effects, and the stranger's first sight of a little man walking jauntily along under the weight of what appears at a short distance to be a big cow is somewhat startling.



These weird figures are not prehistoric monsters, but Kashmiri hillmen carrying inflated cow-skins that are used as rafts.

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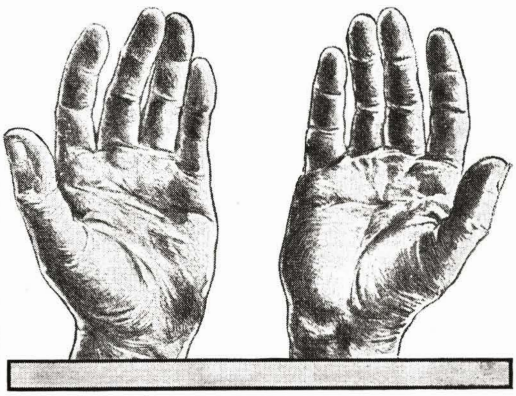

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Man and His Needs

Washable Cape Gloves

Gloves have always been more or less of a nuisance to the man of business, since in the carrying of packages and in his general movements in the work-a-day world they become soiled and not only look untidy, but also forthwith soil the man's shirt cuffs. But there has come to our attention a very practical and serviceable cape glove that may easily and simply be washed. These gloves clean like new, and can be washed in either cold or warm water with ordinary soap. To make this easy, the gloves may be washed while on the hands, just as if one were washing his hands, using plenty of soap and working up strong suds. The gloves may then be rinsed off under either the cold or hot water faucet, preferably in cold water, taken off of the hands and dried anywhere—on a radiator if you like! Furthermore, these gloves, which cost no more than the average good glove, are guaranteed not to stiffen. Surely, here is something that will appeal to every man, and we will be very glad to furnish the name of the maker of these gloves to anyone upon application to the "Man And His Needs" department in this Magazine.

One Button Union Suits

Another new thing for men that we feel will be welcomed generally is the "One Button Union Suit." This is the greatest improvement in men's underwear since the introduction of the union suit. The "One Button Union Suit" does away with all buttons down the front except one at the chest where the garment is fastened. The suit goes on and off in a jiffy, and there are no lost buttons to aggravate and annoy the wearer when the garment comes back from the wash. Even if the one button should wear off its staunch fastening, or get pulled off in a tussle to get dressed in less time than usual, there is an extra button-hole into which any ordinary collar-button can be inserted. These garments are made in all weights and in the most popular styles for men and boys. A line to us will tell you where to get them.

Are Your Suspenders Too Short?

Ever since suspenders have been an article of commerce as well as of man's wear, the standard length has been 36 inches. Recently, however, clothing manufacturers have been cutting trousers to set lower at the waist, and the result is that 36 inch suspenders have been too short. There has come to our attention a new suspender 37 inches in length, and the extra one inch means two more inches of webbing on each pair, besides an untold amount of comfort to the wearer. With these suspenders it does not hurt so much to stoop. Certainly, one inch makes a great deal of difference!

Are Your Shirt Sleeves Too Long or Too Short?

How many men always have trouble with shirt sleeves, which are usually either too long or two short in the ready-made shirt. Indeed, the writer rarely ever finds a shirt with sleeves of the proper length. To offset the uncomfortableness and untidy appearance of shirt sleeves that are either too long or too short, there is an adjustable shirt sleeve that can be slipped off and on the shirt at will. This adjustable shirt sleeve has six little button holes and a movable stud that gives the wearer his choice of sleeve length. Another good feature about adjustable shirt sleeves is that in warm weather, and when a man is "working in his shirt sleeves," he may remove the sleeve altogether. These then may be rolled up, cuffs and all, placed in the pocket and kept clean and fresh until after the work at hand is done. These adjustable shirt sleeves should prove a forceful argument for the warm days ahead.

The Straw Hat

Apart from the Panama, the smartest straw for Southland wear is the brown Leghorn, says our good friend, the "Clothier and Furnisher," which adds that it is named after the famous watering place in Tuscany. The genuine Italian Leghorn is a light flexible close pleated braid, with a rall brim, 2½ inches wide and a sunken crown about 4 inches high. With a Leghorn it is not only allowable, says our authority, but fashionable to wear a colored ribbon of the "cummerbund" sort, wound spiral-wise around the crown with calculated carelessness. The Leghorn is a Patrician straw which derives its high caste air from who wears it, and how. Speaking of soft hats, this same authority says that it is easier to tell almost what is off in soft hats this Spring than what is correct, adding that the really smart soft hat is quiet in color and sensible in shape and isn't perched on the back of the head. Nor is the smart soft hat

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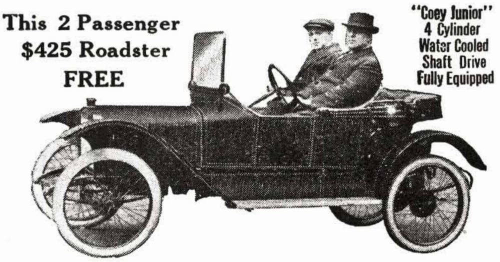

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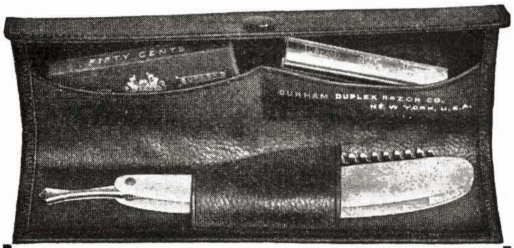

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precisely creased, rather does such wearer try to pinch a personality of his own into it. Just poke or flip your finger into the front of the corner at almost any spot, leaving two irregular dents, and the trick is done! This hat is worn down well over the brow, but not over the ears. Our authority further says that it should not be oversized, which sort of thing is done for, but should fit comfortably.

"Personality" Belt Buckles The desire to have a personality is strong with all of us. Men reflect their personality in dress, and to enable them to meet their desires there has been gotten up an initialed belt buckle which should appeal to a great many men. One concern makes these "personality" belt buckles and belts complete, to suit any taste and discrimination.

A Boot Wiper For Every Country Home There is no more necessity for tracking mud into the house. Persons who live in the country and in the suburbs need no longer kick and scrape their boots and shoes on the front porch, for there now is an efficient boot wiper that prevents mud and dirt being tracked into the house and over the floors and rugs. This new boot wiper combines scrapers with a pair of strongly bristled brushes set at the proper angle to thoroughly clean the soles, sides and tops of shoes. It is heavily constructed and will last indefinitely, and if necessary, the brushes may be renewed at slight cost. This should prove a boon to every housekeeper, and every man living in the suburbs or country should have one placed on the front porch. If he does so he will make a hit with the women-folk of the house.

Buying Clothes With a Profit No matter in what way you buy your clothes—whether from the local tailor, ready-made clothier, or tailoring agent—a large per cent of the money you pay goes to pay the middleman's profit. The local tailor is usually a hard working, deserving man who will take your measure and make up a suit for you to the best of his ability. But the point is that the ability does not amount to much. In the matter of style he is sure to be months behind and as to tailoring, you take a chance, for nine out of ten tailors make their bread and butter by scouring and cleaning, and know little of the fine points of good tailoring. When it comes to style, you realize that there is little comparison to clothes made in your own town and New York tailoring. Yet your home-town tailor charges you much more even than you can have your clothes made by a firm of tailors in New York who for years have made a specialty in fitting to measure by mail, and giving entire satisfaction in every way. Ready-made clothes are manufactured in wholesale quantities in styles made to appeal to men in all localities, but of course, cannot be so satisfactory as clothes made in New York styles. Ready-made clothes are styles to appeal to the "average" man. They fit the "average man"—and when you buy you only have an "average" number of styles and fabrics to choose from. But with this firm of tailors in New York you deal direct with the concern that makes the clothes—a big, reliable, prosperous tailoring house, that has been making clothes for thirty-seven years, and who are responsible, or you get your money back if you are not satisfied. With this concern you select the fabric that pleases you with a set of samples sent to you upon request; you choose a style from the different fashion plates submitted to you, and send your measurements as called for on the order blank provided you, and this firm then makes it their business to deliver you clothes that fit you. Their measuring system is so simple and sure that your sister, brother, wife or any member of your family can measure you as expertly as a tailor. Moreover, they guarantee to fit you perfectly, and if they do not, you get your money back. The materials represented are the choicest weaves from both here and abroad, and entire satisfaction is guaranteed. So why fret about your clothes!

Note—All communications intended for these columns should be addressed to "Man and His Needs," Wide World Magazine, Times Building, Times Square, New York City. Those requiring answers by mail should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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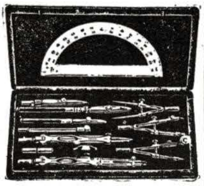

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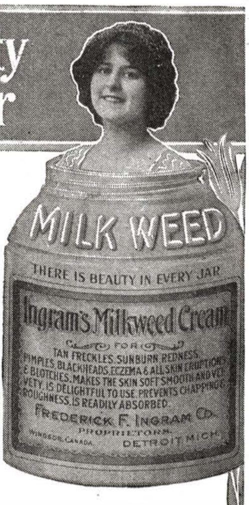
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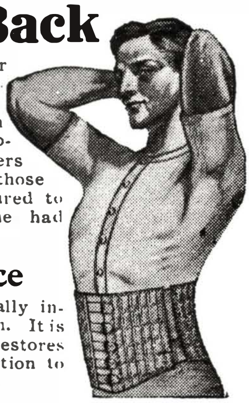

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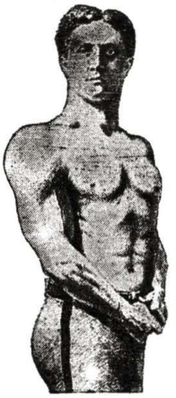

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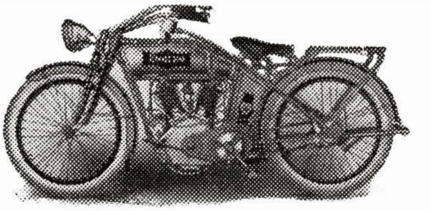

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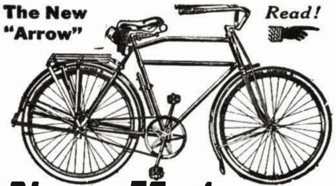

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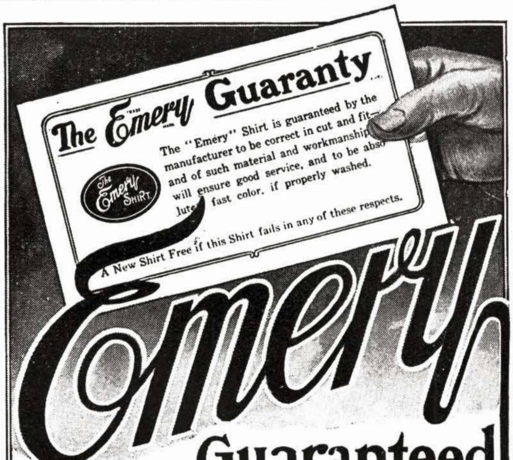

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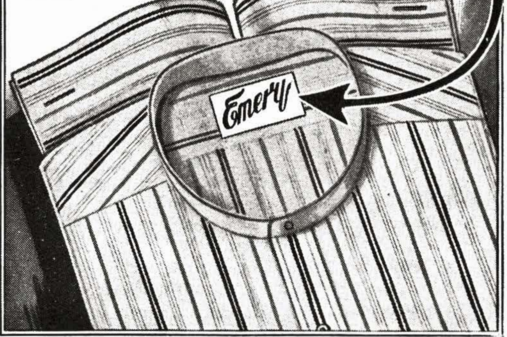

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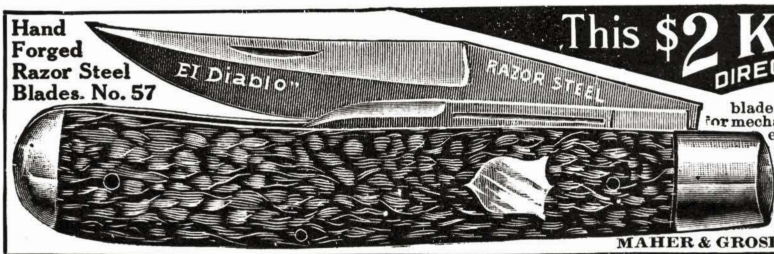

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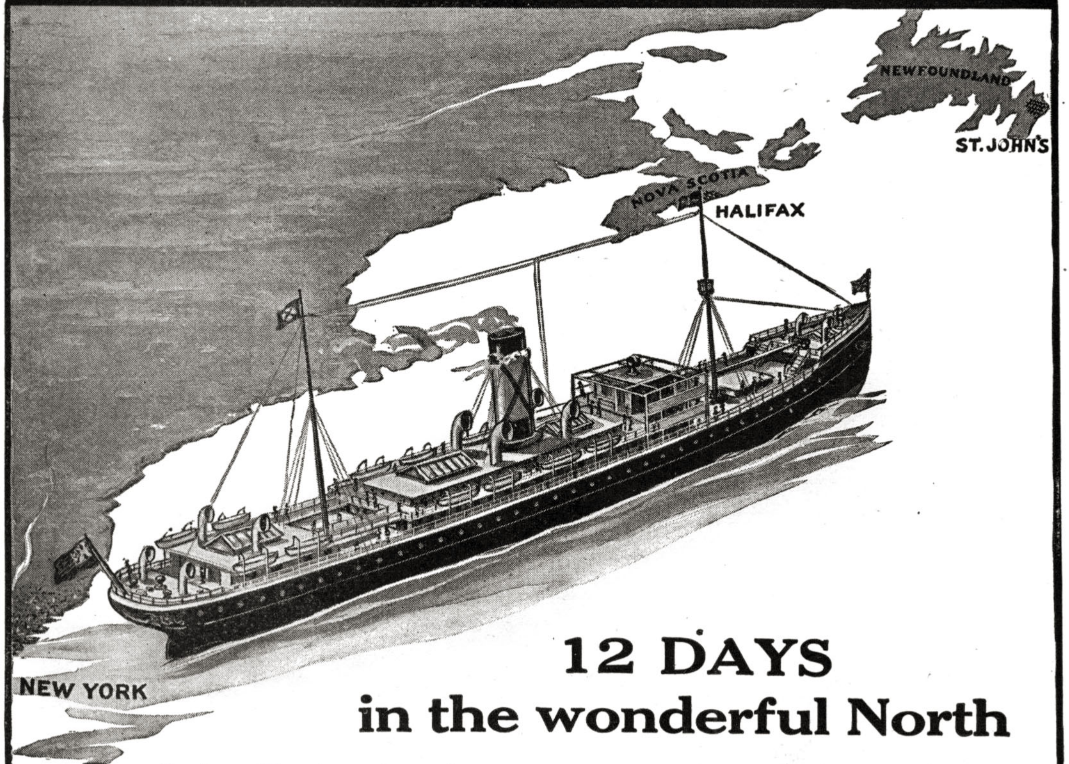

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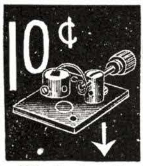

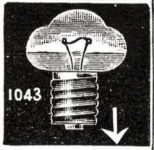

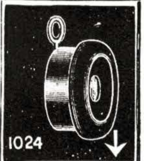

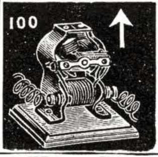

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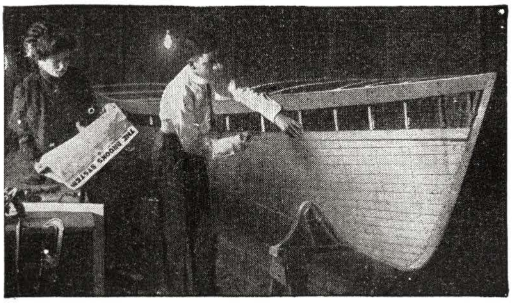

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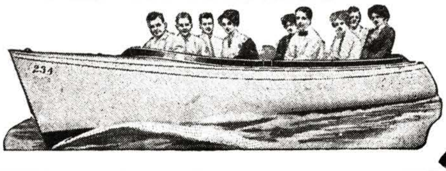

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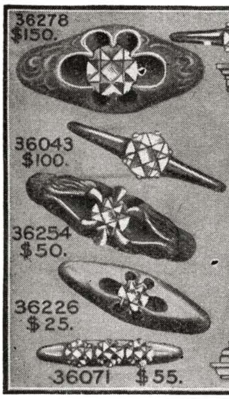
By H. Greenhough Smith

The Puzzle of the "Jumping Bean:" How and Why It Jumps

In "Some New Discoveries in Natural History"
By John J. Ward, F. E. S.

Other stories and articles include "Settled Out of Court," by John Foster; "Why The Gunner Went Ashore," by "Bartimeus:" "A Love Story," by Ellen Ada Smith; "Mrs. Carlyle and Her Little Charlotte—II.," by Reginald Blunt; "Missing," by Arundel Begbie ("Andrul"); "How the Sea Became Salt," a Norwegian Story for Children, Retold in English by E. Dyke; "The Old Beefsteak Room and Thereabouts," by Sir Henry Lucy; "'Puck's' Funniest Pictures;" "Perplexities," by Henry E. Dudeney and "Curiosities."

NO ONE SHOULD MISS THIS NUMBER



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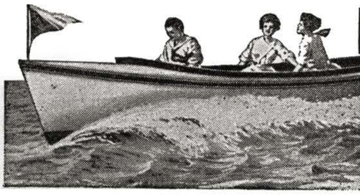

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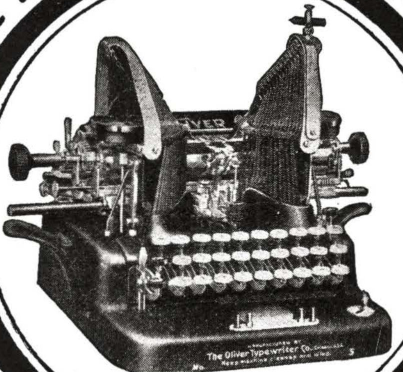

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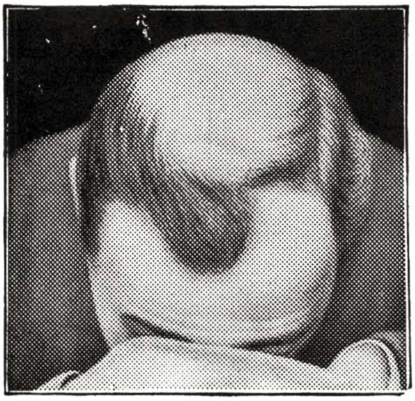

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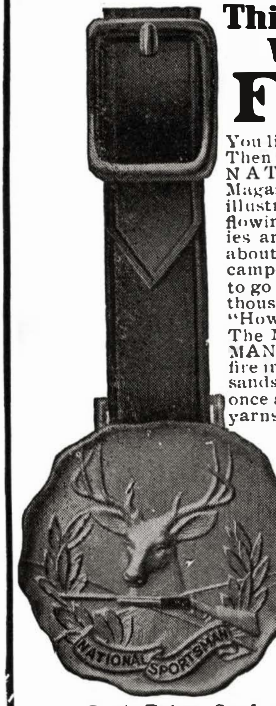

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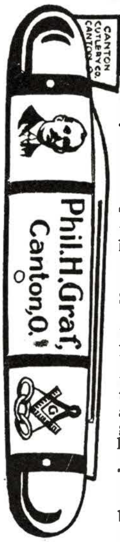
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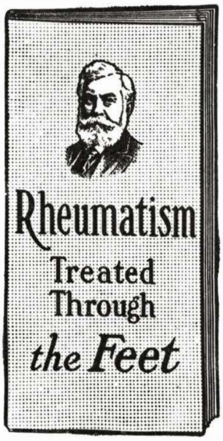

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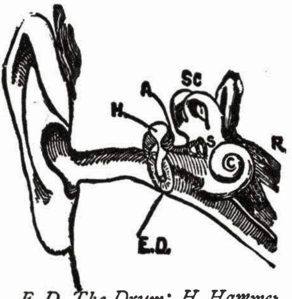

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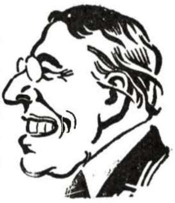

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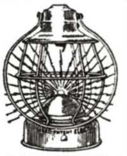

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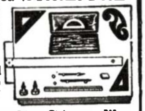

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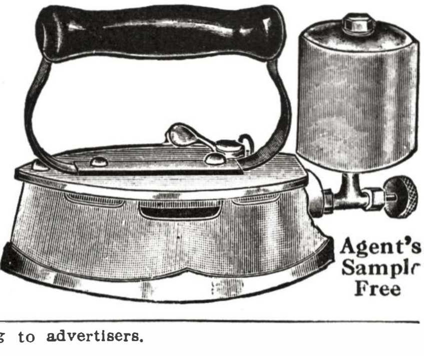

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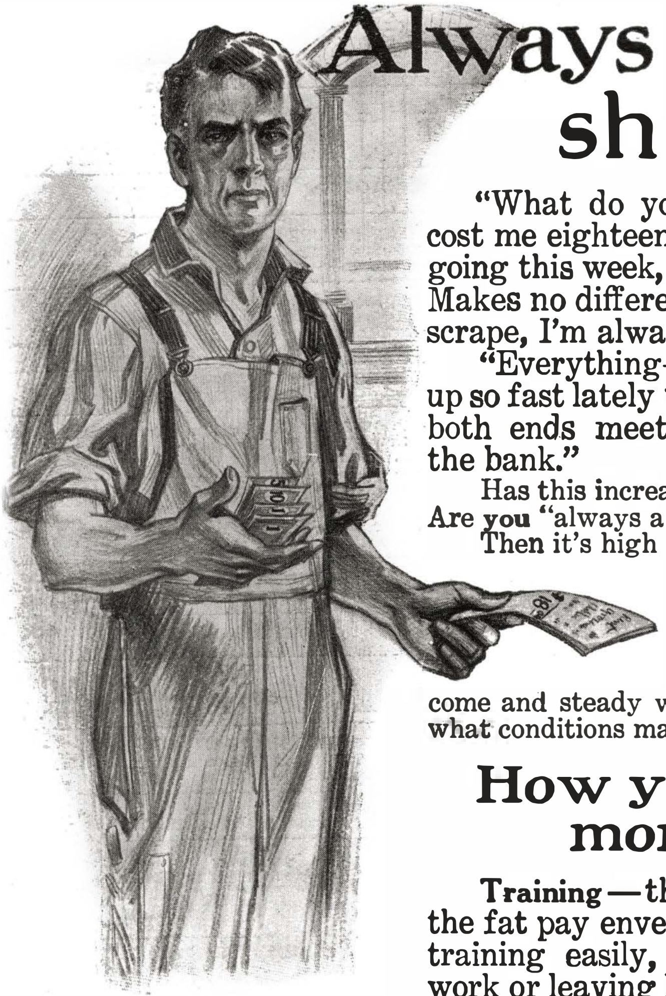

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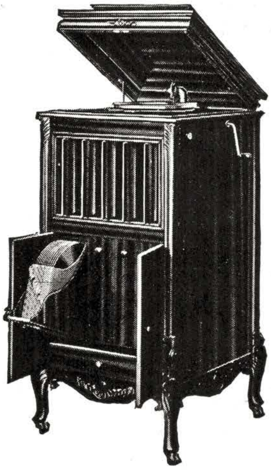

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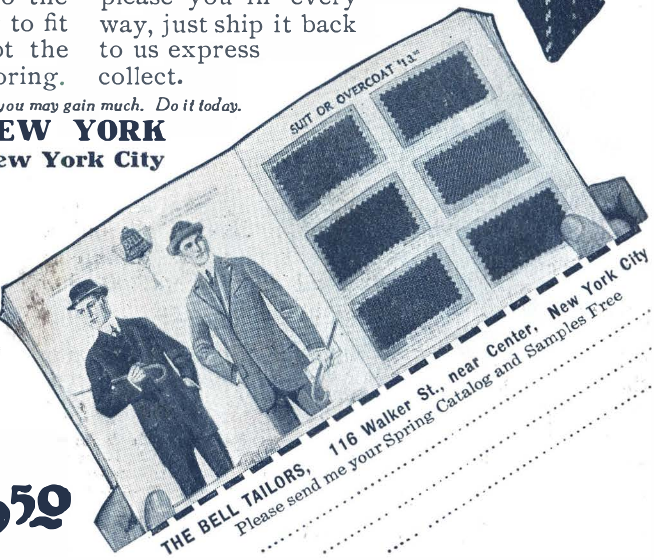

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